THE FORUM

NOVEMBER, 1926

Vol. LXXVI No. 5

A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

HAS MAN AN IMMORTAL SOUL?

An Authorized Interview with

THOMAS A. EDISON

Edward Marshall

I DO not know that it would help us much if we knew more than we do about what comes to us after this life is ended by death; but there has been advance in other phases of our knowledge and I will not deny the probability of advance in this. At present the Soul's immortality is one of those things in which man instinctively believes, but about which there is no proof when it is regarded from the strictly practical standpoint. Would proof help us?

Perhaps the effort and money which would be required by such investigations might be better spent on making people happy. Any money intelligently devoted to teaching people how to live this life rightly will also help to teach them how to get the best out of whatever life may lie beyond. Make people useful, thinking, aspiring, joyous creatures here, and it will be safe to trust what is to come to the Great Power which rules all things; do that and we can leave the rest to His disposal.

Copyright, 1926, by The Forum Publishing Co. All Rights Reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belief in the immortality of the Soul to some extent depends upon our definition of Soul. If when we speak about the human Soul we mean the human Intelligence we must admit that if there is any evidence on one side or the other, worthy of consideration by the scientific mind, it is in favor of the theory of immortality.

We really haven't any very great amount of data on this subject, and without data how can we reach definite conclusions? But all we have,—everything,—favors the idea of what religionists call "the hereafter". Science, if it ever learns the facts, probably will find another and more definite descriptive term.

If it is impossible to destroy material things, and we know this to be the case, although of course their forms may be completely changed, the destruction of the immaterial and infinitely more potent things would be an unreasonable supposition. It is easy and interesting to study the various ideas which have been worked out by men (such, for instance, as the theory of evolution) which tend to the elimination of belief in any continuity of our intelligence. It is not difficult to pile up proofs, for or against. As far as material matters go, such studies have enormous usefulness, because they compel systematic, logical thought. Anything which does that is of great value. But to apply such conclusions as we may reasonably reach with regard to the material history and material future probabilities of man to his so-called spiritual history and spiritual future may not be intelligent. We must learn a great deal more than we now know before we can make positive statements without running the risk of looking foolish in the light of subsequent events and discoveries.

Wisdom That May Turn to Foolishness

A great deal of the so-called "wisdom" of the past, achieved though it may have been through profound thinking, industrious and self-sacrificial labor, and intelligent and logical consideration of the facts at hand, seems pretty queer to us who look at it to-day in the light which has been furnished by new ideas born of research, the explosion of old fallacies through elaborate processes of checking-up, and the development of sciences not dreamed of by the old philosophers. Probably, indeed certainly, a good deal of the so-called "wisdom" of to-day, most of our theorizing, as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter of fact, will seem similarly queer to those who surely will examine it with very critical minds in days to come. Our carefully worked out and laboriously proved scientific knowledge will stand the test of time and serve as a foundation for the work of future generations, but many generally approved but unproved theories which now seem reasonable will be exploded.

There are two reasons why we do not possess positive knowledge on the difficult subject of the soul and immortality. Principal of these is the fact that we do not at present know how even to begin investigation of them. Thought in this line has been nebulous and loose. Mathematics, which is the only exact science we possess, cannot be applied to it in any way as yet discovered. The Soul apparently is not something to be analyzed by chemists or weighed in scales, or photographed, or recorded by any instruments whatever.

The exigencies of life have developed real investigators into those material things which generally have been accepted as possessing practical significance. These investigators have gone far and constantly are finding and exploring new regions. I do not say that they ever will invade the other field. The type of mind which instinctively is fascinated by the study of internal combustion engines or electric dynamos may or may not be a better type of mind than that which has been devoted to the study of theology, but I think it surely is a different type, one which refuses to accept theories as things to be proved or disproved, while the other seems to have been and still has to be content with the formation and the affirmation of theories, demanding little in the way of proof.

Trees Live Forty Centuries

But the theory of Soul immortality is not necessarily shocking to developed intelligence of the sort which men call practical. We know that actual life, as we define life, can persist and in certain instances has persisted for a period as long as 4000 years, and still persists. That doesn't mean immortality, but 4000 years is more than 3900 years farther toward immortality than human life ever gets except in very rare, freak instances. And we now are sure the sequoia trees of California have lived forty centuries and still live and thrive.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the life of the sequoia can extend itself thus into the centuries shall we put a limit on it, saying when those redwood trees must die? And if that life can live on thus, with the suggestion of indefinite existence, why not other life, for instance, that of the human being, in one manifestation or the other, physical or mental, — the latter term being used in this instance as including spiritual.

Of course there is an answer to the question as to why the redwood trees have shown such pertinacity of life in that particular environment where their existence has been so successfully maintained, when other trees in other environments have shown no such life-persistence. It is because that particular environment has proved to be peculiarly adapted to the well-being of the sequoia, and conversely the sequoia especially fits this particular environment. The reason for the great longevity of this forest species is that in that region there has been perfect balance between the redwood tree and all or nearly all surrounding conditions. Is it reasonable to say, if we admit this (as we must), that even physical human life might not be very much extended in similarly favorable circumstances of balance to environment?

And if, as is and from the dawn of history has been the belief, the Mind of man (or call it Soul, if you prefer) is wholly separate from the body of man and does not die with it, may it not continue to exist, in an environment with which it balances, indefinitely? That would be immortality. But as to how it lives, or in what form, and as to what the more favorable environment may be, whether that of this world or some other, I cannot say.

We probably would know much more about these matters if they had not been so inextricably mixed up and confused by non-scientific minds, not always of the highest type, often willing to make positive statements with regard to conditions in this particular field where in fact they are not scientifically qualified to speak.

Codes That Have Dominated Humanity

As the basis of religion, safe and sound and sure, we have the teaching of a few men with great minds whom we call prophets and whose leadership of thought has been of incalculable value to the world. That humanity instinctively has appreciated their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

importance and the value of that which they have taught, is indicated by the permanence of their influence. That of any of the four, Christ, Buddha, Confucius, or Mohammed has been far and away greater than the influence of any material scientist yet produced in the world's history. Collectively they have dominated civilization.

That the teachings of these leaders have maintained this powerful influence through the generations and the centuries is proof enough that they contain some truth. Only truth can live thus. The teachings of Christ have shown a greater vitality than any other, for they are accepted annually to-day by more new minds than any others, in spite of the fact that those who have attempted to interpret them for other people, — and have announced themselves competent to do so by calling themselves theologians, and becoming heads of churches, — have disagreed more widely and more bitterly with regard to what is Truth than the leading interpreters of any of the other teachers.

The triumph of Christianity over those who have called themselves infidels or skeptics is as nothing in comparison with its triumph over those who have called themselves Christians. Scandals, divisions, heresies, and the birth of new theorizers with new theories seem unable even to weaken Christianity, considered as an abstract, illuminating idea, and as an inspiring ideal. Such performances as have marked the procedure of self-denominated Christians if applied to anything else this world ever has produced would have destroyed it, but absurd, cruel, dishonest as many of the creeds have been, they have been unable to destroy Christianity.

I believe Christianity will continue to produce the world's best leadership; the Christian nations are the wisest nations and one proof of their wisdom is their acceptance of Christianity; therefore it seems to be the fact that I am a full subscriber to the moral code of Christ, as to all true moral codes.

The Future of Religion

I believe that a great change must and will occur in the procedure of Christian religionists and the churches into which they band themselves. I believe creeds and ceremonies will become less and less important to them and that thus the religion of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

future (a very much improved, a really Christian Christianity) will be more and more an education in established truth stimulative of ability to assist in the establishment of truth. I believe the great religious leaders of the future will not spend much time on teaching creeds, on participation in ceremonies, or on anything except the instruction of humanity in those details of Truth which have been fully established and the precise and cautious uncovering of new details.

I think most of them should and will devote themselves particularly and perhaps almost exclusively to the education of the people in the moral code and the great natural facts which, when rightly understood, always will be seen to urge its necessities and emphasize its beauties.

Somehow I cannot be impressed by the idea that merely spoken prayers are likely to be answered, but I am absolutely sure that lived prayers are certain to be answered. Once convince boys and girls and men and women that if they are not straight and square and honest, if they are not reasonably unselfish and inclined to follow the great precept of the Golden Rule, they cannot possibly be happy, and you will accomplish about all that really is necessary in the way of religious teaching.

Virtually every evil that the churches have been formed to combat straightway and automatically would be eliminated if this one fact could be introduced in the form of real conviction into every human mind.

Services in churches do not appeal to me so very much, though I do not decry them; obviously they are dear to multitudes of hearts and anything which rightly helps one man or woman or a little child helps the whole world. Perhaps my feeling is a personal idiosyncrasy, perhaps there is sound sense behind it. But this much is certain: preachers in the pulpits of our churches are very likely to mistake hair-splitting for teaching. Arguments on theological points are not, I think, of great value to the mentally and spiritually distressed and just how they can save the souls of men from sin I never have been able to understand. I may be dull.

But there are things that actually help, such as the Sermon on the Mount. That is real teaching. I cannot see that creeds amount to anything, and personally I am amazed because apparently sound minds set such great store by them. In science

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only one thing counts and that is basic truth. Perhaps some day we shall find that science and religion do not differ in this matter.

There are sermons in all the beauties and wonders of the natural world around us. There is a mighty sermon in the thunderstorm, but one as mighty in the wildflower. The Book of Nature never lies; and in it may be found lessons concerning almost every fact of life, death, and perhaps, immortality.

The Churches of To-morrow

I wish churches might all become real community centres and nuclei of general instruction concerning the great depths of life as taught by the book of natural phenomena which always lies open to our study, for these great truths of life are also the great truths of religion and must be the truths of immortality. In the churches usually congregate the best people of every group, and therefore they would make far better gathering places for this sort of study than any of our other institutions.

As such they might teach morals rather than creeds. That is the Christ-idea and what Christ did, what Buddha did, and what Confucius did. I am not so deeply certain of the value of Mohammed's teaching because he achieved eminence by means of war and always had as the background of his thought the idea of war and the destruction of the other fellow's life, if his belief did not exactly jibe with yours. That warlike detail of his teaching robbed it of its loveliness and Mohammedanism is not really beautiful as Christianity and Buddhism are, Christianity, I think, being the most beautiful of all human conceptions.

The important thing, it seems to me, is that the believers in Christianity, as its founder did, should forget hair-splittings, all details of theology and all divisions into creeds. Christ made Christianity, man makes the creeds. The termination of the word theology is wrong, anyway, because theology, heaven knows, is not an exact science. How many of those expounding and teaching it are really students, experts in the exposition of the knowledge of the supreme intelligence we call God? The geologist really knows rocks, or tries to learn about them by precise, laborious investigation. Would even the most enthusiastic churchman claim that the theologians certainly know God or try to learn about Him by precise, laborious investigation?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nature can teach us more about God Almighty in a day than all the text-books of the theological seminaries can teach us in ten years. I think an oak leaf, or the busy efforts of a squirrel to lay up food for the winter, might form a better text for an inspiring sermon on a summer's day, or the infinite beauty of a snowflake on a Sunday morning in the winter, than any sentence from, for instance, Jeremiah's pessimistic Lamentations as applied to modern life by some theologian anxious to prove out his theory and forgetful of the Ten Commandments or Jesus's talks to His disciples.

How the World Might Be Saved

An educational church might save the world and is possible; but that church will educate its members in morals, sacrifice, aspiration, and duty, rather than in the fine points of so-called religious theories and mythical history and creeds. And what finer edifice for such religious services as I have in mind could be discovered on a pleasant Sabbath than the leafy arches of the woods, more beautiful than any nave in the most wonderful cathedral, the soft greenery of peaceful meadows, full of miracles of grass, of wildflowers, and of bees, butterflies, and breezes? Even the carefully preserved natural surroundings of a city park offer wonderful lessons for the seeker after divine truth. What printed text-book has so much to teach of the unthinkable immensity of the Creator's power as the open Book of Nature? The laboratories of the colleges and universities, the research departments of the great industrial concerns are places where the word of God is revealed and worshipped even though some of the worshippers know not that they are uncovering it and bowing down before it.

Some of the existing so-called religious creeds remind me of certain other savage theories which have been embalmed in law where they are generally accepted because they have been so accepted. We establish many rules and consider them inspired, when, in the light of actual knowledge, they are no more inspired than the rule of the wild head-hunter who cannot get a really nice girl to marry him unless he gives to her two human heads.

The world needs saving, it is worth saving, and it can be saved. An educational church could do much toward its salvation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many evil powers are loose on earth at present. All the old ones are at work and some new ones have been devised, or, at least, are working with unusual energy, as Europe, for the moment, shows more plainly than this side of the ocean. Humanity seems to be particularly thinking about ugliness, — the ugliness of greed and crime and war and general disaster. If we keep our minds on ugliness and destruction we shall create them. The Churches, developed as educational institutions, should teach beauty and constructiveness. There is need for teaching of that sort and the right kind of religion is made up of these things. That of Christ is, and those of Buddha and Confucius. The greatest error ever made in the name of religion has been that of those who have made morality an ugly thing, oppressive, restrictive, and repellent in the minds of those who have gone to them to learn. Morality is always beautiful.

Disagreements Due to Words

I never shall deny the truths of any good religion; perhaps most disagreements on such subjects are due to nomenclature, — one means one thing by a word, another means a different thing by the same word. I would not deny a supreme Intelligence. Heaven forbid that I should diminish by a shade of one degree, let alone destroy, the faith or hope of any man or woman. The thing which I urge on religious teachers is to pile up the evidence and to make it the sort of evidence which no fool skeptic can demolish.

The moment that the working, intellectual religionists show that there are fifty-two points of evidence for immortality contrasted with forty-eight points against it, that moment the fact (not theory, mind you, or mere faith, or anything but fact) will be accepted by all men. To-day the preponderance of probability very greatly favors belief in the immortality of the intelligence, or soul, of man. In the meantime, let the reformed, re-constituted and re-enlightened church teach everything that can be proved about things spiritual and then devote its efforts to imparting to its congregations convictions as to the primary necessity for beauty, honesty, and health. These things include everything really worth while. They depend on these relationships and reactions of life to environment which I have mentioned and are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very interesting things to delve into. Nothing should be based upon belief which is not in its turn based upon truth.

In closing this interview with Mr. Edison I told him of a message which has come to me from a foreign religionist of great eminence both as a moral teacher and a prophet of social and sociological reactions and this message said, in substance: "The creeds have come to an end and religion is beginning."

Mr. Edison read this sentence with thoughtful deliberation and then sat back in his chair with his eyes closed, as he often does when in deep thought. Then, opening them, he looked up with his incomparable smile and nodded.

ROSE-TREE AND REDBIRDS

ROSE-TREE is bowing
Her thorny head.
Rose-tree is widowed
For Summer is dead.
Gone, too, her children,
Their brief glory done;
Frail little rosebuds
Gone, every one.

Rose-tree is comforted,
Lifts up her head,
Bears in the snow time
Roses of red —
Or else they are redbirds,
Beautiful things!
Posthumous roses,
Roses with wings.

— *May Williams Ward*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BERNARD SHAW DEFENDS SOCIALISM

Does America offer a good field for socialistic experiment?

No. America is still in the grab-and-graft stage of colonization, and has no permanent civil service. Much too primitive.

G. Bernard Shaw
3rd July 1926.

BY way of celebrating Mr. Shaw's seventieth birthday THE FORUM asked him eleven questions on Socialism. We had hoped that like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner he might perhaps be interested by one in three. But in England they play Cricket, — and Mr. Shaw, like a good sportsman, bowled out the whole eleven.

THE FORUM has asked its Science Editor to examine the questions and the answers impartially, and to indicate what might be said by those who do not agree with Mr. Shaw. Many of the questions were raised in the Definition Contest last month when Socialism was the word chosen.

As the "New York Times" observed in an editorial devoted to Mr. Shaw's birthday party, G.B.S. "is probably the most famous of living writers," and he himself attributes his distinctive eminence to the fact that he is a Socialist. On the continent of Europe he has a reputation even greater than in his own country; and, added Heywood Broun in the "World", "when he is a hundred the volume of cheers will be louder." That THE FORUM should have received from him an elevenfold pronouncement on the issue nearest to his heart is an achievement which should, we think, go down to History.

There is a peculiar fitness in asking Mr. Shaw to help America, because he has put it on record that it was an American, Henry George, who plunged him into a course of economic study "and at a very early stage of it I became a Socialist". It was up to him,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore, to repay the debt; and if after the lapse of half a century he can plunge any of our readers into an equally fruitful career, the overdue remittance to his spiritual home will not have been sent in vain.

Mr. Shaw has told us that directly he heard Henry George he knew he was an American; he was a born orator, deliberately and intentionally rhetorical, and "he spoke of Liberty, Justice, Truth, Natural Law, and other strange eighteenth century superstitions."

Now many people feel just like that about what they call "socialist rhetoric". Why is not Socialism to be regarded as "a spoilt word, that has long outgrown its utility as a rallying cry?" By a spoilt word is meant one of those abstract terms which only serve to confuse discussion. They may, on a platform, or in drawing-room conversation, serve, like "Art" or "Americanism" to indicate to the unsophisticated the sort of thing we are trying to talk about. But the scientific study of language has shown that these words are of the nature of passionate shorthand, and for some time past those who have realized the importance of this discovery have endeavored not to score off their opponents in discussion by introducing such emotive bludgeons. Yet when the mathematician Henderson and the clarifier of the modern mind, Shaw, meet in serious parley, we read:

> "G.B.S.: 'I have told you that I am a Communist and you calmly ask me am I a Socialist, as if a man could be a Communist without being a Socialist. But every civilized man is a Communist and a Socialist to some extent.'"

And to throw further light on Communism we are told:

> "The streets of America are lighted by Communism, and the people of America have their heads clubbed by communal policemen (mostly Irish I understand); but they don't *know* it."

The italics are the editor's, for in virtue of what further "knowledge" *could* the good people of America have recognized the true Communism and distinguished it from the false phantom of which they are admittedly afraid? Only, I suggest, by knowing how Mr. Shaw happens to use words. On the twenty-second of October, 1887, Mr. Shaw wrote of his own struggles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with words and numbers, "For a time I was puzzled by a notion that the symbols of algebra referred to things instead of to numbers." Is he not still assuming that words refer primarily to things rather than to thoughts, — so that when he uses a word like Socialism the people of America will automatically understand him?

In brief: Let us admit there was a time when the word Socialism was useful to map out a policy in a particular social situation, and when it even helped to rally almost all men of goodwill who wanted to see more efficiency in social life and less poverty. It now trails after it dozens of associations, a score of policies, and a variety of emotions. Should the younger generation be encouraged to avoid it? "*NO*," replies Mr. Shaw: answering with an emphatic negative THE FORUM question:

> (1) *Has not the label Socialism outlived its utility and should it not be discarded as a spoilt word, so that young people may once again face real issues?*

So we will continue in these pages to use the term as though Mr. Shaw were right; and we will assume that the way he uses it is approximately understood. One good reason for discarding a political label, however, is that the confusions and emotions it arouses are a handicap to the ideas which those who use it are anxious to spread. To many it seems that "Socialism is what everyone would endorse if it were not for the name".

Twenty years ago in the University of Cambridge, for example, almost every young man with brains was joining the Fabian Society, on the strength of the galaxy of intellectual notabilities at its London headquarters. G. B. S., H. G. Wells, and Sidney Webb were the chief attractions. But to-day one could inquire for a long time before finding a prominent socialist in that ancient seat of learning; and I query whether Mr. Shaw is not respected chiefly as a religious dramatist, Mr. Wells as an infidel chronicler, — while Mr. Webb is probably regarded as a stupendous practical failure.

I shall return to Mr. Webb, but a recent pronouncement by Mr. Wells is suggestive. In *These Eventful Years* we find him saying: "In 1918–19 there was a great wave of Socialist and Communist feeling. It has receded. But it may return." To most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people the War seemed to set back every constructive social movement in Europe at least twenty years. Meliorist activities ceased perforce for nearly five years at a moment when Labor governments, with undisturbed economic resources to back their experiments, were imminent in every country; military and conservative forces entrenched themselves; while other organizations were broken up; continuity disappeared, ideals were lost. Was Socialism an exception? His critics will reply that the term must be judiciously deprived of any too definite meaning, before Mr. Shaw can answer the second FORUM question,

(2) *Has Socialism suffered a set-back since 1914?*

(as he does) by another cheerful "*NO*".

In America, where Mr. Gompers and Mr. Green have loomed so large, it is not necessary to point out that labor unrest, and even a growth of Labor organizations, has very little to do with Socialism. But in England, for various historical reasons, unrest (which is probably all Mr. Wells is entitled to prophesy "may return") has often been an occasion for Socialist progress. For many years a certain Mr. Pease played the tortoise to Mr. Shaw's hare in socialist propaganda. Mr. Pease plodded quietly along (inspired by Mr. Webb) with schemes and committees, formulae and politics; G.B.S. by darting across the stage to where Pease was operating occasionally attracted the limelight to his inconspicuous colleague. But more often the tortoise progressed alone. Hence the saying:

"Pease hath his victories no less than Shaw."

The fact that the Hare is now run after by Society rather than the Police does not mean that the Tortoise is also progressing. Or to vary the metaphor, Shaws may be strewn with garlands of jetsam by the rising tide of popular favor, — but the tide still ebbs for Debs and Plebs and Webbs.

Mr. Shaw has always assumed that this change of attitude was one of acceptance of socialist principles:

"I, the Socialist, am no longer a Red Spectre. I am merely a ridiculous fellow. Good. I embrace the change."

But the Red Spectre is to-day the Plebs movement, which attracts some of the energetic young men who threw in their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lot with Mr. Shaw and the Fabians in 1914. Its fangs have not yet been drawn,—but conditions are against its making much headway with the younger brains. What conditions?

Let us here quote Mr. Shaw himself:

> "Without an alliance of Germany, France, the British Empire, and the United States there can be no real peace in the world."

If he really believes this, then he must also believe that peace is indeed far off; but can any young man or woman with the Great War fresh in mind work whole-heartedly for municipal or even national reforms, with the volcano still smoking beneath him? When Mr. Shaw himself was converted to Socialism he could have climbed about the edge of the crater and watched any of the little social eruptions of those days in a disinterested spirit. Since then we have been warned,—and scared. It is bad enough to live in cages, but if the keepers of our Zoo are dements who insist on sprinkling those cages with dynamite instead of sawdust, even ants might hesitate to reorganize their nests.

The prophet in *These Eventful Years*, whom we have already quoted, remarks that "the central figure of the European drama to-day is France", and that a war between England and France is by no means out of the question. Mr. Shaw, discussing Anglo-American relations, sweeps aside the optimists with the remark that "no quarrels are so frequent and angry as family quarrels".

And quite apart from these alarming thoughts, what of the following Shavian dictum:

> "Votes to Everybody and Votes for Anybody is making civilization a rush of Gadarene swine down a steep place into the sea."

Under such circumstances even the oldest of us will hardly be so foolish as to clean up the sty at the top of the declivity,—still less to offer short courses in natation to the egregious herd.

Moreover Mr. Shaw has on several occasions emphasized this Gadarene process. He has been in the habit of referring to the existing system "which has visibly destroyed so many civilizations, and is visibly destroying ours in the same way." Presumably there comes a time when what is being visibly destroyed is actually beyond repair. In other words:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(3) *Does the present state of Europe, — or the world, — as a result of the War, justify a revival of Socialist activities?*

To this question Mr. Shaw replies:

"*YES: a* continuation *of Socialist activities.*"

There has been no set-back, — and on with the dance! An optimist has hitherto been defined as "one who does cross-word puzzles in ink". It seems as though Mr. Shaw provided a better definition by his example.

As Mr. Shaw has said, "It is the time ahead of a man that controls him." Young people with their lives before them, and young countries like America, want to be quite sure that the political theory they adopt is not only opportune, but capable of realization in practice.

The old motives which made Socialists of the nineteenth century reformers are no longer operative. Any motive which can be substituted for the old religious desire to save one's own soul by effecting the salvation of society must be derived from a confidence in the analysis of actualities at least as strong as that which inspired Mr. Shaw himself in the eighties. He and his friends called themselves Fabians because they believed that "when the time comes you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be vain and fruitless."

Some time ago it would have seemed that with a Socialist Premier directing the destinies of the British Empire, in conjunction with Mr. Shaw's lifelong colleagues, the right moment to strike hard had arrived. Apparently not. What tangible evidence of a year in office did the *practical* genius of Mr. Webb and his spouse leave for prosperity? Were they just a failure as their critics allege? If so, asked THE FORUM,

(4) *What are the chief lessons of the failure of the Socialist Cabinet in Great Britain?*

"*NONE,*" replied Mr. Shaw. "*The alleged failure didn't happen.*" Mr. Shaw is certainly loyal to his friends!

But to proceed with this desire to face actualities: — it is important to know the relation, if any, of Socialism to various issues of the day. We think at once of the controversies on Equality of Wages, the Population problem and Birth Control,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the position of Women and the Family, Art and the Artist, Education, the Radio and Communication by Air, and the hope held out by Science and Psychology of affecting the wants and happiness of mankind. As a question covering any of these THE FORUM asked:

(5) *What do you regard as the most important contemporary problems which concern socialists, or will be affected by Socialism?*

Mr. Shaw replies "*Redistribution of Income. It concerns everybody.*"

That is true, — and so does the Radio, as Mr. Shaw discovered with indignation on his seventieth birthday, when he was prevented by the British Government from telling the public on the air what he said in the new *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

Redistribution of income, however, does not concern Socialism in particular. The Single Taxers, and the advocates of Death Duties or a Capital Levy, are even more obviously interested in the problems, and income could be entirely redistributed without any socialist development whatever.

It would be more satisfactory if Socialists could point to something distinctive. But whatever problems they decide to tackle with their policies, will it be possible to find leaders capable of putting those policies into practice? Mr. Shaw has told us that "Democracy is ruinous nonsense. All the republics are whited sepulchers." He has also said that what is needed is "some test of *political* capacity" if we are to escape from bad rulers. He has further described the State as "that great joint-stock company of the future". Though there is not and probably never can be a "test" of "political" capacity, we need not necessarily despair equally of getting good managers of a great joint-stock company. That is perhaps why Mr. Shaw answers "***YES***" to THE FORUM question:

(6) *Do you think it will become any easier for Socialism to secure administrators more worthy of its aims than the present politicians?*

It is doubtful whether anyone in America has hitherto heard Mr. Shaw's verdict on the Guild-Socialist movement. The problem of the Sovereign state has been widely discussed here, quite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apart from the Catholic literature of the subject and the modern theories inspired by the Guild idea. Just before the war this controversy had split the theorists of the socialist movement in England, and if Socialism ever became a serious issue in America the discussion would presumably develop on the same lines. THE FORUM therefore asked:

(7) *Do you think that the Guild-Socialism tendency, with its proposals for an economic rather than a political basis of administrative control, should be encouraged?*

Mr. Shaw's "*NO*" shows that as far as he is concerned Mr. Orage and his friends have agitated in vain.

The old Guilds formed an economic *imperium in imperio* and regulated production and incidentally distribution. From the point of view of the World-State, the present national states form a geographical *imperium in imperio*. If we do not arbitrarily regard the present national groupings as final, should the administrative unit of the future be primarily *economic* or *geographical*, or can it be both; and if the World-State is a desirable idea, is it "Utopian" to work for it at the present state? As FORUM questions:

(8) *Do you look forward ultimately to a socialist organization of society that would be economic or geographical in structure?*

"*BOTH*," replies Mr. Shaw; and to the query

(9) *Is the idea of a World-State Utopian at the present time?*

he says, "*YES*."

That prominent socialists should hold this latter view is perhaps the gravest indictment of Socialism in the eyes of the younger generation. Would they not do better to neglect so impotent a panacea and pin their faith to Science, — which at least holds out a hope of breaking down the barriers of nationalism within a reasonable period? Socialists have always refused to face the problem of Over-population, which Science is discovering to be at the root of most of our social ills. If Americans can only face the issue of Birth Control frankly, hold firmly to their faith in Science with its corollary Education, and resist the sentimental nationalism which so many Socialists weakly ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cept, they may yet avoid the conditions out of which Socialism arose.

For, say Mr. Shaw's critics, Socialism is placed and dated. It is a reaction to the failure of Europe to accept Science and regulate population. If half a nation is starving, we must organize work and food. That, as Mr. Chesterton remarks, is the primary and powerful argument of the Socialists. Mr. Shaw has often made it clear that modern society annoys him, like an untidy room; and as a result of the lamentable squalor of Europe, it is a dogma of one branch of the socialist movement that "the proletarians of the world have nothing to lose but their chains." But in America, reformers are not yet concerned with the degrading forms of proletarian poverty against which Mr. Shaw has reacted.

> "I have never had any feelings about the English working classes except a desire to abolish them and to replace them with sensible people."

Is it not possible that in America Mr. Shaw might take offense at Mr. Babbitt rather than at almost non-existent slums and squalor? And is not any extension of the American bureaucracy likely to accentuate this blight of the middle classes, without any corresponding removal of squalor?

> (10) *Was not Socialism in its origin partly a reaction against visible squalor in Europe; and do American social evils provide a similar impetus?*

To this FORUM question, Mr. Shaw replies, "*Socialism always arises as a revolt against the monstrous misdistribution of income produced by private property.*"

I submit, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Shaw has not fully answered your question. There was no socialist revolt in Rome when the millionaire Crassus flaunted his private property before the recipients of bread and circus doles. Lorenzo the Magnificent and his family were as immune from Fabians as the Mandarins of China for a thousand years of monstrous inequality.

But apart from the question of incentive, is the European solution adequate here? Mr. Wyndham Lewis, for example, assures us that America is at the present time one of the few countries "not ripe for revolution". Now this same feeling has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggested to some that America offers a good field for socialist activity. But if conditions are favorable, why has America been so recalcitrant? To the scientist America seems in many ways more civilized than Europe, and he has his own reply. But what does the Socialist think? THE FORUM therefore asked Mr. Shaw:

(11) *Does America offer a good field for socialistic experiment?*

And Mr. Shaw replies, "*NO. America is still in the grab and graft stage of colonization and has no permanent civil service. Much too primitive.*"

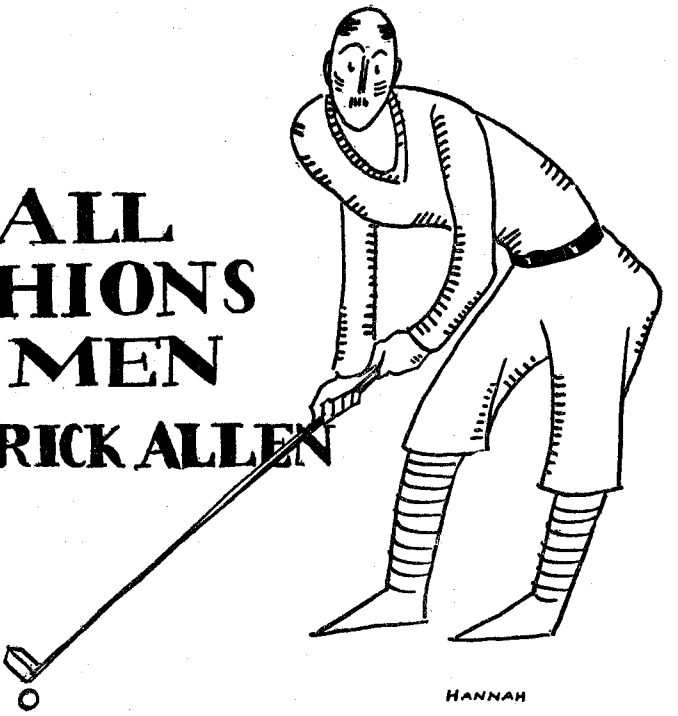
That is a straight answer, and provides food for reflection. In general, however, we are left with the impression that to Mr. Shaw Socialism is a religion, — it is something which at a critical epoch, as he says, "made a man of me." He chose a way of life. "I know now that when I was a young man and took the turning that led me into the Labor Party I took the right turning in every sense." Fifty years a Socialist always a Socialist, — that is only reasonable; it would not do for the Pope to admit that Catholicism may have to give way to other doctrinal formulations, or for President Coolidge to voice his misgivings about the Constitution.

Meanwhile any primitive grab and graft colonial who has had experience of the bureaucracies of Europe may reflect on the reply given by a well-known scientist to the question whether Europe could ever become civilized. "No," he replied, "Europe is still in the drab and daft stage of Over-population, and has a permanent superiority complex. Much too decadent."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FALL FASHIONS FOR MEN

FREDERICK ALLEN



What We May Have to Read if Men Go in for Fashions as Women Do

THE sex with which I have the honor to be affiliated labors under a severe handicap. Nobody writes about our clothes. The fashion magazines and the fashion sections of the newspapers pay little or no attention to us. Thousands of pages are written every year to assist our wives, daughters, and grandmothers to look younger and more entrancing, but we men have to go it alone. There is, to be sure, a column or two in "Vanity Fair" and in the theatre programs, but these fellows seem to know from the start that they are beaten. Their half-hearted pronouncements on the shape of the silk hat and the cut of the lapel lack the splendid fervor of the text in the ladies' fashion papers which accompanies those line drawings of underfed Countesses wearing the latest thing in beige and those snapshots of well-fed bathing suits reading from left to right on the sands at Deauville. The fellows who write about men's fashions don't really let themselves go, and the whole sex suffers accordingly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

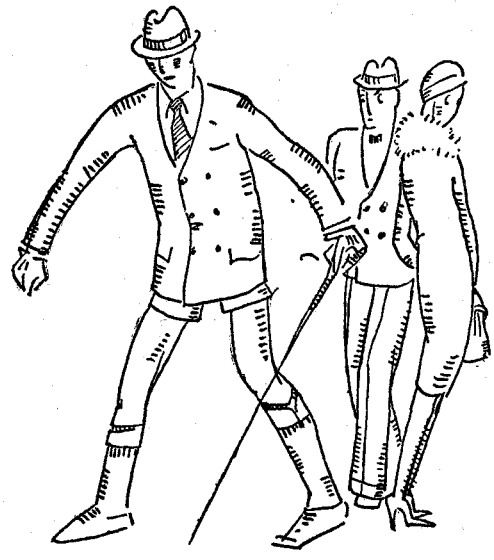
Something must be done about this injustice. In fact something will be done, and right now. I propose to come instantly to the rescue of my unhappy sex, and show how we too may enjoy the ecstasies of chic. All we need is more and worse fashion advice, written in the style of the Paris letters of the women's fashion guides. As for instance —

The Lure of Trousers

Nothing is more essential to him who would circulate freely among the *haut monde* than a pair of trousers. The unhappy man who errs in this respect is guilty of nothing less than a *faux pas;* in our recent rambles along the Boulevards of Paris and down Fifth Avenue, where all the smartest men wear trousers, we have noticed that the man who does not is well-nigh conspicuous, and what could be more humiliating than to realize that people are saying of one, "So-and-So is not suitably attired."

The really difficult question is, how many pairs of trousers shall we require? Not, of course, for simultaneous wear, for in trousers as in love there is wisdom in the old-time adage, "One at a time is enough," but how many for the different occasions for which the fastidious man will wish to be prepared?

For the answer to such a problem one may with propriety turn to le Duc d'Embonpoint, who enjoys the distinction of being the best-dressed man in Paris. Said le Duc to me the other day, "Gone are the days when a man could wear the same pair of trousers for such diverse purposes as the opera, the afternoon promenade, and mowing the front lawn. He who would meet the varying crises of modern life in such a way as to receive the recognition of the well-groomed must be continually changing his trousers, and must learn how to climb rapidly



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of one pair and into the next without falling down and hurting himself.

"Suppose for example," continued le Duc with that charming smile for which he is famous, "that we desire to select a pair for the races. In the world of chic one is always thinking, 'What shall I wear to the races?' In this case the next question to ask is, what sort of races? For the whippet races I should recommend a serviceable pair of knickerbockers with a widish flare at the knees, so that if a whippet tries to bite one he is likely to get a mouthful of nothing but flare. For the yacht races, on the other hand, the trousers may well be of rubber, for it is likely to be wet on the water, and what with the motion of the boat and one thing and another it is easy to get cocktails spilt all over one. Whereas for the six day bicycle races," — here le Duc laughed merrily, — "but, mon cher ami, I have never been to the six day bicycle races, so how should I know?" At this I naturally roared with laughter, for le Duc is famous for his wit, and it was plain that he had just committed a *bon mot*. Les Ducs d'Embonpoint, it should be added, have been noted for their wit for centuries, and many of them were beheaded or guillotined.

"And how wide should the trousers be?" I asked le Duc after I had recovered.

"The very wide trouser," he replied, "is no longer favored, and rightly so, for it occasionally made for confusion. My friend le Comte d'Acoste once inadvertently put both feet in the same trouser leg, and had proceeded half a kilometer down the Boulevard before he was aware of his error. An embarrassing experience, n'est-ce pas? By the way, could you oblige me with a small loan?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Le Duc is unquestionably right about width, for if he is not an authority on trousers, what excuse has he for living?

The Road to Youthtime

Dazzle of silks — throb of motors — glitter of jewels — crackle of dollar-bills — a busy afternoon at New York's smartest corner, — the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street!

And presiding over all, arbiter of destinies, — the traffic officer!

What is it that people are saying about him as the limousines of the elect pause and sweep onward again at his bidding?

They are whispering to each other, "How young he looks! How does he retain that wondrous complexion? Oh, if we only had his secret!"

Let us brave the perils of the traffic and ask him ourselves.

"Dust, wind, and sun," replies Officer O'Toole, — the son, be it noted, of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent O'Toole of Jersey City, and descendant on his mother's side of a long (and broad) line of O'Gradys, Mrs. O'Toole, Senior, having been one of the Weehawken O'Gradys, while Mr. O'Toole, Senior, to make the whole thing clear, was an O'Toole. "Dust, wind, and sun, it is true, place formidable handicaps in the way of a traffic officer who would retain that satiny, peaches-and-cream complexion which is the despair of many members of the force, with whose skins the elements play havoc, if I may be permitted so strong a term. No matter how flawless the cut of one's uniform, if one's complexion is not velvety one feels at once that one is not *right*. The solution, however, is simple. I just rub in a little cold cream, pat my cheeks gently for half an hour with the tips of my fingers, dab on a little fragrant powder, wipe my face oh so gently with my cuff, touch it with a piece of ice from the ice-box, knead it with my thumbs, jump into a cold bath, leap into a cold shower, rub down briskly with a soft rag, pummel my face softly with my fists, and presto! — I am ready to blow my whistle again and let traffic proceed, and oh how gloriously youthful I feel!"

The Golfer's Most Important Problem

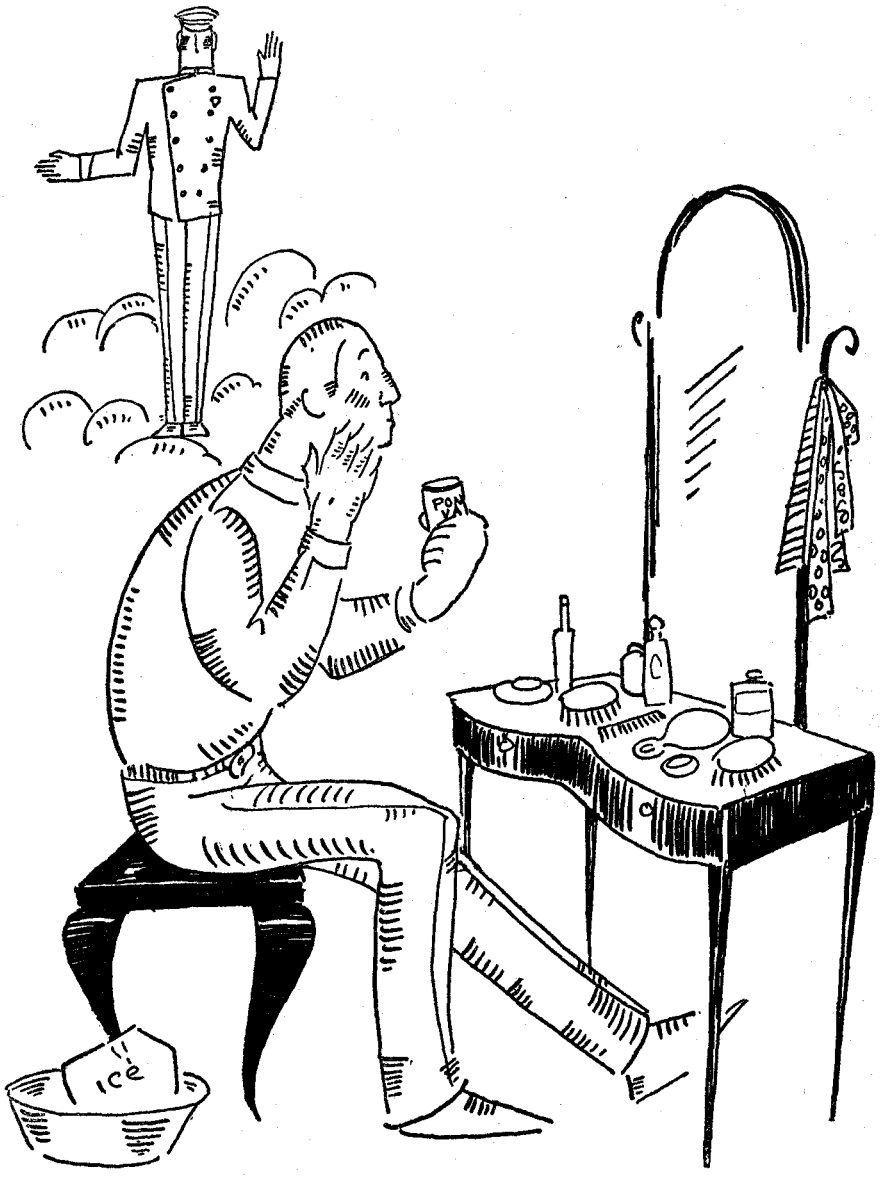
Golfers, attention! The fall season on the links is at hand, and already thousands are saying to themselves, "What can I do to make my form more fascinating as I join the devotees of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Royal and Ancient Game of Bonnie Scotland? How can I be assured that, whatever the posture which the exigencies of the game call upon me to assume, my appearance is at all times chic?"

Only the other day we received an inquiry from an anxious golfer which illustrates the sort of difficulty over which many men lie awake night after night in an agony of perplexity. "What," wrote our correspondent, "can I do to retain chic while putting? The position is awkward and unbecoming at best, throwing into relief as it does a portion of the figure which cannot be emphasized without loss of symmetry, and to him who is wont to carry a flask at the critical point of the *ensemble* the problem is doubly difficult. Younger and slenderer golfers may not suffer so keenly from self-consciousness on the putting greens, but a self-made man like myself is reduced to the verge of tears. I am well-groomed, prosperous, and once served on the entertainment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



committee of the club, but I now notice that other men look askance at me, especially on the greens. What shall I do?"

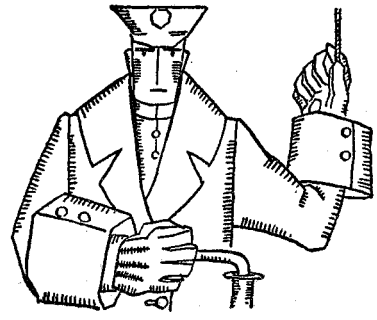
We are happy to inform our friend that several of the more fashionable Fifth Avenue shops have already taken cognizance of his problem, and have produced golfing costumes with the flask-pockets so placed as to give a modish appearance to such as he.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The next time he "holes out", as the delicious Scotch phrase has it, he may be sure that the murmur about the green is of applause at the smartness of his attire.

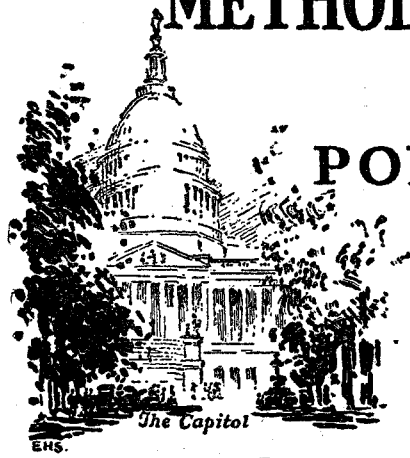
The Mode for Motormen

The outlook for universal chic among motormen was never so promising as it is this summer. The mode of the hour calls for the straight silhouette and for a note almost of severity, or *sévérité*, as the *costumiers* would have it, but a teeny weeny bit of flare will be permitted at the hips, and there are a hundred fascinating indications that those who seek a more dashing effect will find models a-plenty to choose between. In the matter of buttons alone, for example, Milord Motorman will find wide play for the most daring fancy. The prevailing note this summer is likely to be that of freedom. None of your old-time restraints for the motormen of this modern day. Let grandmothers say what they will, he eschews flounces and demands free play for his wrists and ankles. The motorman who has loose cuffs and ample gloves will be the envy of his less fortunate chums all up and down the Lexington Avenue line. Precedent will doubtless be cited, too, to justify those who carry their devotion to freedom so far as to leave the coat unbuttoned at the neck, displaying a fetching bit of underwear. But this practice cannot be frowned upon too severely. Moderation in all things was a famous motto of the Greeks, and those who would cultivate chic will do well to bear it in mind. Well-dressed Englishmen, whether at Ascot or at Henley, have a saying, "It is not done," and the motorman who leaves his coat unbuttoned at the neck is likely to pay the penalty.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

METHODIST RIGHTS IN POLITICS



CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

HUMANITY has always been represented by two institutions, — the Church and the State. An important function of both is to define carefully their own position and relations. The fact that a nation undertakes to have the Church and the State separate, does not nullify the fact that the Church and State are partially working toward the same objects, the promotion of religion, morality, and education, the peace and order of society, — in short, the public welfare. In the matter of support the Church and State are separated by a distinct line of demarcation. The one is sustained by taxes, the other purely by voluntary contributions of those who believe in it and are banded together for its promotion. The sins against this ideal have taken the form of excessive taxation upon churches and philanthropic properties by the states. These disabilities have now almost entirely been removed. Another has been the attempt of certain churches to get sectarian appropriations from the general government, an act regarded by many free Americans as an outrage against our principle of entire separation of government from sectarian interference. It must be remembered that our doctrine of separation does not imply that the Government shall oppress the Church or hinder it, or that it shall promote great moral evils that the church must fight, — licensing prostitution or gambling, or drunkard-making, or opium or other dope traffics.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neither does it imply that the Church shall dominate or domineer or interfere with the orderly processes of government. The Church must let the State work out its destiny and give it moral support in so doing, as the State should let the Church work out its destiny and purposes with such aid in the preserving of order and the protection of the rights of worshipers as the State can give without any compulsion on its part to make people religious. The Methodist Episcopal Church believes it has solved the problem of aiding the Government to promote the public welfare and increase morality, education, and religion without interfering with the people's right to decide their religious convictions for themselves.

The Methodist Church has always been a militant church. It stood against African slavery, it warred against polygamy, the gambling hells, the red-light districts. It made war on American slavery and on dueling and was the most aggressive body under our flag against the liquor traffic and the license system which enthroned it in American politics. When this battle was on, the Methodists brought the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals to Washington, the most influential centre for its activities, secured property just across the street from the Capitol, — within a block of the Senate Office Building and the Library of Congress and within two blocks of the House Office Building, — and upon this site erected a beautiful building to be its permanent home. This act was in keeping with the Methodists' view that they were to aid the United States in promoting good government, law, order, decency, and sobriety. It has been commended by great thinkers and leaders such as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, and President Coolidge.

Four Presidents Sanction It

When Theodore Roosevelt was asked to become an advisory member of the Methodist Board of Temperance, he replied:

> "Yes, I will for I ought to have been a Methodist. If it were not for the misunderstanding which it would cause, for some would think there was a political significance in it, I would become a Methodist now, full fledged. I would rather be a Methodist lay preacher than anything I can think of.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I like to see you folks do things. Think of a Church organizing itself into a Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals!" He then wrote a letter to the Board in favor of war prohibition and prohibition permanently for the nation and closed it with this paragraph:

"I wish your Board every success in its effort to stop all waste of food, men, labor, and brain-power during these days when the nation needs every energy of every man at his best.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

December 13, 1917."

When the Methodist Building was dedicated, President Coolidge wrote a letter in which he said:

"The dedication of this structure, to be devoted to the organized work of one of the great church denominations for the promotion of public morals in the broadest fashion, seems to me to be a significant event. It suggests how practical and socially useful the work of the great religious establishments is becoming. This structure will stand as a temple dedicated to the purposes of inculcating obedience to law, respect for the righteous fundamentals of society, and law enforcement on a basis of absolute impartiality as between individuals or classes. It will visualize to all here in the nation's Capitol the definite and concrete aim to maintain our institutions on the firm moral basis upon which the founders intended them to stand.

"In extending to you and your millions of associates, who will see in this event the consummation of a great public work, I wish to express my hope that your highest anticipations for its usefulness may be fully realized.

Most sincerely yours,

Calvin Coolidge"

What Is It There For?

The presence of this institution in Washington can easily be misapprehended and the justification of its presence there depends upon what it is trying to do. There are some things it never does. It has never spent a penny or a minute in securing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government positions of any kind whatever for Methodists. That particular type of party politics is something for which it has no use and which it utterly eschews.

Second, it has never secured, asked, or wanted a dollar of government support for its denominational activities. The Methodists maintain colleges, universities, hospitals, homes for the aged and the indigent, and orphan asylums, but they have never asked the appropriation of a single dollar for any of these and they never will. We believe the Government should support itself by taxes and all religious institutions by their own voluntary contributions. If there are denominations that have filched from the treasury of a united people and of a largely Protestant nation sums of money for the maintenance of religious or sectarian institutions, the charge can never be filed against the Methodists. They simply have not done the thing and have never had a tendency so to do.

Third, the Board has no secrets as to the sources of its income nor of the use to be made of it and every act of its officers around Washington is as open as the day. Its method is to publish a clipsheet every week and send it not only to all the editors of the country, but to the men whose influence it seeks, stating what we want and why.

If our reasons are not convincing, no pull or power is exercised to secure anything. The openness of this propaganda prevents its being objected to as a "lobby".

Fourth, the Board has a perfect right to have its say on such matters, for it is not only made up of American citizens, but it pays its full taxes as the District of Columbia assesses them and asks no exemption growing out of a religious ownership.

What, then, is the purpose of placing a Methodist institution of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals right at the doors of the Capitol in Washington? The purpose is to lift up a standard in the most influential place it can be planted which will indicate what the Methodists believe in and stand for with reference to the teaching of temperance and its necessity for the public welfare of the United States and the world, — a standard of prohibition because the liquor traffic is a demoralizing institution, corrupt in all its organizations, debauching to the public conscience, a taint upon the public morals, and an organized temptation before the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

youth of the land. The Methodist Episcopal Church is against this traffic; against its perpetuity; against its licensed promotion; against receiving into the public treasury any of its blood-stained dollars, regarding the license fee as a bribe to the public conscience; against being ruled by pliant tools of the liquor traffic, for a hundred years of observation shows that the traffic has picked the most crooked and lowest types of manhood to promote to public office. The organization promotes public morals for it believes that the Nation as well as the Church is founded and dependent upon morality, education, and civic decency.

How is morality to prevail unless it has leadership, unless it is promoted widely and effectively? The Church of Jesus Christ has always been a teacher and inspirer of morality. Religion and morality are closely akin. Morality is religion applied to man, and religion is morality applied to God. They are not antagonistic, they are not even separate. It is the same being reaching with one hand to the duties he owes to God and with the other to the responsibilities growing out of human relationship, and the fact that a man has a right hand as well as a left doesn't mean that he is divided.

There Are No Substitutes

How is morality going to prevail unless the Church becomes a great promoter of its principles? There has never been a nation that had a moral code that could stand up without a religious basis. If there is no fatherhood of God, there could be no brotherhood of man. Men can spin theories of ethics, but they have never made an ethical code that will get itself adopted or even stand on its own feet except where they have founded their ethics on the thought of religion. If the church does not promote morality, who will?

Some people have said, "The press." The great press of this country is owned by corporations. The corporation is run for the dividends. It is safe to say that even the best of our great magazines and dailies are published for cash as well as for conscience. No unpopular moral reforms are ever continuously promoted by any one or any group which is motivated by the dollar mark. All the moral reformers and martyrs to unpopular new truths have conducted their work on the principle of self-sacrifice, a thing unknown to those who are working for money alone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is suggested that "the platform" can do this work. The platform has had kings. William Jennings Bryan, the greatest orator on the planet for a whole generation, and a thousand satellites have done fine service in promoting great ideals in our public life but the platform is unorganized, too intermittent to bear the stress of continuous battle or to furnish a permanent leadership. It touches and goes, it moves across the country like a meteor. Traveling by night, it speaks by day and is gone again. As an inspirer of groups at Chautauquas and conventions it has fulfilled a function, but it never bears the continuous strain of a whole aggressive campaign.

We have little more faith in party politics' becoming a moral reformer and promoter of temperance, total abstinence, prohibition, the clean life, loyalty to the Constitution and the Volstead Act. Where men's appetites are involved and they are looking for the old kick of alcoholic liquor, party politics will not rebuke the appetite, instruct the conscience, appeal to the sensibilities, arouse the will, and "do the work of an evangelist" in making the man want to do and to be right. If this is ever to be done, there is only one institution in sight that will do it, — the Christian Church. It will not do it for gain, for it will get nothing but kicks and misrepresentation for its pains. It will not do it for popularity, for it will lose some of its friends and not gain additional ones by an aggressive policy. But it must do it because it belongs to Jesus Christ and it is His will that this world which He has redeemed shall be made a better world for His being in it and for the existence of His organization. It is said that He came to destroy the works of the Devil. "Every plant which my Heavenly Father has not planted shall be rooted up", is His own version of the matter. This refers to brewery plants, distillery plants, saloon plants, gambling plants, and every other organization that produces bad fruit in human society.

Christianity a Fighting Religion

One of the most interesting modes of presenting the history of Christianity would be to give the series of its victories over entrenched and gigantic wrongs that blocked its progress until it completely eradicated them. Blackstone once said, "Christian civilization is the sum total of results achieved by the continuous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

battle between Paganism and Christianity." There is no doubt that this is an accurate definition of what our civilization is, for the wrongs which afflict society entrench themselves when possible, nor is there any doubt that Christianity has destroyed one after another of these evils. It stopped crucifixion as a means of punishment, it abolished gladiatorial exhibitions where human lives were sacrificed for the amusement of a populace, it freed the slave, it protected the captive from the execrations that were heaped upon him, it reformed prison abuses, it nourished the sick, it sheltered the orphan, it elevated woman, it shrouded with a halo of sacred purity the tender years of the child. There is hardly a class of wrongs that it did not remedy. It expelled cruelty, it curbed passions, it branded suicide, it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide, it drove the shameless impurities of heathenism and of idol worship into congenial darkness. Wherever Christianity sheds its light, everything has been improved.

A hundred wrongs have thus been overcome in eighteen hundred years. The whole list is too long, but look at the recent triumphs: Piracy upon the high seas stopped, the African slave trade forbidden, dueling outlawed, polygamy discontinued, cannibalism abolished, the lottery systems outgrown, the American slaves emancipated, the opium traffic internationally banned, the liquor traffic in course of ultimate extinction, — because Christianity makes war on evil wherever found and however entrenched.

A Notable Example

Among all the striking monuments in Washington to the heroic men in war, statesmanship, and church activities, there is no more impressive monument than the one erected to Francis Asbury, 1745–1816, Pioneer Methodist Bishop in America, "The Prophet of the Long Road." In the Act of Congress designating the ground on which this should be erected these striking words occur: "His continuous journeying through cities, villages, and settlements from 1771 to 1816 greatly promoted patriotism, education, morality, and religion in the American Republic. If you seek for the results of his labors you will find them in our present civilization."

To imagine that Christianity can fulfil its function and the Church carry on its work without ever touching things of a civic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[illegible] LIBRARY

nature is to dream of unrealities. It is not evil in the abstract that the Church is dealing with, but evils in the concrete. It does not usurp the methods of the State in dealing with them, but by applying Christian teaching and moral power to the problems, it unites its efforts with the State's to get sin out of people's hearts and homes, out of our institutions, and off our streets. One who studies the messages of John the Baptist or the teachings of Jesus in His Sermon on the Mount, or any of His sermons, will be surprised to find how many of the problems that He had to take up were matters of concern to the State as well. This does not mean that we are to do our work by law or by courts or by jails. That is the method of the State. The Church is to accomplish the same results by its spiritual teachings, its moral pressure, and its direct prophetic appeals to the intellect, to the sympathies, and to the will. It is not possible that the Church and State could be working at the same thing in the same place and not come into relations. The relations should be friendly and helpful. Church and State should coöperate from first to last and any problem with which we have to do is almost a perfect illustration.

Take the Sabbath: Religious people believe that man's duty to God requires that he should give up a tenth of his entire income, so he becomes a tither, and a seventh of his time to holy uses, so he becomes a Sabbath observer. Now if in the observance of the Sabbath he goes so far as to get the State to pass Sabbath laws that recognize the Sabbath as a religious institution and make any kind of observance for religious purposes mandatory, he is encroaching upon the rights of citizens and causing the State to usurp the functions of the Churches. On the other hand, there is a legitimate relation of the State to Sabbath law, for the Sabbath is a civil institution as well as a religious one. There is an American Sabbath as well as a holy Sabbath.

The American Sabbath

When our fathers came to found this government they did not form it out of the air, but out of the solid structure of customs, habits embedded in a common law which were already firmly established. They found the Sabbath an established institution, but in the Second Article of the Constitution they recognized it by enacting that the President should have ten days to consider any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bill that had been passed by Congress before he was required to sign, "Sundays excepted." So when a man says that Sunday laws are unconstitutional, he is apt to get himself laughed at, for the President's Sunday rest is protected by the Constitution of the United States. Though the Sabbath is a religious institution, it is also a civic one. Some men consistently favor it for one cause and some for the other, but we believe in it as both a religious and a civic institution and think that those who would have the separation of Church and State so complete that the State must actually refuse to recognize anything the Church believes in are carrying their propaganda too far. They have actually gone to this limit. When we try to outlaw the liquor traffic and the licensed saloons from our city streets, they say, "You can't make men moral by law. This is a moral question and has no place in politics." So they plead for the privilege of making the whole population immoral by law in order to show their objection to the coöperation between Church and State for human betterment.

When we ask for a quiet Sabbath free from unnecessary commercialism as a rest day for the toiling millions and as a quiet day for the worshiping millions, they say, "You want to unite Church and State." When Christian civilization was shocked that Great Britain wanted to make money out of the opium traffic in China, these critics raised a protest that we were trying to put morality into international law, that moral questions were separate from international problems. So the effect of their protest was to continue a great national immorality and cruelty that debauched mankind for money. When the preachers of the American pulpit, prophet-like, thundered and lightened like a modern Sinai against the evils of human slavery, every apologist for slavery became exceedingly sensitive and anxious for the honor of the Church lest it should trail its sacred robes in a political question. They forgot that if the church did not take up this reform the immorality and outrage of one human being's owning another, which corrupts both about equally, would go on forever unrebuked and unreformed.

What Is the Mission of the Church?

What is the mission of the Church? It is to make this a better world here and now. It is to do it by preaching the highest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible moral and spiritual ideals. It is to do it by living this life before all the world and amid every opposing tendency. It is to do it by applying its religion to the principles of citizenship. It is to do it by massing its moral forces for the betterment of men, for the higher ideals, and by forcing the issues for righteousness whenever the crisis is on; for the Church can never stand by in the presence of what it regards as evil and not lend a hand to the struggle of the moral forces to achieve righteousness in the land. It is not only its right and privilege, but a bounden duty to organize for the betterment of the nation.

As We Survey the Field

As a nation we need a new education as to drinking intoxicants, and a new personal standard of respect for law and voluntary obedience to it. It is the Church's duty and privilege to furnish this.

Law enforcement should be the last resort. In America, where every man is a sovereign and a potential law-maker, an innate respect for law and an habitual obedience to it should be the rule. We should change our text from "Law enforcement" to "Law observance."

How can the Church help the cause of law in a period of vast lawlessness? These things we must do: Reteach the principles of temperance. We are facing a generation of young people who have grown up since the temperance situation was acute. The last ten years we have slowed down on the teaching function. The quarterly temperance lesson has largely dropped out of our Sunday Schools, our preachers have forgotten how to preach the temperance sermon. Many of them preached the funeral sermon over John Barleycorn's imaginary decease and have trusted to law and government to do the rest. I understand that three-fourths of the states have dropped the teaching about intoxicants, narcotics, and opiates upon which the law once required specific instruction in all the public schools.

We must begin to teach this generation all over again the facts and principles that made the temperance movement of one hundred years, — that alcohol is not a food but a poison; that moderation cannot be depended upon in the use of a habit-forming, irritant, narcotic drug; that even total abstinence does

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not solve the problem while we continue to manufacture drunkards by the license permit system; that to manufacture and sell poison for beverages is not a business but a crime against society; that the public welfare demands that the state must stop it at all hazards; that prohibition is the ultimate remedy for these evils; that it, therefore, should be observed and enforced. If we can get these principles retaught we can inaugurate a campaign of education and appeal for the voluntary observance of the laws of the country that will put the bootlegger to flight.

What the Past Has Taught

The lesson of history is that republics are short lived. Americans can outargue anybody on the logic of democracy and of republican forms of government. It is logical to say the people can make a better government than will be handed down to them by oligarchies or monarchies. Nevertheless, the experiments in so doing have strewn the pages of history with wrecks and a few years have brought all republics to chaos. They have wrecked on the rocks of lawlessness. And why? Because when men make their own laws they observe them carelessly. It is difficult to make men see that a thing made with their own hands and modeled out of their own brains has anything so sacred about it that they ought to jeopardize a personal interest in order to obey it. A thing which is handed down to them by an invisible hand from a higher source seems to be sacred. But in republics they say, "Why obey the law? We know the fellows that made it. We made them."

In monarchies they talk of the divine right of their kings and the divine right idea gets into the blood of the people and makes them loyal. If a republic is to live through the centuries, it must find some way of convincing its own people that the laws they make and the government they administer through their representatives chosen by the vote of the sovereign people are as sacred and as important to the public welfare as though the laws had been handed down from some superior or "higher" source.

How can we teach the sacredness of law, and fidelity to the Government? That is the problem of our national life. And it is the problem over which the Government that has more murderers in proportion to its population, more divorces and more homes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broken up, more looseness in the administration of law, more intolerance of authority among the people, and more conniving with lawlessness on the part of authorities than any other nation of to-day, must ponder.

Why Obey the Law?

Why obey the law? Because America is trying an experiment before the eyes of the whole world. She believes that people of all classes and colors are brothers and sisters; that they are endowed by their Creator with capacity for self-government and with the tremendous prerogative of freedom; that they have an innate tendency toward democratic government that is divine; that republican forms of government are the best means of governmental expression; that in our land every man is a sovereign, every woman a queen; that in the sacred ballot they have committed to them the power of rulers; that without limitation they touch the government in all departments, legislative, judicial, and executive; that a hundred and twelve millions of people cannot live together having such powers committed to their hands unless there is a responsibility commensurate with their opportunity and liberty; that such responsibility implies that only those are fit to rule who are willing to obey. There is a military maxim that no man can command who has not learned to obey commands; and we should have a civic saying that no man is fit to vote for lawmakers or executives or judges who is not willing to submit to the laws.

We have men living in safety who have piled up great fortunes or inherited them from parents who earned them for their children. Not a single day could they live in the peaceful possession of these fortunes but for the security derived from our government, yet there are hundreds of thousands of these prosperous people who set the example of lawlessness. They patronize bootleggers, they drink intoxicants prohibited by the Constitution and laws of their country, they store their cellars with contraband goods, and rouse the spirit of defiance in the common people by setting themselves above the law. I am not advocating giving them a dose of their own medicine because they have defied the Government, by letting the Government withdraw its protection from their goods. I am advocating more Christian measures, —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a campaign of education and neighborly appeal to them with the facts about the poison of alcohol, the crime of its manufacture and sale, the conniving with criminals on the part of every buyer, and the example of lawlessness on the part of the rich who in the face of the people flaunt their supremacy to the law of a Christian state. If the people should rise in the same spirit of defiance, they would rend them and their fortunes to atoms.

After all of those who respect law are reached by a campaign of education, there will still remain the criminal class, made vicious by heredity, environment, and education. These must be dealt with summarily by a Government bent upon law enforcement. Our Eighteenth Amendment is to be enforced jointly by the nation and the states. We view with alarm the present tendency of the Federal Government to pass on the buck to the states and the local communities as being quite as futile as the Smith policy in New York of passing it to the Federal Government. What the Government ought to have done in New York was to enforce the law until New York, feeling itself almost invaded, would have begun its own enforcement to keep itself from being treated as a recalcitrant state, if not one in open rebellion to the Constitution. What we feared was that the Federal Government was about to take the same stand as New York, and say, "If you will not, we will not either." The Constitution which the President of the United States had sworn to protect and defend and enforce, and which the Governor of New York had taken a similar oath to observe as an officer of the state, would find no support at all.

Suppose, after the people have adopted national and constitutional prohibition, an administration should interpret its duty as merely watching the border and guarding the permit system of releases and the manufacture and should take the ground that the state and local governments must enforce prohibition as to sales in drug stores and among joints and bootleggers. The Constitution would be absolutely nullified; national prohibition would be annihilated. For of our forty-eight states, forty-five might be enforcing their law; but if three states failed to do it there would be no such thing as national prohibition. We should be back where we were before, back to the state unit, and we should have some dry states and other wet ones saturating the dry borders.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We must not let the fact be disguised, forgotten, or overlooked that for the National Government to fall down on any part of the enforcement program is to let a damp state nullify the Constitution which makes both the Federal Government and the states jointly responsible; and our Church must not stand by with its eyes closed and let an interpretation of that joint responsibility take the Federal Government out first and then leave the states free to nullify or enforce. The United States is a nation with a President, Congress, Supreme Court, and a great machinery of national administration. We once had some unpleasantness over the question whether we were a nation or just a loosely strung group of states. We need not have it again, unless somebody assails the right of the nation to act as such.

"Prohibition has been tried and found wanting," says a critic of conditions that he has not tried to better. But the truth is, Prohibition was found difficult and therefore not tried.

"But Prohibition has overshot the mark." That depends on whether we are equal to our task. We have undertaken to show the world that America can live without rum, educate her children without turning them into drunkards or drunkards' wives, run our Government, and meet our war debt without putting up the souls of our citizens for sale for dirty revenue. If we make good on this undertaking, it will sweep the world, and Lincoln's dream will come true, — "A world without a slave or a drunkard in it." If we fail, it will set back one of the greatest moral triumphs of Christianity for a century. We are not going to fail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHALL WE DEFLATE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL?

YES:

SAYS Mr. Dashiell. Intercollegiate football has become a religious cult, building stadiums instead of cathedrals. Its moral and intellectual benefits are absurdly exaggerated. It is so expensive that educational budgets suffer. There is nothing Greek about football. It is a barbaric Roman spectacle for a degenerate Roman mob.

NO:

SAYS Mr. Roper. Football is a benefit to the player, mentally and physically, and an influence for good in college morals. Without it the colleges could not give financial support to other sports. It is a legitimate part of modern life, — the Greek athlete was as much a part of Greek civilization as the Greek philosopher.

I—THE NATIONAL RELIGION OF FOOTBALL

ALFRED DASHIELL

BIG game day carries with it an almost resistless thrill. Flying banners, cheering crowds, playing bands, and an eighty-yard run for a touchdown are worth braving a mob to see. They establish football as the supreme spectacle of American college life and they draw us to the scene of battle whenever we can raise the price. Having lost more than one hat in the mêlée around the goal-posts after victory, I am no caustic critic of the sport.

Yet many who entered college after the war are wondering what the game is coming to. Our fear is that it will be made into a national religion. We are suspicious of the myths now growing up, of the canonization of football heroes, of the false glamour and sentimentalism surrounding the game, started as a friendly contest and becoming a Saturday afternoon ritual.

Undoubtedly, enthusiastic advocates are right in claiming that football is less dangerous for players than it used to be, that there is more skill and less reliance upon brawn than in the Golden 'Nineties (now irreverently called the Mauve Decade). But, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usual, the apostles damn their own case by claiming too much. Many whose contact with the campus is recent regard with a skeptical smile the familiar oration about football as a power for clean-living, and equally flowery forensics about its character-forming qualities.

Granted that players keep the training rules, — a debatable point with those who know some football stars, — there is nothing to prove that men who play football are more pure out of season than the greasiest of grinds.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., writing in defense of football in the "Saturday Evening Post" last December, cited the remarkable success attained by the members of the Harvard 1908 team. The conclusion which seems obvious to him is not quite clear to me. Famous college football stars have also been known to figure in murder trials, in robbery cases, and, from some of the evidence produced in divorce courts, are not particularly noted for their impeccable conduct.

Leaving aside the false idea a football star gains of his own importance, forgetting that the big game of senior year is frequently the high spot in the life of many men, conceding the debatable point that football is good for those who play it, what is to be said of the drunks in the stands whom the twenty-two clean-living warriors on the gridiron are affording an opportunity for childish exhibitions which should have been discarded at the end of sophomore year?

Professor C. W. Kennedy, Chairman of the Faculty Committee on Athletics at Princeton, a defender of the sport, states that they are one of the most unfortunate aspects of the game. They are nuisances, it is true, but they are only mild examples of a phenomenon too little considered. It is not violators of the Volstead Act so much as old grads returning for their annual emotional jag who are leading football into dubious ways.

These footbawlers shiver at the ghost of suppression at the end of every season and attempt to banish it with a flow of words. Their chief defense of the commercialization of the game, the huge stadiums, the increased price of tickets, is the old war-cry, "Athletics for all!" In every hysterical eulogy large emphasis is placed upon the claim that football is supporting practically all other sports and is enabling ninety per cent of the students to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

engage in athletics. Nothing is said about extravagances of team management, little of the unreasonably high salaries of coaches, but lyrics are composed on the gre-e-at systems of intra-collegiate athletics developing in all colleges. These statements have hitherto been accepted as gospel. Nobody asks what kind of athletics. Yet every student who observes knows that the class teams and club teams and fraternity teams and pick-up teams are, despite the drum-beating of gymnasium authorities and college press, uncertain things at best. These teams play only a few games a year, usually with little or no preliminary practice. The statistics proudly include every student who has been bludgeoned into a place on any one of them. The real quality of sport is more apparent in touch-football, for instance. No equipment is required except a ball. The presence of no athletic director is necessary. Bronze medals do not make organized tournaments any more athletic. Perhaps there are free golf courses at some colleges but they have not come within the limits of my experience. Tennis courts afford splendid exercise, but students usually pay a fee for playing. A walk or a jog across country costs nobody anything. "Athletics for all" is a high-sounding phrase, a whistle in the graveyard accepted as a call to prayer.

In such guise the religion of football has been thrust upon us. Led by alumni and sports writers (for whom there is some excuse since they have their livings to make) the evangelic choir sings out lustily every year at this season, reaching its dramatic crescendo as the old year dies.

On December 30, 1925, Bishop William T. Manning, addressing the convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, said: "Sports occupy as important a place in our lives as prayers. The beautiful game of polo, in its place, is as pleasing to God as a beautiful service in a beautiful cathedral." He, of course, went on to extol football for the qualities usually attributed to it, and concluded: "There ought to be the closest sympathy between true sportsmanship and true religion, for they are the two great agencies for the development of right living and should work in the closest relationship."

This linking of sport and religion is not without precedent. Ever since the "praying colonels" of Centre College had such a meteoric career in the football firmament, newspapers have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pock-marked with stories of teams gathering for prayer before games. After the 1924 Army-Navy game in Baltimore, Captain Garbisch said, according to the papers, that he "dashed his helmet to the ground and thanked God for victory." One wonders whether there were no Navy prayers before and during the game. One wonders whether the colonels have stopped praying.

All the expressions of religion are to be found in the utterances of the footbawlers. One of the most noteworthy of their hymns, which might be entitled "The Church's One Foundation", is from Texas University:

"Our memorial stadium will be a modern coliseum of concrete and steel, capable of resisting the erosion of countless centuries. This massive edifice will command the admiration of generations unborn. Like a mantle of ivy, time will weave o'er its beloved walls a soft halo of tradition.

"To its builders, to those hands who (sic!) seek to return to the lap of their alma mater a token of appreciation of the infinite heritage that she has so liberally bestowed, the heads of all posterity will bow in everlasting gratitude.

"Will you be a stadium builder?"

A pastoral letter in the Illinois "Alumni News" of June, 1923, refers to the uncompleted stadium in these terms:

"It has done much to arouse University interest among alumni and citizens from one end of the state to the other. Its influence in bringing about legislative appropriations in full as requested was even greater than most people supposed."

A sermon is contained in the dynamic caption from the same periodical:

COMPLETE THAT STADIUM FOR FIGHTING ILLINI

DIG UP AND PAY UP — THE STADIUM'S GOING UP

Sad to relate, the alumni president in the same issue voices his hurt amazement at the number of graduates who disregard their pledges. It is interesting to speculate on the number who made those pledges under the stimulus of cheer-leaders in the heat of a "pep" session.

Apostles compare the present era of sport cathedrals to the golden ages of stadium building in Greece and Rome. They make the absurd statement that the Greek athlete is the commanding

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figure which has come down to us from Athenian civilization, but they dwell longest upon Rome and its grandeur. Do they ever stop to think that emperors built those coliseums chiefly to gorge the masses with spectacles to keep them from thinking too much?

To-day the radio has extended the feeding power of the stadiums. It has popularized the game so that Red Grange, even before he turned professional, was the subject of as much discussion as Babe Ruth. It has vulgarized the game so that the colleges, ever on the lookout for shekels to keep their huge athletic plants running, must secure heroes for the mob, must have as opponents teams that will be good drawing cards.

So much publicity has attended football in recent years that, for most people, the sole standard by which colleges are judged is the quality of their athletic teams. What is the result? Furtive professionalism, fake scholarships, barefaced bribery, and kidnaping, — according to presidents of small colleges left in the rear of the race for numbers and endowments, — are a few of the activities of the larger institutions. Coaches receive salaries of from $10,000 to $25,000 for a fraction of a year. An Iowa college making a drive for students devoted eighty-five per cent of its publicity to athletics. One college had to cancel its football schedule because another college walked off with four of its best players.

Of course, the evangelists attempt to laugh these things off. They cite coaches who are members of the faculty, but they do not state how many of these there are. Are there college men who do not know that altruistic alumni associations fill their scholarships with football players? The tramp athlete has disappeared from the open field but he still skulks behind the scenes. Midshipmen at the Naval Academy are encouraging a policy of scouting for stars to equal those gained for West Point by an earlier adoption of the same policy. A dispatch from Annapolis in the New York "Herald-Tribune" of August 8 says: "Naval people have been stung to the quick by the poor showing of Academy teams in recent years and particularly by the frequent defeats by the U. S. Military Academy, and are prepared to go to any proper lengths to secure a winning team."

A graduate of a Pennsylvania college, well-known for its athletic prowess, even tells of a group of wealthy alumni who pay the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expenses of star athletes and then recover double the amount of their investment by betting on the team.

Alumni publications, especially those of colleges attempting to raise funds, are crowded with athletic stories interspersed with fillers about education. The *reductio ad absurdum* of graduate opinion is found in a solemn article in the "Princeton Alumni Weekly" of March 31, 1926, by an instructor in medicine at Columbia. He tells how Paavo Nurmi has added ten millions to the credit of his country in America. He grows eloquent over the prospect of nations playing together. He proposes to sublimate the fighting instincts of man into the realms of divine sport, thereby saving the world.

And what is the creed of this redeeming religion? Bishop Manning has stated it: Sportsmanship. So excellent a creed does it seem that few have paused to inquire what it means. A cheer for the opposing team reverberating through the stadium brings shivers along the spinal column. It gives us a glow of self-righteousness to lend our voices to the cause. But have you ever listened to the conversation in the cheering sections during a game? Such bits as "Get that son-of-a-gun! He's yellow. Carry him off on a stretcher!" are not so infrequent as we should like to think. Did you ever hear the opposing team referred to as a bunch of clean-living students? Even in the calmer moments outside the stadium reports are rampant concerning the professionalism of rival players. There is always the story of the prep school roommate who had actually sent his trunk to Zilch College but changed his mind when he got a better offer from Gish University. Sportsmanship in the stands, like so many aspects of the game, is a false mob sentiment.

If the alumni are carried away on the wings of alma mater's glory, the undergraduates these days seem inclined to wonder whether, after all, the game isn't getting out of hand. The most vocal of undergraduate revolts was heard last year. A conference of college representatives at Wesleyan advocated barring coaches from the benches during games, shortening of schedules, and other measures looking to a return of the sport to faculty and undergraduate control. Harvard raised a cry against the expansion of the game and was laughed to scorn by sports writers because the Crimson team had just concluded a disastrous season.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But when Dartmouth, champion of the East, Princeton, champion of the Big Three, Yale, and others took up the cry, they fell back upon the mystic formula, "Athletics for all!"

There are remedies for the football situation, and many of those closest to the game are trying to find them. But the alumnus who returns to his college only for the big games, who talks of his college only in terms of athletics; the old football stars who, as Hamilton Fish says, "would rather have their sons on winning football teams for their alma mater than have them become President," — these are the obstacles in the way. They are the shock troops and the paid organizers of stadium campaigns, and others who make their living out of the game cheer them on. Alumni demand winning teams. Coaches are paid to win games. Winning teams build stadiums and even dormitories. The directors and stars of a victorious eleven are the popular speakers at graduate gatherings. The dean of the college, on the other hand, gets a small turnout in the off season.

Such manifestations cause some of us to wonder what college is for? Of course, if it is to be a social playground and provider of spectacles, as now seems its destiny, football is merely leading the way. If the lads who enter college all come singing: "I'd rather be right halfback than be President," then let the merry dance go on. But if state universities must give the taxpayers a circus for their money, let us hope that there will remain a few institutions which will provide education for those who want it. Some of them are making brave efforts against the tide.

The women's colleges seem to manage the athletic problem with remarkable success. Here is where intra-mural sports are really developed. Field hockey, basketball, baseball, and rowing are represented by class teams and crews. Tennis courts are just as popular as in men's colleges. Smith and some other colleges have a few intercollegiate hockey and basketball contests. The English hockey team played at several institutions on its recent tour. But the expansion stage of athletics had not been reached in the women's colleges before its evils were apparent. Having restricted enrollments, they do not need advertising or have not utilized the obvious means of getting it. Unless they institute bathing beauty contests it is not likely that they will need stadiums. They saw the writing on the wall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally, the wisdom of the authorities is not always seen by the girls who, after the fashion of their male escorts at the big football games, hanker for a revel in "college spirit". Nevertheless, the idea that colleges are for mental development first still predominates among them and does not seem likely to change.

I have no uplifting sentiments to offer on the football situation, but suggestions may not be amiss.

To men's colleges and co-educational institutions: Give the curriculum a chance. Erect fewer buildings and hire better teachers. Throw the drones off the faculty. Make the courses of study furnish some of the excitement.

To alumni: Let's talk about something else.

Extravagant talk and misplaced enthusiasm awaken little response in recent college graduates who have observed with something less than undiluted joy this monstrous expansion of all American things except the mind. We know we are a young civilization and inclined to overdo things. But we can't be sophomores forever. It is time for a sense of proportion to enter.

I do not assume to be the spokesman for any part of the polyglot younger generation, but I do know that many of its members agree with me. It is time to stop inflating an excellent sport with the gas from alumni windbags, professional spectacle-stagers, and paid money-grubbers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II—THE VALUE OF FOOTBALL

WILLIAM ROPER

DEAN Christian Gauss, of Princeton, was recently discussing university problems at an alumni gathering. Of course, football was mentioned, and when it was he said with considerable emphasis, "For my part, I wish we played football every Saturday during the college year. My job during the football season is much easier, as far as enforcing discipline in the university goes, than at any other time."

Dean Gauss hit the nail on the head. The temptations surrounding the college boy to-day have increased ten-fold since I was an undergraduate twenty years ago. The automobile has eliminated distance. Most, if not all, of our universities and colleges are within easy reach of half a dozen cities and towns of considerable size. The college or university undergraduate is not going to spend his entire time in study. Nor do I believe he should. What is he going to do, then, when he is not studying? Certainly he is not going to sit down, fold his arms, and meditate. Quite the contrary, he is going to be up and doing, for he is full of animal spirits, vitality, and enthusiasm.

Football offers a partial solution. During the football season, ninety-nine per cent of the undergraduates in almost every college and school in the land are at the football field every Saturday afternoon, — out in the clear, bracing autumn air and, which is more to the point, out of mischief and out of the way of temptation.

Hero-worship may be a bad thing, but any one who has had even a little experience with the young of the human species knows that it is universal and ineradicable. You must deal with it whether you like it or not. Why not make it as useful and helpful as possible?

If a boy has no one else to admire, he will admire and envy a dead-game gambler quite as blindly as he will follow a splendid specimen of the sound mind in the sound, clean body. I have seen so many decent young fellows acquire miserably distorted views of life from fixing their admiration on unworthy objects that I have no doubt whatever as to the value of fine, straight, up-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standing football heroes as patterns and examples. Without claiming that football works miracles, I can say emphatically that a first-class player cannot be a cad, a bully, or a crook.

Sometimes I hear well-meaning people, even people who know a little about the surface of the game itself, speak slightingly of football enthusiasm in the colleges. Sideline and grandstand spirit they call it. And if it were true that such an atmosphere breeds a tendency to take one's own exercise on the bleachers, I should agree with them in part at least. But I find it strongly effective in exactly the opposite direction. The more you can rouse football enthusiasm in a man utterly unable to play the game, the easier it becomes to persuade that man to develop his body and to keep it in decent running repair.

More men go out to play soccer or tennis or golf in a college where football interest is keen than where it is not, and of course the goal towards which every athletic director is working is to get as many students as possible to participate in some sort of athletics.

Newspaper reports of tremendous receipts from football games sometimes give well-meaning people the idea that the game is run for somebody's profit. Perhaps in some cases these receipts are not altogether wisely used, but in the vast majority of instances, every penny is managed as carefully as it would be in any big business and applied scientifically to the general athletic needs of the university.

The man who pays for a football ticket in the fall always pays for half a dozen other sports, which he may not care to see but which are just as important to the all around development of the student body as football itself. Even at the biggest and most prosperous institutions, there are no more than two or three sports that can meet their own necessary expenses. The only way in which others equally valuable can be maintained at all is either by assessment on the undergraduate body or by the surplus from the treasuries of the profitable games. It would be a pity indeed to sacrifice the splendid sport of rowing merely because it cannot be managed behind closed gates and viewed only by those who pay for the privilege. As many tennis courts as possible and college golf courses, if only nine holes, are necessary parts of the athletic equipment of every college but they are seldom, if ever, self-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supporting. Again, the rise in prices has affected athletics just as much as anything else. We have to pay nearly three times as much for a pair of football shoes as we paid a few years ago and other equipment has advanced proportionately.

The college football game is not run for profits. It is a spectacle incidentally and not primarily, and the student bodies whose rivalry makes it possible are hosts for the day to a body composed mainly of graduates and their friends, each of whom makes a contribution to the general athletic fund of both colleges which is gratefully received and wisely used.

The assertion, so often loosely made, that football is taking up too much of the students' time, is not borne out by the facts. The demands of practice and games together take up less time than any other competitive sport. Last fall at Princeton football took up exactly sixty-six hours of the players' time, while the University was in session. The Fall term started September 29 and the football season closed with the Yale game on November 14. During this period, the Varsity football squad never spent more than two hours on the field in any day,—from 3:30 to 5:30 in the afternoon. Two days a week the practice sessions hardly lasted over an hour. Before the opening of college, we had a two weeks conditioning period commencing September 15. All in all, the Princeton football season lasted just eight weeks and four days.

I admit the Princeton season is the shortest in the country, but only by two or three weeks. Coaches everywhere are recognizing more and more that it is better to underwork their charges than to overwork them. The football player in the vast majority of instances is a mere boy in years and cannot be at his best when he is tired and bruised.

To counteract the extravagant statements that are sometimes made about the excessive demands on the football players' time and its interference with college work, the Football Coaches' Association, which is composed of all the leading football coaches in the country, adopted a resolution recommending that practice sessions should never exceed two hours and that full practice should not start prior to September 15 unless college had actually opened. In the discussion that preceded the adoption of this resolution, it was the consensus of opinion that such limitations on practice could not retard the efficient development of any team.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consider as a basis of comparison the amount of time given over to other sports. The candidates for the crew start preliminary training in the Fall, spend a good part of the winter in a more or less monotonous grind on the rowing machines, and are out again until early Summer as soon as the ice is off the water. Baseball runs for four months in the Spring and usually one month in the Fall. Basket ball and hockey, often considered minor sports, are played continuously for three or four months. I see no reason why there should be any objection to the length of the playing season of our various games, within reasonable bounds. I am simply pointing out how easy it is to distort facts when football comes up for discussion.

Modern college rules require a little more in actual fact from an athlete than from any other student, both as regards conduct and study. The athlete, and particularly the football player, even where the faculty control is conspicuously benevolent, is always under observation. He is something like the minister's son, — when he slips everybody knows it and many people say, "I told you so." He cannot play football unless he keeps out of trouble and stands well in his classes. Neither can he play football unless he keeps his body clean and fit, not just in training season but the year around.

Many players have told me that they did better work in college during the football season than at any other time because of the routine of regular hours, plenty of sleep, and a feeling of responsibility due to the knowledge that in order to keep on the team they must be up in their college work.

The increasing tendency toward disregard for law and order in this country is causing anxiety to those who give even superficial consideration to the trend of the times. There are a good many classed as decent respectable citizens encouraging the criminal violation of the law. And remember, too, the younger generation is to-day confronted by both an unfamiliar opportunity and a heavy and constant temptation to imitate their elders.

Lincoln said this nation could not endure half slave and half free. Neither can it continue half dry and half wet. If prohibition is to stay in force, much as some may disagree with it, the law must be observed. To date official Washington shows but a negligible minority in favor of any modification. If prohibition is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be enforced, I seriously believe athletics, and particularly football, can be of real help.

One reason why the game has taken such a hold on the public is its essential atmosphere of straightforwardness and downrightness, its contempt for chicanery and fraud. Anyone who attempts to play football even moderately well must be in the pink of condition, not only during the actual playing season but through the entire year. There are few boys in any college who wouldn't make almost any sacrifice to play on the team, and most of them realize that if they dissipate their chance is lost beyond recovery.

I am firmly of the opinion that the more we encourage healthful athletic competition, the better citizens we make. The successful football player twenty years ago was indisputably the man who had strength first of all, courage next, and intelligence only as a minor incident if at all. Under the playing conditions of to-day, games are won and lost simply on a mental difference which more than offsets physical differences just as great.

I have seen great football classics decided solely by mental superiority, a difference in speed and clearness of thought, which was quite as visible and far more effective than the difference in physical qualities. I am firmly convinced that the winning football player is the thinking football player and that the most vital qualification for those who wish to excel at the game is brains.

Football is distinctly a team game, one of self-effacement for the common good, of willing subordination of selfish motive and individual ambition to the cause of the team which personifies the university or school behind it. The grandstander may have temporary success, but he seldom lasts. The greatest running backs I have ever coached have been men who seldom if ever carried the ball. It is hard for the general public to understand this side of the game, but the boys who play it understand and appreciate it.

There is no doubt football has its faults, but the benefits from the game and its influence on those who play it far outweigh its defects. In an address before the National Collegiate Athletic Association in New York, President Ernest M. Hopkins, of Dartmouth, sounded a note of warning which should be carefully considered by those who ascribe evils to football much greater than really exist and who seek to eliminate it from our school and college activities. President Hopkins said, "There is scriptural

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authority for the fear that a miraculously created void may not be advantageously filled. The evil spirit which returned to the antiseptically swept and garnished chamber from which it had been cast out, came not alone, but had associated with itself seven other devils, and the latter state was correspondingly worse than the former."

"It is not surprising in a country where we strive to make man temperate by legislation, industrious by court decree, and happy by political oratory, that we should assume our ability to make men scholars by denying them the opportunity for indulging in any other interest. But arguing from analogy, we lack certainty that this would be the inevitable outcome."

In the history of civilization, Greece stands out as a well-known landmark. What do we associate with Greece? Greek learning and Greek culture, — but above all, the Greek athlete. Facts and figures are forgotten, qualities of mind and body are not.

From a woodcut by J. J. Lankes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOLID SOUTH AND AL SMITH IN 1928

GEORGE WASHINGTON HAYS

WILL the Democrats again reject Governor Alfred E. Smith as their Presidential candidate? Will the Democratic Party, two years hence, split again? No, says ex-Governor Hays, of Arkansas, speaking as a Southerner and a Democrat. "I do not believe that the Solid Democratic South can be broken and Democratic principles suffer because of a difference in religious views." Governor Smith will run for the Presidency in 1928. The solid South will stay solid and will accept the Governor's candidacy.

WHAT will the South do in 1928? Is the old Solid South a thing of the past or will it rise mightier and more powerful than ever? Would the South remain solidly Democratic if the governor of New York State should be nominated by the Democratic party for its presidential candidate? These questions are being raised on all sides. I believe that the South will vote more solidly Democratic in the next presidential election than it has voted for years. It is indeed strange how the people of the South are misunderstood and have been misunderstood by the people of the North and West for a period dating back almost a hundred years. As a Southern Democrat I am merely voicing the sentiments of the average man living below the Mason-Dixon line when I express the belief that to our people it seems almost inconceivable seriously to doubt the solidity and permanence of Southern Democracy. Our economic prosperity and social system depend, if not on the success, at least on the existence of Democracy.

I do not believe that the Solid Democratic South can be broken and Democratic principles suffer because of a difference in religious views. These principles have stood the test in the South since the days of Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy, and will live on through the ages to come. They are too sacred to be sacrificed upon the altar of prejudice.

When this country gained her independence no greater statesmen lived than those who were called together for the purpose of writing the Constitution as a basic law to guide and govern a new republic. The Constitution then written, with a few amendments since adopted, has stood the test of a century and a half.

It has been our purpose to aid in realizing the high ideals of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those statesmen whose wisdom, courage, and patriotism brought the Republic into existence. Because of the troubles experienced in the old countries on account of the close alliance of Church and State, it was wisely provided in the Constitution by the Fathers of this country that Church and State always should remain completely separate and that every citizen should be guaranteed the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Affairs in the Democratic party have come to a crisis after the fearful defeat of the party in 1920 and 1924. At that time the party was left divided and it seemed impossible for any one outstanding figure to unite the contending elements. Northern Democrats felt that their most prominent leader and best presidential possibility had been ignored and set aside because of his religious belief. The Democrats of the South felt bewildered and lost after the stunning blows sustained in the election in November. They felt, too, a sensation of distrust over a new and strong element growing up in the Democracy of the North. It seemed a divergence of ideals but a careful study reveals that it was not so much a difference of political ideals as a mistaken notion of social and religious ideals.

The Southern people are political by nature. Politics is talked of, thought of, and studied more carefully here than elsewhere. Most of our people have clear ideas of the ideals of Democracy and its meaning. They know that the party stands for the individual farmer and artisan and laborer against the centralized interests of the great corporations of the North. They realize that it will be to their economic advantage to have a Democratic President in the White House.

There may be many of us who dislike Governor Smith's religion but we know that he has never injected it into his political life. We also know that, being the outstanding figure in the party, he stands the greatest chance of election. His political career has been extraordinary. When, in the last presidential election, the Republican candidate for the Presidency was elected in New York State by an overwhelming majority, the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected by an enormous plurality, — a situation without precedent.

What Governor Smith accomplished in New York State he can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again accomplish all through the North. Southern Democracy has no such leader who can secure the vote of all Northern Democrats and all others dissatisfied with the policy of the Republican party of the last six years. It is my opinion that unless an alliance of this kind can be made, whereby the Democrats in the North and the South unite upon a candidate in one of the big Northern states with a strong probability of carrying other states in the North and East, it will be impossible for the party to succeed in electing a national ticket in 1928.

I have no fear that the Southern people would for one moment deviate from the safe, sane political ideals of the past. It is, in fact, almost inconceivable that an agricultural people would vote for a candidate of any party against the Democratic party, the party pledged to their interests.

Sadly enough, the history of this country shows that the Republican party has given little or no consideration to the welfare of the vast population of the Southland. I, for one, am firmly convinced that the Republican party will always cast the mantle of protection over the industrial interests of the North against the interests of the Southern agriculturalist.

We know that we have nothing to expect from the Republican party. It was the Republican politician that gave us the days of Reconstruction. It was the Republican party that tried to force the social equality of the Negro upon the Aryan people of the South, — a blot upon the pages of American history that cannot be rivaled in the entire history of the nations, a white people trying to degrade their white brethren!

This degradation has not been forgotten. The Negro without doubt has his place in the social structure of the nation but it is not one of social equality with the white man. Once open the door to social equality of the Negro, and that impossible situation, inter-marriage of the races, must be admitted, a biological "impossibility", involving the inevitable degradation of the white race.

The white man must maintain his political ascendancy in the South to protect his own social and racial interests. Is it conceivable, then, that a Southern Democrat would vote against these interests in favor of a party that tried at the point of the bayonet to force through the opposite?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many of the people of the North know that in the states of South Carolina and Mississippi the blacks outnumber the whites? How many know that in practically every Southern state there are a dozen counties in which the Negro population is eight or nine times the white, especially in the cotton belt? Our people know that a Republican South would mean the Negro seated securely in the political saddle.

The opinion is being expressed that if Governor Smith should win the Democratic nomination in 1928 an independent party would be formed in which the bolting Southern Democrats would unite with the disgruntled Republican farmers of the Middle West. The American people realize that their political history shows many a failure due to similar efforts. Not even Theodore Roosevelt could withstand the results of leaving the fold. The success of the Republican party in 1860 was due to the division in the Democratic party resulting in opposition by the party of the South to the party of the North. Can political history show anything but disastrous defeat from a policy of this kind? Can it be supposed that our people, knowing where their best interests lie, would turn away from a great leader because of his religion?

Why is the South the "Solid South"? Because we know there is safety in solidity. We feel that if the influence of Democracy is taken away, mighty even in its weakest moments, the South will have everything to lose. A bolt by Southern Democrats into the hordes of disgruntled farmers of the North and Middle West would mean political suicide and the destruction of our defender.

If the choice is thrust upon us of the Governor of New York State and success, or defeat and the disintegration of our party without him, I think we can safely say our decision is already made.

If Governor Smith should be made the standard bearer of the Democratic party in 1928, there is no doubt that the Solid South would stand firmly by and support his nomination, knowing that he represents the same principles of Democracy as those promulgated by Thomas Jefferson.

The convention of 1924 presents a critical situation that must be cured or result in the early death of Democracy. The Democracy of the North can not understand why the religious persuasion of any man should be a stumbling block to him and it will enter the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convention hall in 1928, battle-ax in hand, to fight for the rights guaranteed the individual by the Constitution of the United States. The conventional Southern Protestant must reconcile himself to this condition.

After all, our political aims, ideals, and hopes are the same; and the fundamental principle that Church and State should be separated will be defended by the Northern Democrats. Unless we are willing to concede this point Northern Democrats will conclude that the party is opposed to the fundamentals of Democracy and not worth fighting for. They are convinced that in Governor Smith they have found the best man to represent us and if such a belief is not sustained by the South they will conclude that the party has passed the days of its usefulness because of religious intolerance.

In 1928 we shall be removed from the actual hostilities of the great World War by ten years but we shall not have escaped the effects of that war, nor shall we for many years to come. A Democratic administration carrying the burdens of the war suffered all the ills of popular dissatisfaction, discord, and unrest. It will require some coalition along the lines suggested if the Democracy of the nation is to overcome these conditions. All difficulties must be ironed out or not only will a party split result but the actual disintegration and destruction of Democracy.

Our Southern people are sound and fair. They bred the class of men that wrote the Constitution. The South remains beyond others the part of our nation in which the Anglo-Saxon predominates, the race that conceived the notion of Democracy and the rights of the common man. The children of our forefathers who shed their blood for those rights will not turn aside from a great political leader because of religious differences.

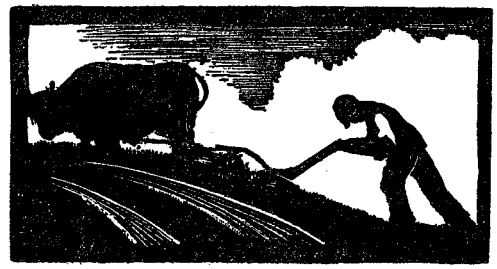
While it may be a difficult thing for many of our old-fashioned Protestant people to accept Governor Smith with his religion, when it would be a very easy thing to accept the Governor of the Empire State without his religion, I am convinced that every fair-minded man and woman will readily concede that he has kept his religion in the background in all of his political activities. We may have a mistaken prejudice against the Catholic religion, but I believe that this prejudice would be no forceful or cogent argument against the economic necessity of the South. Governor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smith, although a Northern man, although a citizen of the great industrial centre of the United States, is still a thorough-going Democrat. Embodying as he does the very principles of Democracy, he will, if elected, stand for every ideal of the Democratic party. We have no fear on this point.

The South is the land of sentiment. Compared with other sections of our nation, it is "old-timey" and traditional. It still reads its Bible as its forefathers did, and it is still devoted to the Democratic party with a passion that perhaps is not understood beyond the Mason-Dixon line. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that a Southerner looks on his allegiance to his party with a fervor well-nigh religious. Democracy is in the blood. It is our heritage, our birthright. To desert it means betrayal of a sacred cause.

Our people are a warm-hearted people. And this is yet another reason prompting us to remain faithful to Democracy. Perhaps at times our emotions sway our judgment. Perhaps our feelings influence our reason. Nevertheless, what we love we serve. And our love for the Democratic party is deep and strong and faithful. I believe that the Southern delegates will enter the convention hall in the summer of 1928 determined to make every concession that will spell victory. The popularity of Governor Smith is sweeping like an avalanche throughout the country. He has charmed away thousands from the Republican fold itself. He stands firm and four-square for the principles of Democracy that spell economic success and social security for the people of the Southland, and I am convinced that when we go to the polls in 1928 all friction and all misunderstanding will be put aside and a united and revivified Democracy will rise in its might and cast off the fetters of political tyranny.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERS

H. S. JENNINGS

IF Moses had been asked to visit the sins of a father upon his children unto the third and fourth generation he would probably have relied upon inheritance. But according to modern science the punishment would have failed, for nothing acquired by a parent during his lifetime can be handed on to his children. Fifty years ago the opposite view prevailed, and to-day the work of Kammerer, Perrier, Rabaud, McBride and others once more leaves the answer open. Dr. Jennings here surveys the very latest evidence.

ON the relation of environmental conditions to individual and racial progress, two strongly contrasted biological doctrines hold the stage. One asserts that improvement of environment benefits the individual and the race in the same way, that progress in civilization means racial progress. This is the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characters. The other holds that improvement for the individual means deterioration for the race, progress in civilization causes racial degeneration. This is the doctrine of selective environmental elimination. Among professional biologists, and particularly among propagandists for eugenics, this second doctrine is in present vogue. It stands on the assured fact that as conditions become less harsh, weak or defective individuals may live and propagate that under a severe environment would be eliminated. These hand on their defects to descendants, thus defectives multiply, and the stock degenerates. Degenerate stocks have been thus produced among animals. The population of fruit flies in Morgan's laboratory of genetics is a congeries of the weak, the halt, the moribund, the abnormal, the monstrous. It abounds in families with reduplicated legs and abnormal abdomens, wingless, eyeless, a population that under natural conditions could not maintain itself for a generation. The gods of the laboratory have tempered the conditions to these defectives, at the same time eliminating the normal individuals, — the result is a degenerate population. Civilization has done and is doing the same for man, we are told. Humanity, too, is a congeries of the weak and abnormal, with defective eyes, ears, teeth, bodies, and minds, — a set of creatures whose chromosomes, like those of the fruit flies, are filled with deficiencies, reduplications, defects, and monstrosities.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Education, invention, shorter hours of work, better habits and living conditions, public hygiene and preventive medicine only accentuate the outstanding features of this picture. They enable weaker and weaker stocks to survive, they increase the rate at which the chromosomes of the human stock become monstrous and degenerate. Humanity can have a sound and robust constitution only through living in filth, disease, vice, and violence. These weed out the defective germs, leaving the vigorous and capable. Such, in greater or less degree, is the truly modernistic picture painted by the doctrine of selective environmental elimination.

Obviously, this doctrine holds scant encouragement for reformers and uplifters, fitting in this respect the momentary popular feeling toward these gentry. The head of a great educational institution was recently heard to say that the biologists had completely destroyed his interest in all schemes for improvement of human institutions, since they had shown that all such improvements result but in degeneration. Such is the logical outcome of this doctrine.

But in spite of the frowns of biologists, optimism continues to lift its head in the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characters. This asserts that the effect of environmental conditions on the individual are carried over to his descendants, so that an improved environment, an advance in civilization, means an improved race. Diseased parents yield diseased offspring; sloth, vice, and crime in the parents predispose the offspring to sloth, vice, and crime. The parents' acquirement of skill helps the offspring to acquire skill; the exercise of his senses or intellect sharpens the senses and intellect of his children; the practice of morality in the parent helps the children to practice morality. And these are the result of an actual alteration of the germ cells that produce the child, of changes in his inborn constitution. The nature and fate of the child are largely in the parent's hands.

Touching thus like a religious dogma the motives for good and evil conduct, this doctrine has aroused passionate and partisan interest. It inflames the zeal of fanatics. It becomes a subject for propaganda in which the end justifies the means. Its discussion abounds in fallacies, misrepresentation, and abuse. Opposition to it is represented as opposition to morality and to progress.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In return, its opponents look upon advocacy by a man of science of the inheritance of acquired characters as a symptom of mental degeneration, as presaging the end of a reputation and a career; and they point to modern instances.

As to the state of the scientific evidence, the reader finds a perplexing situation. Morgan, the foremost investigator of genetics, tells us that belief in this doctrine is based not upon scientific evidence, but upon desire to pass one's acquisitions to one's children. The commonplace assertion is that the inheritance of acquired characters is disproved; that no competent investigator harbors the doctrine; that the matter is out of court, no more to be considered. Yet the recent and present technical literature of zoölogy abounds in experimental investigations devoted to this question. Eminent authorities have been heard to assert that most biologists incline toward belief in the inheritance of acquired characters. Kammerer, after a detailed exposition of the evidence, affirms that almost all experimentation directed upon the matter supports the doctrine. As a companion piece to Morgan's assertion quoted above, he asserts that opposition is due, not to scientific evidence, but to a reactionary desire to hold back social progress. What is the secret of this conflict of assertion? What does a first-hand examination of the evidence reveal?

Modern genetics has shown that heredity, or the method of development, depends upon certain definite substances in the germ cells, substances having definite boundaries, location, and number. These are called genes. Alteration of one or more of the hundreds of genes changes the characteristics of the organism produced and all characteristics are alterable in this way. Recent biological generalizations of the extremer sort attempted to deny to the environment any rôle in determining characteristics, — even those of the individuals on which it acts. Heredity alone, — the genes alone, — determine characteristics. This would cut off at the root any effect of environment on descendants. But such extremes are examples of the fact that science, like other human products, has its fads and fashions. Any of the great investigations in genetics, — that of Morgan on Drosophila or that of Emerson on maize, — reveals hundreds of cases of the alteration of characteristics by changes in environment. No result of genetic science is more certain than this.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The doctrine of inheritance of acquired characters asserts that diverse environments alter, not merely the individuals on which they directly act, but also the germ cells, the genes, that these individuals bear; so that later generations are likewise altered. Diverse possibilities open as to how these changes in genes are produced, and what are their consequences.

Simplest would be the direct action of physical or chemical agents on germ cells, altering them as other masses of matter are altered. This happens frequently, but the usual result is, not an effect on posterity, but the death of the germ cells. But some of the germs might be thus merely injured, so as to produce weak or defective progeny. To such action some have attributed the congenital defects of humanity. Alcohol and other poisons, the products of overfatigue, of venereal and other diseases, are held to injure the germ cells, giving rise to degenerate descendants.

Here appears sharply the theoretical and practical divergence of the two doctrines. The theory of selective elimination holds that inherited defects arise through mutations, or through poor combinations of genes, occurring independently of environment. A bad environment eliminates these, leaving only the desirable individuals. Alcohol, overfatigue, disease, are required for keeping the stock of a sound constitution. The activities of uplifters should cease. The doctrine of direct environmental injury to the germ cells, on the other hand, demands the elimination of poisons, diseases, bad habits, bad environment. It supports the uplifters.

The questions are experimental ones. Shall we find that injurious living conditions produce individuals with defective genes, as shown by their descendants? Or that defective genes arise independently of environmental conditions? Are the descendants of parents that have lived in noxious conditions inferior or superior to those that have lived in favorable conditions? The evidence in these questions is tangible and may be quickly reviewed.

The most thorough and extensive genetic work done, that on the fruit flies, gives strong evidence that defective genes arise independently of environment. Hundreds of defects have appeared in that animal, giving rise to the degenerate laboratory population now existing. But in spite of much study directed upon this matter, no specific relation can be traced between environmental conditions and the origin of the defects. Further, there is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evidence that similar defects occur under natural conditions, but that the defective individuals cannot there maintain themselves, and disappear at once. The doctrine of selective environmental elimination is thus far correct.

But do defective genes arise also through environmental action? Guyer has evidence that introduction into the rabbit of certain foreign serums produces in some cases inherited eye defects. Little and Bagg find among mice subject to x-rays some inherited defects not found among those not acted on by the rays. In these cases but a minute proportion of the individuals acted on yield the defects, and repetition of Guyer's experiments by others yielded none. This confuses the interpretation. Were hidden defective genes already present in the stocks employed? Until experimental procedures give constant results their explanation is doubtful.

More clearly defined, but still confusing, are the results of the many experiments dealing with the effects of alcohol on posterity. Whitney, Noyes, and Finesinger have kept various lower organisms for twenty or more generations under the influence of alcohol. This lowers their fertility, vitality, and resistance. On removing them from the alcohol, the first generation children still have a lowered vitality. But in the next and subsequent generations the injurious effect has completely disappeared. Stockard found that in a considerable proportion of cases guinea-pigs subjected to alcoholism give descendants that are weak or seriously defective, to the second and third generation. But after three generations the defects had disappeared, apparently through the elimination of the individuals bearing them. Pearl found that the descendants of alcoholized fowls are not defective. They produced fewer offspring than usual, but these offspring showed a lower rate of mortality and a larger size than the descendants of parents not subjected to alcohol. The doctrine of selective elimination here holds good. Alcohol seemingly destroys the weak germs, thus yielding in the end a more vigorous population.

Stockard now examined from this point of view the descendants of his guinea-pigs. Though in the second and third generations from the alcoholized parents they were weaker and more defective than normal, in the fourth generation they showed, like Pearl's fowls, a lower mortality rate than the descendants of unalco-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holized individuals. Thus the final upshot was a more vigorous population. MacDowell found that alcoholized white rats produced fewer litters and fewer young to the litter; but these offspring in turn produced larger litters, and the descendants in both generations were larger than the descendants of non-alcoholized stock. Selective elimination is again the key-word.

Unhappily, what occurs in one organism need not occur in another. Bilski found that in frogs, alcohol, in place of destroying the weak germs, stimulates them to develop. Alcoholized frogs produce more young than usual; but later many of the additional progeny die. Selective elimination, too, shows itself in unexpected ways. Bluhm found in white mice, and Correns in certain plants, that alcohol tends to eliminate the female-producing germ cells, so that the proportion of male offspring is increased. The same effect follows in some plants from other unfavorable conditions. Danforth found in the chick that germs bearing a definite abnormality, brachydactyly (short-fingeredness), stand alcohol better than the normals. Alcohol eliminates the normals and retains the abnormals.

Obviously, to clear and definite questions nature declines to give clear, definite, and generally valid answers. The evidence, so far as it goes, is that in some degree or in some organisms, both doctrines are correct. Injurious agents do injure germs, producing defective descendants. If this should happen in man, with defects extending even to the third generation only, as in the guinea-pig, there would be matter for serious consideration. On the other hand, injurious agents also act selectively. Sometimes they cause elimination of the weak germs, so that the remaining stock is more vigorous; sometimes they eliminate normals, leaving a greater proportion of abnormals.

Do these results give a basis for practical measures in man? Obviously not. What we need is more knowledge. The experiments thus far have but scratched the surface. Here is a vast field of work, of supreme importance, with certain and tangible results in view, which one of the great research institutes should undertake on a grand scale.

But another less tangible form of the doctrine of inheritance of acquired characters has played a greater rôle than that just discussed. Diverse conditions cause parents, even though they bear

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same genes, to develop or "acquire" different characteristics, — differences in structure, function, or behavior. The doctrine asserts that this changes the genes which the parents bear in such a way that the offspring receiving them will more readily develop these same peculiarities. Under the same conditions as the parents, the offspring develop the traits earlier or in more pronounced degree. In time the genes become so modified that the descendants may develop these peculiarities even without the conditions that were originally required for their production. These traits have now become "hereditary". A favorite idea is that these results are due to something akin to the formation of habits. The entire organism, including the contained germ cells, develops as a unit; the germ cells, by thus taking part in the production of certain characteristics, acquire the habit of producing those characteristics, even without the environmental stimulus that originally produced them. How this could occur is not understood; but neither is the formation of habits in behavior understood.

Many things in the structure and development of organisms strongly suggest this type of inheritance. Yet an experimenter asserting that he has evidence of the inheritance of acquired characters can hardly get a hearing; he is at once classified in the lunatic fringe of biology. And "there is reasons and causes for it":

First, it is obvious that ninety-nine per cent of the parent's acquirements are not inherited by his descendants. This is a large fact. It raises presumption against the other one per cent.

Further, genes for recessive characteristics exist for many successive generations in bodies that, owing to the simultaneous presence of a dominant gene, develop the dominant characteristics. The gene for red hair is often in a body that develops black hair, yet the recessive genes are not affected by the way the containing body develops. When, in a later generation, they become separated from the dominant gene, they produce the recessive character in all its original purity. All routine breeding thus shouts against any effect on the genes of the way in which the body develops.

Again, experimental breeding does indeed show that a given stock, subjected for many generations to a changed environment,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may become hereditarily altered, in structures, functions, or habits. This in the minds of some upholders of the theory settles the matter. It appears a demonstration of the inheritance of acquired characters, but it turns out that the ordinary operation of biparental reproduction may produce such results, quite without alteration of genes. In such reproduction new combinations of genes are continually produced, so that a given stock brings forth great numbers of different types of offspring, hereditarily diverse in structure, function, and habit. Some of these flourish under one set of conditions, others under another set. Selective elimination again makes its appearance, those that cannot flourish under the prevailing conditions disappear, and the stock is now made up only of those adapted to these conditions. In this way a given stock may gradually become adapted to high temperatures, or to low temperatures, or to a certain type of food or habitat. Yet this is accomplished simply by the production of many diverse combinations of germinal material, with automatic elimination of those that cannot stand the prevailing conditions. In the gross, results are produced that resemble those that would follow from the inheritance of acquired characters. Such action occurs constantly in nature, and to it most students of genetics attribute the phenomena for which the inheritance of acquired characters is invoked.

Almost every investigator in genetics has had his try at the inheritance of acquired characters. Extended researches in great number have been directed upon it. The usual result has been either that there was nothing even suggesting the inheritance of acquired characters; or that whatever did suggest it was in fact a consequence of sporadic mutation or of the Mendelian formation of new combinations, with selective elimination. False alarms have been frequent. Investigators have reported the inheritance of acquired characters only to have it shown later that the results were otherwise produced, and come thus to suspect that all other cases will have a similar issue. This view is strengthened by the obviously defective precautions and faulty reasoning of many persons who report demonstration of the inheritance of acquired characters.

All these things have produced in the minds of biologists a strong and justified presumption against the correctness of re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ports of the experimental production of the inheritance of acquired characters, a presumption often characterized as hidebound prejudice, but one which is in essence a reluctance to be gulled. This is shared even by those who on general grounds admit that the inheritance of acquired characters may be a factor in evolution. They are forced into the uncomfortable position of denying all specific instances of what they admit as a general principle.

The outstanding support for the inheritance of acquired characters is the work of Kammerer, who believes that his fourteen years' continuous research, mainly on the amphibia, demonstrates that environmental effects are indeed inherited. His affirmative presentation, if taken at its face value, makes a rather overwhelming impression, for few have realized perhaps, what a formally strong case can be made for the inheritance of acquired characters. If all Kammerer's factual results be accepted, they meet and overcome most or all of the objections urged against such inheritance. The objection that lies in the citation of negative instances and the call for positive ones is met by detailed accounts of colors, structures, instincts, reactions to particular agents in various animals, all altered by changed environment, — this alteration becoming cumulative as generations pass, till the descendants, even when restored to the original conditions, show for some generations the altered characteristics. The objection that this is not "real" inheritance is formally met by showing that in crosses the new characteristics behave in the typical Mendelian manner.

Yet possibly all these things are to be accounted for by selective elimination acting upon Mendelian recombinations. There remains, however, a residuum of cases that cannot be accounted for in this way, such as Kammerer's experiment on the transplantation of ovaries in salamanders. He finds that if an ovary is transplanted to a developing body that is acquiring under new environment a new characteristic, this new characteristic is impressed upon the transplanted germ cells, so that the offspring from these germ cells reproduce it, even though themselves developed under the old environment. Again, in what Kammerer designates as his crucial case, the growth of the siphon in certain sea-squirts is stimulated by repeated amputation, till the individuals possess

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much longer siphons than normal, — a fact attested by several investigators. Kammerer asserts that the offspring of these individuals in turn produce, without stimulation by amputation, siphons of unusual length.

If these are facts, the inheritance of acquired characters is demonstrated. The issue is thus brought squarely to that of the reliability and credibility of the investigator. Kammerer's work should be corroborated or refuted as soon as possible. If it is correct, it deserves the Nobel prize. For the experiments with the sea-squirt, the test can be made with a relatively small outlay of time and money; and as the decision falls, it will validate or annul much of the remaining evidence appealed to by partisans of the inheritance of acquired characters. A single indisputable case, one that can be repeated by other investigators, will put a new aspect on the whole matter.

The question will be asked: If nature by the method of recombination and selective elimination produces the same results as would be given by the inheritance of acquired characters, why is not that "just as good"? Does it not amount to the same thing? Possibly it does, in the gross. Certainly, by whatever means evolutionary or social progress has been made in the past, it can be made in the future; so that rejection of the inheritance of acquired character does not justify the pessimism as to future progress affected by the upholders of that doctrine. Yet does anyone see deep enough to say whether the implications and possibilities are the same for the two methods of action? It may be doubted. And the difference in the two makes a vast difference to one's conception of his own personal relation to the matter. According to the inheritance of acquired characters, *my* personal efforts and acquirements make a direct difference to the constitution and advancement of *my* children and grandchildren. Evolutionary progress is familiar and personal. According to the doctrine of selective elimination, my efforts have no such effect, but merely help decide who shall be eliminated. I and my descendants are but units in a vast machine, operating by recombination, mutation, overproduction, and cancellation of units that do not fit the times.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STUDENTS PRESCRIBE

EDWARD ASWELL

CHURCH and college have been severed by science. It is the belief of the student committee which drafted the report at Harvard, that this question of science and religion underlies our "student unrest". Youth is in a state of skepticism: teaching has lost its purpose. Man's whole conception of life has been changed, through science: a new edition of Baedeker", — a new intellectual orientation, — is imperative. The recommendation advanced is typical of the seriously disposed undergraduate of to-day.

THE Student Council of Harvard University has recently made public an extensive report on education drawn up by a committee of undergraduates after a five months' study of problems which loom large in the minds of students. The New York "World", in commenting editorially upon this report, links it with the many other recent activities of college students which seem to show that, for some reason or other, undergraduates are strangely exercised over educational questions. "Here again," says the "World", "the criticism of our educational system; and here again it is not the regents, the faculty, or the alumni who are demanding change, but the students. In the past few months these signs of student dissatisfaction with things as they are have been numerous, and they have come from here, there, and everywhere. . . . What does all this mean? One is at a loss to say. The thing goes on, but so far it seems to have a sort of outlaw status; nobody seems to have taken the trouble to tabulate its symptoms, plot its curve, and show where it is leading."

The question raised by the "World" is one of more than passing interest. At first one may be tempted to dismiss such student activities simply as sporadic outbursts, manifestations of the tendency of youth to rebel, to assert itself against authority, to seek publicity. No doubt these motives may serve, in part, to explain some of the so-called "student unrest".

But the "World" seems to suspect a deeper, more central significance; and to one who is acquainted with these activities at first hand, there is ample ground to justify the suspicion.

Has one never noticed a very young infant when it feels the prick of a pin in its clothes, how it squalls and writhes, kicking and throwing its arms about? Just to watch these contortions and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wild, random gestures gives no hint where the pain is localized. But one knows something is wrong, and the nurse has to seek until she finds the errant pin.

So it is with these apparently unconnected thrusts of college students. Somewhere in the educational swaddling clothes there is a pin, — perhaps a spike, — thrusting its sharp point into the student's vitals. But like the infant, the student lacks the knowledge and the power of coördination to correct the evil, so he howls and pots his shots at things in general.

There is nothing new in asserting that there is something wrong with modern education. Educators are quite as well aware of this as the students themselves. But there is something new in the assertion one finds in the recent Harvard report that the trouble is bound up in the conflict between religion and science. A large section of this student report deals with "the important problem of providing the student with the necessary intellectual orientation, and offers several concrete suggestions for clearing up some of the confusion of thought which has sprung from the modern conflict between religion and science."

The cynic may well smile at the naïve seriousness of such an undertaking. For more than a century this problem has troubled the mental peace of the world. Scientists like Huxley have turned from religion as from superstition. Apostate priests like Renan have transferred their faith from the Church to the laboratory. Philosophers like Herbert Spencer have thought to make of philosophy a pyramid of the sciences. At the same time, theologians like Cardinal Newman have tried to soothe the general public and patch up a peace by asserting that there could be no conflict between religion and science. Meanwhile the gulf has grown steadily wider until the recent evidence of the Dayton trial seemed to present the dramatic spectacle of two bodies of knowledge and belief in a death grapple for existence.

But what has all this to do with education? To be sure, the problem is one that might well be treated in an academic thesis; but for a body of college students seriously to imply that it has practical bearing on the common routine of classes, lectures, study, and the other hurdle-like barriers that clutter the rosy path to a degree, — how can this be?

Having been a member of the committee which drafted the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harvard report, I am of the opinion that this question of religion and science not only has a direct bearing on the everyday life of the student, but is fundamental to the very nature of education, and underlies many of the educational questions which are now being agitated.

Back in the days of Jonathan Edwards education must have been a relatively simple matter. The Church and the College were Siamese twins joined by the strongest bonds of union. The Church taught the eternities, the College the humanities; and the humanities were simply a decorative preface to the eternities. Look, for example, at the Harvard seal, a traditional relic of those days, and note how amorously *Christo et Ecclesiae* is intertwined with *Veritas!*

To-day the old relations are broken down. The Siamese twins have undergone a scientific surgical operation, and rumor has it that one of the pair is languishing from a mortal injury inflicted by the process, and that the other, though convalescent, has lost virility. Certain it is that many a student comes to college to have his religious beliefs rudely shaken and uprooted, and departs from his alma mater without regaining anything positive to replace the rejected philosophy of the Church.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss why organized religion is losing its hold on college students. If religion persists in insulting intelligence, that is an affair the Church must look to. My purpose is to point out the effect of this condition upon education. It has had two important results. In the first place, it has left the student in a state of negation and skepticism, deprived of the positive philosophy which religion formerly supplied him, and disposed, therefore, to adopt a purely relative and experimental attitude toward life. In the second place, it has robbed teaching of purpose and vitality, either because professors are as much adrift as the students themselves, or because professors have not yet realized that detached, Germanic scholarship is no longer adequate to meet the new conditions with which they are confronted. These are two of the problems with which student criticism is fumbling.

The modern college professor is a specialist. He keeps his eye glued to a microscope. If his subject is history, he delves in the dust of ages, grubs about among yellow, tattered parchments,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and gathers up the dry bones of the past. And too often he passes them on to his students, — dry bones. A successful teacher of history must possess something of the skill of the artist who takes a fragment from the frieze of the Parthenon and, by imbibing the spirit of his fragment, restores the mutilated figures to some semblance of their first perfection. Lacking this skill, the scholar converts history into mere antiquarianism.

If his subject is literature, the pedantic professor transforms it into philology. And so it is with all the other subjects of college study. The pedantic specialist blights whatever he touches. The college curriculum is a series of chopped-up courses, each sufficient unto itself and not related to the larger whole.

This criticism must not be taken as a condemnation of research. Facts are the stuff education is made of, to be sure, but facts alone are not sufficient. A teacher must be something more than an animated dictionary. It is one of the primary faults of education that both teaching and study are too often a mere cataloguing process. The modern college is a school of knowledge rather than a school of wisdom, and this distinction implies a lack of vital, philosophic meaning in what is taught.

After all, why is knowledge so highly prized? Surely it is because it is supposed to throw light upon the problems of human life. It seems reasonable to assert that when primitive man first raised the questions "What?" and "Why?" "Whence?" and "Whither?" about life, he laid the foundation for all the imposing categories of modern learning, — religion, science, history, literature, art, and all the rest. Knowledge springs from life, and it must be returned to its source if it is to be of any ultimate use.

The real distinction between the college and vocational school is contained in the word "philosophy". Both impart knowledge, and knowledge for use. But with the latter the use is technical, while with the former it is philosophic. And what is philosophy but knowledge of the conduct of life, not as it relates to the engineer or the doctor as such, but as it relates to Man in society?

When the college neglects its larger purpose, it becomes a technical school without any technique, a trainer of specialists without any profession, unless, indeed, it be to teach. Excessive specialization does actually tend to convert the college into a training school for teachers. The Phi Beta Kappa man often re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gards himself, and is regarded by others, as a natural candidate for the teaching profession, not because he has any special aptitude for it, — more likely he hasn't, — but because his memory is stored with facts.

The divorce of college education from its primary philosophic function is at once a reflection of the ascendant influence of science on the one hand and the decay of religion on the other. The scientific tendency has made of college a dusty warehouse of facts. Every professor, being an independent specialist, tends to become wholly absorbed in his particular microbe. Thus a student can learn in college everything he wants to know, — except one, — the science of the whole, the art of living. And this deficiency is rendered serious by the decay of religion.

Formerly the teaching of the church gave meaning to life. What is religion but a conception of life as a whole, a postulate of its origin and destination, with a Baedeker and road map telling the pilgrim what course to take to get there? But science has changed man's conception and interpretation of life. Man is no longer traveling through the same country as before. Therefore he needs a new edition of Baedeker to guide him.

Science can't furnish it, and religion and philosophy don't furnish it. So the student is left without a guide, and falls an easy victim to Mephistopheles parading under the scientific name of Freud, who says, "Follow your instincts," and "Have no suppressed desires." Thus college education tends not only to dry rot, but sometimes takes a decided turn toward putrefaction.

The extraordinary paradox of current thought with its strong coloring of scientism is its great emphasis upon the element of control over external nature and its negation of control over internal nature. Modern thought has forsaken the individual for society; its main object is material utility rather than character. After four years spent in the intellectual chaos called college, the average student is thoroughly bewildered. He has learned all sorts of things more or less serviceable in a decorative sense; but of that higher knowledge of life itself, — that knowledge which the individual demands to control his own personal problems, — he too often knows nothing, or even less than nothing, for education tends to destroy his old interpretation of life without providing him with a new one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is apparent, therefore, that the conflict between religion and science is at the root of one of the largest problems which confront college education. It is primarily an intellectual problem, and the college cannot afford to neglect it. It may be a long time before religion and science are reduced to harmony, and until that time the college must adjust itself to conditions as they are. This adjustment implies that knowledge be restored to its primary philosophic function in order that the student may be aided in building up a constructive philosophy of his own.

The first requisite is to render all teaching more human. Human beings are so made that they must tie their work and thought to something, to a rotten plank if they cannot hitch it to a star. It seems imperative, therefore, that each professor join his facts to his philosophy and frankly present the whole, — not as gospel, but as his own point of view. Then the gray facts will take on color and meaning. If they have any ultimate human meaning in the professor's mind, he must make sure that such meaning is conveyed to the minds of his students. Of course professors will not agree with each other in their philosophies. There will be clashes and contradictions. But what of that? Truth is many-sided and white light is a synthesis of colors.

But to inject all teaching with human values is not enough. Some aid must be devised to provide the necessary synthesis. And it is here that the recommendation of the student report at Harvard has direct pertinence. It is suggested that a new course in philosophy be organized and required of all students in order to give them the necessary intellectual orientation in life as a whole.

"The main purpose of the course," reads the report, "should be to offer the student a sound basis upon which to build his own philosophy by giving him rounded estimates of a few of the most important interpretations of life. The course should present the philosophy of Plato, that of Aristotle, of the Stoics, of Kant, of one of the moderns, say Bergson, and possibly one or two others. In addition to these individual philosophies, the committee recommends the innovation of including the philosophy of Christianity in the work of the course. This suggestion is not made in a missionary or crusading spirit, but is dictated as a remedy for the prevailing ignorance concerning so important a subject."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The report continues, "The building of character, it is thought, is the duty of the home and the Church. But when organized religion breaks down, as it now has in the case of many students, the conditions are changed. The college is then confronted with a new problem, namely, that of enabling the student to work out a rational view of life which accords with the teachings of science, but which also takes into account those higher truths of character which science cannot teach. For the latter the student must go to philosophy. A course in philosophy is therefore the natural complement of a course in science."

This new course in philosophy would help in restoring the college to its specific purpose as distinct from that of the vocational school. Such a course taken in a student's Freshman year and followed by more human and philosophic teaching thereafter ought to awaken the student, unless he be a clod, to the real nature of education, so that he might see that its true end demands much more than merely satisfying the academic forms. The newly suggested course, moreover, would provide a solid foundation upon which each student might work out his own philosophy. Thus the decadence of religion would be offset by something positive, and the college would begin to build up where it has destroyed.

Sir John Adams, of the University of London, in commenting upon the Harvard report, made the following significant statement to the "Harvard Crimson": "Another feature of the report which interests me perhaps more than anything else is the general philosophy requirement. I hope that if this is instituted, as I trust it will be, you will be very careful to establish a course in the broad philosophy of life, rather than in technical metaphysics. It is very important to distinguish between metaphysics and vital philosophy. The former, which is very easy to fall into, is useless for any such purpose as that outlined by the Committee."

The distinction made by Sir John Adams is one of extreme importance. Every college now offers an abundance of courses in philosophy, but like all other courses in the curriculum they are too technical and specialized. To succeed in its purpose, the new course should avoid the jargon of academic philosophers, and with each philosophy presented should give the student a clear understanding of a certain, definite way of looking at life.

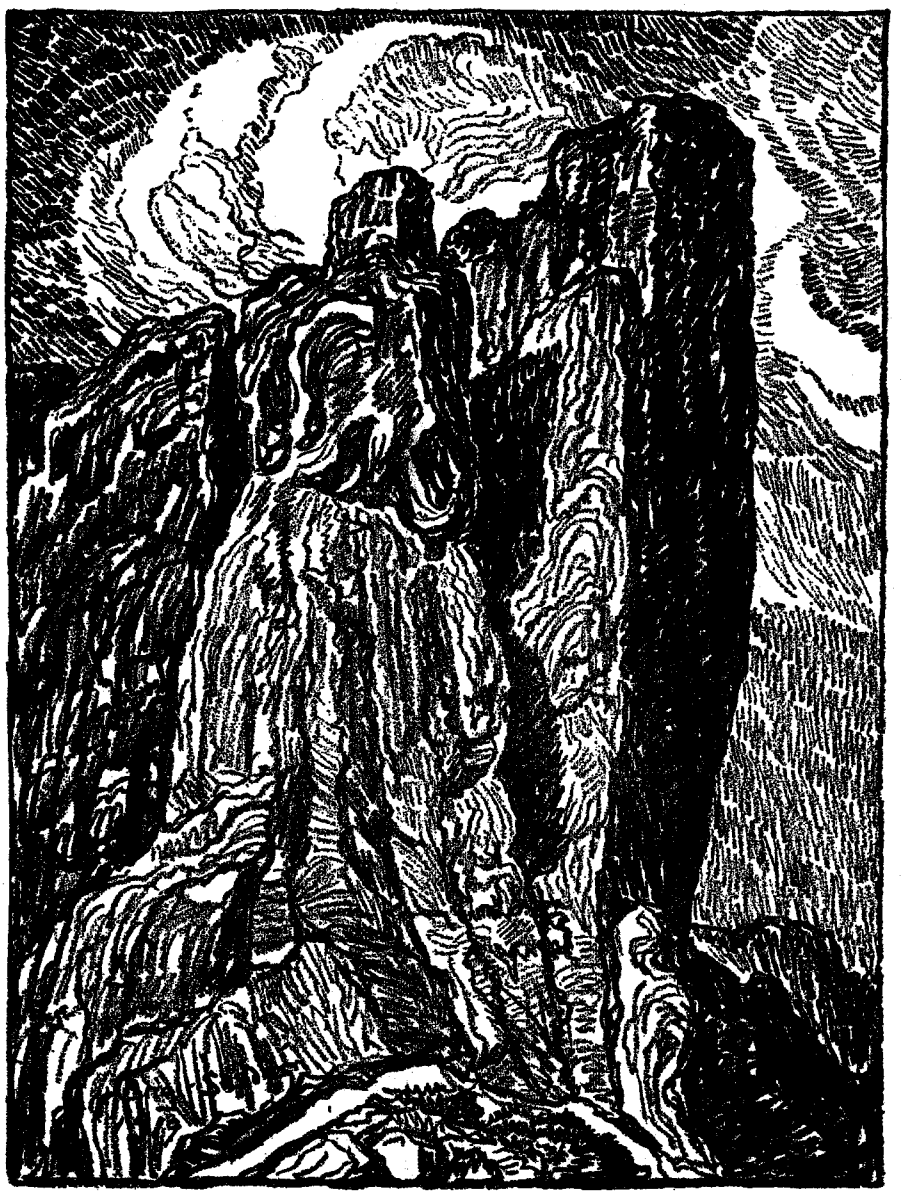
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENES

BY

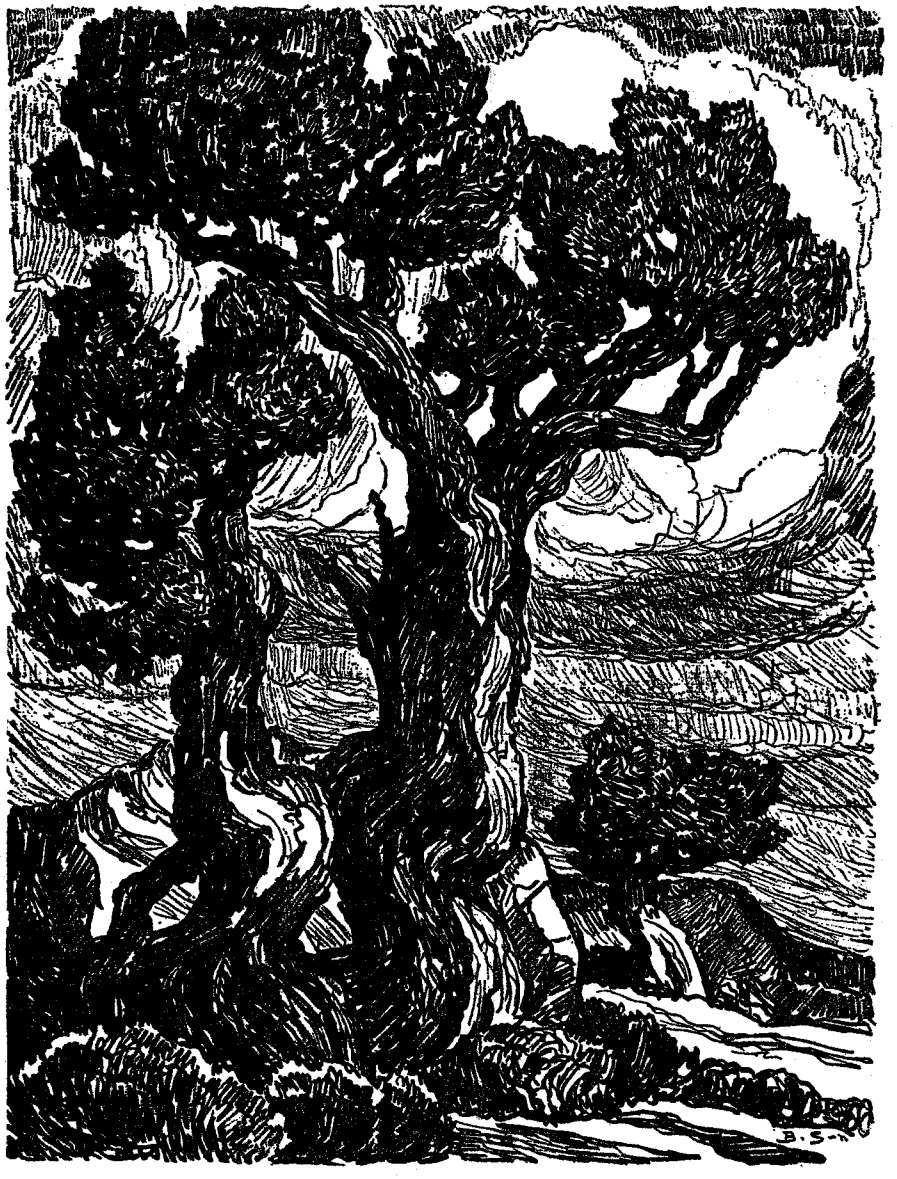
BIRGER SANDZÉN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



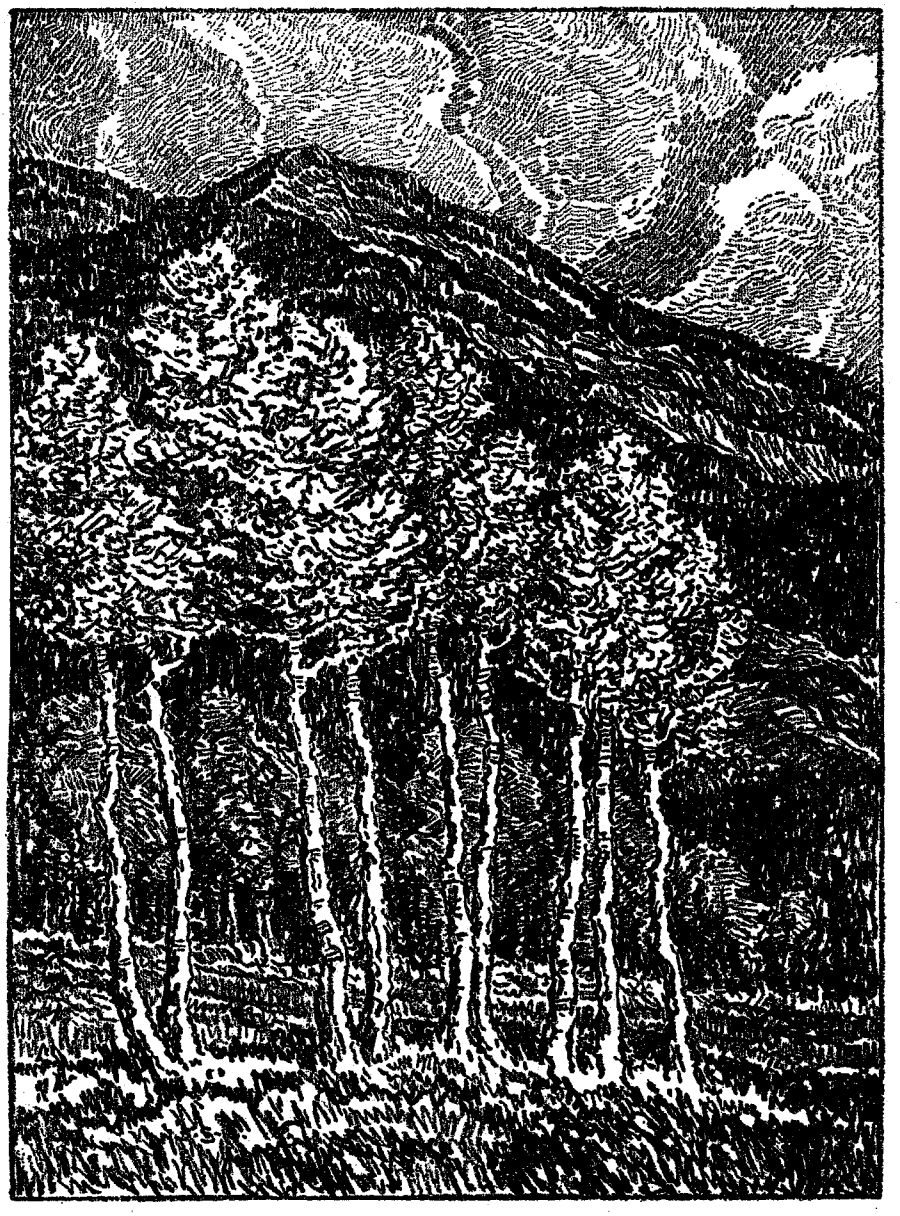
THE GREAT RED ROCK —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GIANT CEDARS —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ASPENS —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATHEDRAL SPIRES —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST

CLIFFORD SMITH

Confessions of Faith — XI

PROBABLY the words Christian Science were used first by the Reverend Dr. William Adams, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. He wrote a book entitled *The Elements of Christian Science*, a "Treatise upon Moral Philosophy and Practice", which was published in 1850. The latter part of this title indicates the contents of the book.

The religion she named Christian Science was discovered by Mary Baker Eddy in 1866. She chose this term as the proper name for what she also described as "the scientific system of divine healing" (*Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, p. 123). As formulated by Mrs. Eddy, Christian Science is a system of religious teaching and practice based on what it presents as the absolute truth of being. For this truth, it depends chiefly on the words and the works of Christ Jesus. "The Bible has been my only authority" (Idem, p. 126).

After appropriate preparation, Mrs. Eddy prepared a comprehensive statement of her teaching (the book just mentioned) which was published in 1875. At intervals from then until near the end of her human life, she revised this book, doing so "only to give a clearer and fuller expression of its original meaning" (Idem, p. 361). It has been given to nearly all public libraries where English is spoken, has been translated into French and German, and has had an enormous sale. Over two thousand Christian Science reading rooms are maintained by the churches of this denomination, largely for the convenience of all who may wish to borrow or study this book.

The Christian Science denomination was founded in 1876. At first it consisted of Mrs. Eddy and six of her students. Reorganized in 1879 and again in 1892, it consists at present of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, two thousand two hundred and fifty branches of this Church, which are known as Churches of Christ, Scientist, or Christian Science Societies, and individual Christian Scientists at as many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or more other places where there are not yet enough adherents for formal organizations. In short, the Christian Science denomination or Church of Christ, Scientist, has already had a very remarkable growth; and it is composed of people who are notable for their devotion, their intelligence, and their good deeds.

My first step toward Christian Science was taken without any thought of this religion. It was taken by endeavoring to read the New Testament as if it presented a subject which was new to me. That is to say, I endeavored to read this authentic record of original Christianity without being influenced by my previous acceptance of Christianity as it was commonly taught thirty years ago. By doing this, I concluded that many of the creedal and doctrinal statements of that time were not based upon and were not consistent with the recorded sayings of Christ Jesus. In particular, I concluded that the Christian teaching with which I was familiar did not attribute enough importance to what was said by Christ Jesus himself as to the method and purpose of his ministry. For instance, I allude to such sayings as "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth" (John 18:37).

Originally the religion taught and practised by Christ Jesus was called the way, the new and living way, the way of the truth, while He was regarded as the one who showed this way. The first of these facts is attested by Acts 9:2, 19:23, 22:4, 24:22; Hebrews 10:20; II Peter 2:2, and other passages in the New Testament, while the second is attested by John 14:16, 18:37; Hebrews 10:20, and other citations. The New Testament also shows that the Christian religion was based originally on the truth of being, the absolute or spiritual truth concerning God and man. (See Matthew 15:13, 23:9; John 3:4–8, 6:63, 8:32, 18:37, and other citations.) So I became interested in Christian Science because its theology appealed to me as being identical with that of the Four Gospels, and because I found afterward by personal experience that its practice is effective for the purpose of healing in the broadest sense of this term. Subsequent experience and observation have given me the abiding conviction that this teaching and practice is fulfilling and is destined completely to fulfil the promise of original Christianity.

Christian Science begins by regarding God as the cause, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

origin, the divine Principle of all that really is. To define God further, it employs frequently the word Good, besides such terms as Life, Love, Truth, and such terms as Mind, Soul, Spirit. This religion also regards God as the infinite Person, and as being one, not three. The attitude of this teaching toward all forms of evil is shown by the following quotation from the Christian Science text-book: "All reality is in God and His creation, harmonious and eternal. That which He creates is good, and He makes all that is made. Therefore the only reality of sin, sickness, or death is the awful fact that unrealities seem real to human, erring belief, until God strips off their disguise. They are not true, because they are not of God" (*Science and Health*, p. 472).

The most distinctive features of Christian Science are its practice and the results from its practice. This religion maintains that the truth of being, — the truth concerning God and man, — includes a rule for its practice and a law by which it produces effects. To a certain extent, Jesus declared this rule and law when he said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32). Accordingly, for the individual Christian to gain his freedom from any form of error, he should know the truth, the absolute truth of being, applicable to his case; and Christian Science teaches that the truth of being is effective when used by one individual for another, because such is the unity of

Cornerstones in Christian Science

Christian Science discovered by Mary Baker Eddy	1866
Science and Health published	1875
Denomination founded	1876
Church organized	1879
Reorganization of The Mother Church in Boston	1892
Passing on of Mary Baker Eddy	1910

1500 churches and societies throughout the world in 1915
2253 churches and societies throughout the world in 1926

Distribution

United States	1930	Holland	4
Canada	56	Russia	1
British Isles	164	Latvia	1
France	2	Scandinavian Countries	5
Germany	30	Central and South America	7
Switzerland	11	South Africa	13
Austria	1	Australasia	19
Italy	2	Far East	7

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real being and such is the law of God. For this reason, evidently, Jesus could and did declare the possibility of Christian healing in unlimited terms.

The practice of Christian Science is not merely mental; it must be also spiritual. The non-spiritual elements in the so-called human mind do not contribute to harmony or health.

Christian Science healing has been practised successfully since 1867. Mrs. Eddy, having been healed from the effects of a severe injury at the time of her discovery in 1866, began within a year to demonstrate her newly found understanding of truth by healing other sufferers. Now, the efficacy of Christian Science practice is attested by a great multitude of witnesses, some of whom are to be found in nearly every part of the world. The practice of Christian Science is not limited, as is commonly supposed, to functional disorders; nor is this practice limited, as is also commonly supposed, to the healing of the sick. Christian Scientists regard their religion as being applicable practically to every human need.

Christian Science, therefore, is a way of living that finds its chief inspiration, its perfect illustration, and its complete proof in the life of Christ Jesus. It reveals, awakens, and develops the divine possibilities that exist, latently, in everyone. It teaches how to throw off the inabilities, the disabilities, and the liabilities that have been imposed on men by ages of erroneous thinking, and how to gain true manhood. It destroys and prevents disease by lifting thought above the cause and condition of the disorder into the Kingdom of God, — into the atmosphere of divine Life, Love, and Truth. It explains miracles of healing and reformation as acts of power done in accordance with divine law. It advances the reform of social conditions by defining the obligations of the individual to God and to fellow-men in practical terms of service. It proves that heaven is not merely the future home or state of the righteous, but is the present result of being and doing good, of right thinking and right doing. Since it is compassionate, helpful, and spiritual, it is Christian. Since it is methodical and calls for exact knowledge and is based on divine Principle, it is Science. In short, Christian Science meets human needs, and it does this in the way that promises in due course completely to deliver humanity from the bondage of error or evil. These are the reasons why I am a Christian Scientist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISCOVERY

BY

MARIAN STORM

Illustrations by

E. GONZÁLEZ CAMARRA.

THE entrance is low, and a gigantic kapok tree follows the arch of it with one curving branch. Only a blank face of rock stares from that mountainside across the profound ravine. You would never have dreamed that the caves were there. For centuries they were secret and sacred, a last retreat, where unwilling and resentful converts to the white intruder's faith returned to their pagan loyalties and burned fires to the old gods. They are awful caves, an everlasting darkness in the heart of a sunny land.

They are a resort now, and yet after the tourist clambers down to the inmost chamber he comes away with no suspicion of what he has not seen, — which is just as well. On Sundays shrieking, festive mobs rush in hundreds of automobiles along the fine new road, going thither because it is some place to go. On every holiday the hush of the mountains and the deep *barrancas* is shattered by this irruption of unquiet humanity. Mile upon mile, and never a path nor a little hut at the foot of the hills; never a call nor a motion but the light swaying of the mango boughs. Sometimes an eagle's shadow falls upon a deserted plain that was a sugar cane plantation before 1910. A stream ripples beside the car on its way from the peaks to the warm ocean. White tufts of the wild cotton interrupt a dark slope. There is a sudden glory of poinsettias. And after the last of the procession has whirred home, racing with the dusk, loneliness unimaginable comes back again. They are popular caves.

From the moment that Señor Cardenas lowered his staff and preceded us, with the air of one opening a very holy rite, I felt a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trouble in my heart. He told us not to glance back. He said there was something beautiful to see when you were coming out of the caverns and that we must not spoil it by looking now. I don't know why I disobeyed. My head just turned, and I wondered, I remember, whether I should ever see that entrance again, — it looked so final! I never did. But it was a lovely and eerie thing. The black ellipse of the portal seemed to hold blue light that quivered and flowed away. Then, as the guiding string of electric bulbs fought off the darkness inside, you could see that polyglot procession of pilgrims descending into the shadows, staff in hand, like souls beginning an eternal wandering in some fey country of Blake's.

Only the beginning of the caverns has been explored so far. The lights make a safe, narrow way to La Gloria, as they've named the black, slippery crag that marks the end of this series of chambers. Somewhere behind it is a tiny hole that leads into another echoing "salon", full of precipices, that leads on and on into others, illimitably, under the winding range of mountains. But lights and knowledge stop at La Gloria and only the hardy go even thus deep.

The great rooms, with roofs lost above us, had each some *maravilla*. "The Praying Child" is a heartbreaking shadow that a rock throws high upon the wall when Señor Cardenas holds his big lamp just right. It's a little girl kneeling, with her hands clasped and her profile lifted up, as if she were frightened and begging to be taken home. If the light should go out now? Don't stray from the line.

None of us had brought a candle, and anyway sudden gusts of air blew out of invisible depths at you. Some had little flashlights. The Indians, who once knew better than to go into such places without pine torches, carried none, trusting touchingly in modern improvements. Twenty years ago they were afraid of these caves that had been their ancestors' secret. For within them you could hear singing far off, as if it were under the sea. Red fires rose from gulfs in the rock. There was daemonic intelligence in the vampire bats, which there sucked blood by day. The shapes of the stalagmites were oracular. Between the old times when they were sacrosanct and the time when electricity came to the region, both Indian and white man avoided these caves. When there are no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lights you literally cannot see your hand before your face. Some went in and failed to come out. The desperate and hunted hid there.

We passed "The Palms", a lovely mimicry in stone. It was strange to think of these shapes being sculptured through the ages, with no eye to see them but the bats', and to remember that they would still be growing, — ah, how long? All these lurking colors . . . Señor Cardenas found stalagmites of cream and rose, orange and green. It was as if the lamp painted them upon the blackness, — snow-white pillars and tinted tapestries.

"You hear the flowing of the subterranean river? It is sixty feet below us, over this declivity," Señor Cardenas was saying.

This was no old lady's trail. Gradually the less hardy sight-seers dropped out of the line and sat down on stones beside the path to rest until the nimble few came back from La Gloria. We had a ticklish way to go now. It got steep and the rocks were slimy and you couldn't tell what lay on either side. Our hands and faces grew muddy as we scrambled on, — you took hold where you could, sliding, clinging, too tense.

"When you hit your head, that's as far as you'd better go," explained the Englishman behind me, panting slightly although he was a sportsman. "Beyond that you have to snake it along on your stomach, and it grows more and more unpleasant. Only regular explorers go in there, — "

"Never fear, — I'm coming back. I've had enough."

"It's going to be worse getting down, with not light enough to chew by."

"To tell the truth, I think we were kinda foolish, — "

"We ought to be roped together. It's like a black glacier."

"Well, we got as far as Glory. It's bad luck if you don't take the risk. Those that don't get to Glory go to Hell, down below."

Eclipse.

"My God!"

"The holy blood of Christ!"

"Madre de Díos!"

The lights had gone out. All the linked and pitch-black caverns re-echoed to shouted alarms. Pandemonium among the women.

Señor Cardenas bellowed for silence. He wished them to be calm while he made an announcement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Those with the small flashlights will remain to encourage their comrades. I go to the village, to return instantly with torches. I send a messenger to the power company. It is a matter of a few moments only. Command yourselves, my friends, I beg. There is no danger but in the mind . . ."

I never forgot one of his words. They were the last I heard for two eternities. It was just as he got to "mind" that my foot slipped from the slimy boulder I had been crawling over when the lights failed, and I started to slide. In the anguish that clamped my heart as I lost grip after grip, clutched at nothing, and dropped, there was no place for sound. There was no place for thought. I remember straining my eyes at the rushing darkness, where no one could have seen. I did not think of my body's being shattered and eaten by blind worms.

When my breath was snapped away from me I didn't know for seconds that I'd fallen into water. I went down feet first, horribly far, sure that I could never come up again. I hadn't fainted, so I did, but almost unconscious, I guess. Only, thank God, the water wasn't very cold. There seemed to be no sense in struggling, but because I still wanted to live as long as I could I paddled like a puppy till I got my breath and could swim a little. I felt then that I was being swept along. The current was tremendous.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You couldn't stay still if you tried, but I floated and got enough strength to call. I could hear my voice stop right over my head. I was being carried through an underground channel where the current was like something with arms, pulling me on. The water soon grew colder, as if it had been inside the earth a long time. I remember thinking that my heart must be frozen. I believe that there was quite a stretch of river through which I hardly moved but only drifted, making little feeble motions with my hands. The last I knew, the water began to boil around me, and my fingers were clawing at a wire net that held me fast, as they catch suckers in Spring. When I woke up it was very light and beautiful, and I thought that I had been drowned and that this was immortality.

I began to hear voices that buzzed and muttered as they do when you're coming out of ether, but when I cared about really listening, I heard them speaking gently in a language I didn't know at all. I peeked out between my eyelashes and saw a bronze woman squatting there beside me, holding a shining cup. She smiled when I stirred, and began to talk to me softly, but I couldn't understand. She put her arm beneath my head and pressed the cup to my mouth. There was some hot drink in it. I realized that they had me all wrapped up in warm blankets, and it felt so comfortable that I went back to sleep. Waking again was peaceful. I saw, as I raised myself cautiously, a magnificent old man sitting upon a kind of throne, and I wondered whether it were God, — and ought I to fall on my face and pray?

He spoke to me, slowly and grandly, in English, but that did not settle my doubts. I had always been given to understand that God would speak English.

"You have had a black journey, my friend. You are strong," he said.

I made my way across the hall to him, stumbling. It was difficult, for everything sparkled and I felt dizzy. But the steps to the throne were covered with soft textiles in rich colors, so I sat down on the lowest, and held myself steady with my hands.

"Yes, I thought this was death, your grace," I whispered.

He smiled. "In the midst of life," he said, and stopped there, as if that were all there was to it.

"What is it, if not death?"

"Only misfortune."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I say, luck! Who ever lived through such horror before?"

"And why should one want to live?"

"It's our job."

"Not here, my friend, — no job, but velvet peace. Once learn the wisdom of the shadows and there is no more stress or fear, only contemplation, which deepens here like a summer twilight until it becomes painlessly the final night."

I felt, without understanding his words, that he was very wise. I hoped that he was also kind. There was no sound in that place but the murmur of the dark river. I stared about.

Enormous torches seemed to be fastened in sockets of gold to the rock walls, and because there was no wind their orange light hardly flickered. Right at my hand stood a little table of some lustrous carved wood, and upon it two yellow goblets and a gleaming pitcher with a double spout. The floor looked as dry as wood, but it was almost covered with the rush mats they call *petates*. Before the throne, ranged in a half-circle, were benches hewn out of stone. All else was shadow. Far underground.

I raised my eyes. The old man was smiling down at me. I never felt a gaze so searching nor a presence so perplexingly aloof. Over his strange robe, like a heavy cassock woven of rose and blue wool, flowed his thick, snow-white hair and his long beard. It was a pallid but not an ascetic, — scarcely a religious, — face. He stood up, and I rose, too, uncertain. He seemed appallingly tall. Fumbling beside his throne, he presently lifted what I thought would be a sceptre. It was a battered ebony walking-stick.

With this cane he felt for every step as he descended. I made a little motion to help him, but he waved me back. "No, touch me not. Just now I am holy, — barbarously holy. Absurd, isn't it?" He chuckled as he reached the ground.

"Are we all alone here?"

"The dark is full of eyes. Walk toward that ladder and you'll find out whether we're alone! Now follow me. Don't touch my robe." He stalked ahead, with the staff lifted like a mace.

I guessed that we were passing through a lower and far vaster series of caverns than those from which I had fallen. The whole way was spread with rush mats.

"I said the dark was full of eyes. It is full, too, of things without eyes. There are blind crickets down here, — my little minstrels, —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and worms, and the most extraordinary blind fish. Then we have plenty of spiders, but they can see. I like my bats best. It would please me to publish a book of poems printed in white ink on pages like bats' wings. They are more fanciful than a bird's."

The turmoil of questions in my mind was held in check by anxiety for my fate. I longed to know who this singular old man could be, but what were they going to do with me, these shadow people?

We were stepping down into another cavern. An intense fragrance, as of a thousand jasmine flowers, floated up. At the threshold I stopped, frightened, but it was my last moment of terror, for thereafter a queer calmness came over me. I trembled no more.

Below in the centre of the dim rock chamber were two pools, one of low-curling blue flame, the other of black water, smooth as polished onyx. And in a double circle, one higher than the other, loomed the most heart-chilling assemblage of idols that ever even antiquity, I think, can have beheld. Not Carthage nor Chaldea, not the Congo, the Guineas, nor Tibet have bowed before gods so armed with fear. There was Huitzilopochtli, with the blood-vase hollowed out before him; there was Tlaloc, the rain-bringer, with Tiger's jaws; Quetzalcoatl, the Feathered Snake, god of the air. Exalted in the midst sat the omnipotent and dual Tezcatlipoca. I saw Xiuhtecutli, lord of fire, and Tonatiuh, who mounts with morning and is dragged down with twilight. They were all together now in divine democracy in Mictlán, the abode of the dead.

The thin smoke of copal incense curled among their images. Vases exquisitely wrought stood about upon the ground. There were heraldic or sacred hangings of patterned bright feathers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beside the pool of water shone a long, low table, indescribably lustrous and precious looking.

"Here is my station," the old man said, "and now is the hour that may not be delayed. Lie prone upon this bench, but lift your head upon your arms, for what you will see should interest you. Do not dream of speaking or moving." He straightened, grew solemn. His face was like a parchment mask and I saw for the first time that his eyes were piercing blue as he lifted the old cane and struck upon a snakeskin drum.

At the first throb Indians sprang from the shadows and ran like panthers around the pool, with heads bent and arms flung out. As each one passed the idol of Tezcatlipoca he began to chant. The old man sounded a great gong, and they sank simultaneously to the rocky floor.

He spoke. It seemed to be a familiar invocation. No face changed. He took from the altar a chain of jade and silver and as he lifted it a young girl came forward from the group of celebrants and laid herself upon the shining table, where straightway women appeared, and put the necklace upon her and wound her slenderness with ropes of fresh flowers that looked as if they had just been gathered in a sunny garden. Again the old man spoke over her his solemn words and signed her dedication with his eloquent long hands. The women drew aside, and she rose alone and walked with a face devotedly alight to the edge of the black pool. Gracefully and serenely she climbed a spiral way to a high, narrow platform of rock above it. The long ropes of flowers streamed down from her limbs and waist, and as the old man struck the signal Indians leaped forward to seize the lovely fetters, and pulling fiercely sent her plunging to sacrifice. Her hands, joined and lifted, cut the gleaming surface of the water and it closed over her, the little circles widening to the margin and finally leaving the pool all smooth again.

There was an awestruck hush while eager eyes stared at the motionless well. The old man lifted his hands solemnly, counting the seconds. At last he called out something, and at once there began a deafening lamentation, with prostrations, with sad songs in monotone. It seemed to me that they must have kept their incomprehensible jamboree up all night, — or all day or all week; there was no time any more, — so weary, scared, and hungry I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was. Probably I dropped off. At any rate, when the old man poked me with his cane the blue pool of fire was quenched and all the Indians had gone and it was as quiet as the grave.

"Well," he said, "that's over for the present. Get up and come on. Do you care for baked bananas? Beans? Duck with peppers? Just give me a hand down, if you will."

He was quitting the ceremonial hall by a dark corridor. Suddenly at one side a steep way led down into a well of light, and there came a great relief. We entered a little cavern floored with smooth red cedar planks, strewn luxuriously with fur rugs. Indeed, its whole suggestion was of barbaric ease. There was a wide, low couch covered with a blue and gray serape. A lamp burned cheerfully upon a reading-table. I saw a red lacquer chest with a padlock, a big leather portfolio, craftily hand-tooled, a dish of bright green moss, a plate of glowing fruits.

Somehow it was the bulging portfolio that turned my curiosity about my host, — or jailer, — almost into torment. Little associations, exasperatingly faint, bobbed up in my mind and dived away. Something in the newspapers, years and years ago . . . a worn place in the carpet in the living-room at home . . . old Captain Bownes, who fought at Kenesaw Mountain, telling over and over how they "piled 'em up at the Bloody Angle" . . . .

"We're going to have our supper now," he said, "in this little room in here. I don't let them cook in my study."

The old Indian women, in a cave adjoining, were bent over their charcoal stoves, and the table was spread. Wax burned in a sort of jeweled censer that looked suspiciously as if it might have swung in some high church. The dishes were beautiful, like the goblets I had seen, like the altar beside the pool. He saw me staring at them.

"Here we use gold; we are not driven by it. We know how to treat it."

"Gold dishes!"

"Four centuries ago the people of this country enjoyed their treasure, — they didn't worship it. I suppose now you're all excited about getting a glimpse of the Hidden Hoard, hey?" He chuckled.

"Aren't you afraid I'll betray it?"

"Oh, I fancy, — sit down, won't you? We're both hungry, — I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

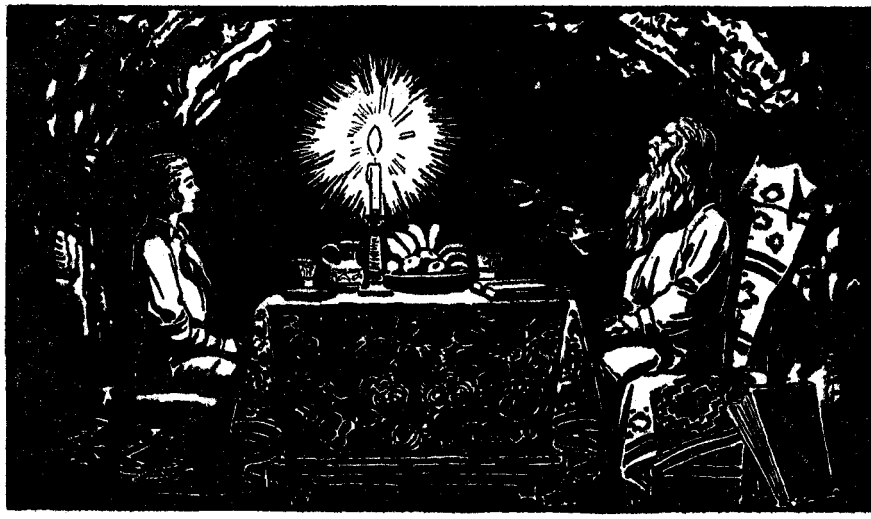
fancy there'll be no difficulty about that. Hot soup is always welcome. María and Catalina take good care of me, you see." His blue eyes twinkled upon the pair of bronze statues. Reverently they served. I wasn't greatly reassured by his confidence that I'd get no chance to talk about the gold dishes outside the caves, but I felt better after supper.

"Loaf on the divan," suggested this hospitable high priest, taking a big chair himself, as we came back to his tapestried retreat. "Smoke. I've held fast to my pipe, through everything, but I have other tobacco." He had put on an even more astounding robe, which apparently was decorated with lightning. "Now we can talk, if you're hankering to ask questions, — María and Catalina go home at night."

"It's as easy as that, then? A person can go home from this place, — and by night?"

"Put that out of your mind, my friend. You can get away if you know the one passage, and if the guard there lets you up. Whether you can subsequently 'get home' rests with God." He stretched comfortably, puffing smoke toward the roof of sparkling stone. "Forget that anxiety for a little while. I suppose it is an anxiety to you, but why should it be? Don't you like

Continued on page 764



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL OF MARRIAGE

CHARLES FISKE

BISHOP FISKE is a man of plain speech. He does not believe in remarriage after divorce and he takes issue directly with Rebecca West, whose article on Marriage appeared in the August FORUM, *and also with Doris Stevens and Ruth Hale, who vigorously debated divorce in the September number. Many marriages are entered into, he says, "with the subconscious thought of the possibility of their being as lightly annulled." The Church must not sanction "new marriages contrary to the plain teaching of its Master."*

THE FORUM papers on the problem of divorce challenge the Christian believer to some hard and clear thinking as to his own convictions about marriage, his understanding of its purpose, and his interpretation of the Church's duty in the improvement of present conditions. Much discussion of divorce proceeds upon the assumption that marriage is the socially acceptable approach to sexual indulgence and that legal permissions for the contracting of new alliances somehow affect the moral character of the move by which one goes "off with the old and on with the new". But surely marriage, whatever its origins, never has been, and is not now, merely the legitimizing of the sex urge. Ideally, and more frequently in practice than the ultra-modernist supposes, it is conceived of as the union of two persons in a companionship which is the closest and most tender of all human relationships. Even in the marriage of mere physical attraction, there is more than sex urge. In the words of the English Prayer Book, the purpose of marriage is, not to "satisfy men's carnal lusts and appetites", but "the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity." It was, indeed, "ordained for the procreation of children," — a fact which is often forgotten when marriage is undertaken merely as a remedy for such "as have not the gift of continency", — but it is also a social sacrament designed to bring up such children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord".

The words are archaic, but none the less they are a very beautiful expression of the underlying meaning and purpose of the family life. Because marriage is a relationship ideally spiritual, it is not to be entered into "unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Rebecca West in her discussion of the subject in the August issue of THE FORUM, declares that liturgies simply "restate in beautiful language what is already in the hearts of the participants"; that "few people present themselves to be married unless they are in a state of mind when they find it easy to promise to be faithful to each other until death, and find it difficult to believe that they could ever turn to other mates." The crux of the problem lies in the fact that this is precisely what is not the truth about modern marriage. While marriage is often the issue of romantic attachment, the ease of divorce as a remedy for unfortunate mistakes makes it possible, and even probable, that there is no such thought of permanency in many romantic marriages. They are lightly entered upon, with the subconscious thought of the possibility of their being as lightly annulled.

And many other motives besides that of romantic love lie behind the conventional marriage of the day, — motives of home instincts, of convenience, of comfort, ease, freedom from social restraints or social boredom, motives economic as well as social, motives of expediency, — every possible motive, save that which grows out of the conception of family life as the sphere of mutual attachment, mutual helpfulness, education in self-subordination rather than in self-consideration and self-indulgence, with the discipline of adjustment and self-sacrifice, the sharing of problems and difficulties and burdens, the growth in unity and stability by the contagion of personality rather than the regulation of law.

Whatever its origin, this last has gradually become the real conception of marriage for those who have any religious idea of it whatever. Certainly it is the conception set forth by Jesus Christ. Only because the modern world has been content with much easier social standards and a far lower idea of the marriage relationship, are we facing our present distress. It is discouraging to find feminists showing small appreciation of marriage as anything more than the legalizing of sexual passion or a conventionally proper way of seeking individual "happiness". Even if the institution began as an attempt to regulate desire, it has (like other primitive institutions) grown into something better, with new sanctions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because the Christian conception of marriage is higher, it is clear that the remedy for present evils must, for us, lie not so much in legislation, — however useful that may be in curbing the exaggerated individualism of the age, — as in patient education. Regulation there must be, of course, and Doris Stevens has presented some of the arguments for general federal legislation as correcting the social and economic confusion of the present system, at which her "sense of orderliness rebels". The Christian parts company with her when she declares that "easy divorce is a civilized thing". It is not; it is the reverse, — a return to barbarism, with reservations. She herself admits that this "civilized" method "does not solve the very complex difficulties within marriage". The need of regulation as a matter of social safeguard, however, arises from the very opposite of what Miss Stevens conceives to be the conditions surrounding divorce. She thinks that "with very few exceptions, divorce is the road of last resort. It is the road taken after everything else has been tried and has failed." "People divorce each other only after a staggering total of strength has been given to the enterprise. Years of effort have preceded the break-up," she declares. "Various devices, depending upon the wits and energies of the parties concerned, have usually been exhausted before the ways part." It is her conviction that "people seek divorce with the utmost reluctance".

Personal observations are often unreliable. In this matter, however, statistics join with personal impressions in proving that divorce now frequently follows so close upon marriage as to furnish indubitable proof that effort to avoid the tragedy is only too feeble. The fact is, that divorce looms in thought as a ready release from the difficulties of readjustment, and the ease with which it may be obtained operates as an excuse for failure to attempt to make success out of what has begun to be a failure. Divorce, for the most part, results from the amazing aimlessness and emptiness of modern life. A pleasure-loving, wilful woman, with a taste for luxury and excitement, and an equally wilful and selfish man, married because of a sudden infatuation or because of social propinquity, soon find their romance rain-washed, the first bloom of mutual attraction blown off; and because separation is so easy, they never make any honest, earnest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effort to translate the failure of their honeymoon into the success of married life.

Here we reach the heart of the problem. Modern marriage does not often enough mean the "give and take" of companionship. Two men cannot live together without many mutual accommodations; much less can two women; never one man and one woman. With divorce ever at hand as a door of escape, trifles are magnified into tragedies. Not only is no "staggering toll of strength" used in the effort to make a happy marriage; actually, marriage is not even dimly perceived as demanding adjustments and accommodations. Divorce, to use a homely illustration, is simply an opportunity for the woman to pick up her dolls and leave; for the man to fly into a childish rage and likewise depart. If departure were a last desperate resort, if failure to make a success of marriage were still frowned upon, many more would somehow pass over the rough waters and find a peaceful harbor. With easy divorce, they actually do not give marriage a fair trial.

The only legal remedy for this weak solution of a social difficulty is a tightening of the marriage cords and the strengthening of marriage as a social contract. For even as such a civil contract, marriage (unlike other civil contracts) involves so much more than the happiness, or supposed happiness, of the parties to the partnership that it is absolutely necessary to make the breaking of the contract difficult rather than easy. Permanency in the marriage relationship is of its essence as a social obligation as well as of its religious character and sanction.

And this is especially true if we have in mind the children who may be (and still are) the issue of the union. Ruth Hale seems to have forgotten entirely their existence. Unlike Miss Stevens, whose orderly soul is disturbed by the confusion of varying state laws, she wants no federal legislation; she is quite content to endure the present chaos, until the new day dawns and marriage has become a continuous performance begun and ending as fancy lightens or fades. One wonders why any legal form at all? Why, but because there may be children? We are not quite ready yet to leave them to coöperative caretakers, though some have come perilously near it. And even caretakers may desire open covenants openly arrived at and legally enforceable! Miss West sees this. She even appears to argue that the home must be held together

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merely for the sake of the children, though infidelity be blinked at, excused, expected.*

For those who can no longer endure the agony of a union that has become impossible, there is always the partial relief of divorce without permission to remarry and this no longer necessarily means for the woman a life without comfort, protection, and support. Often it may mean a life in ruins, often a life of tragedy because of the utter loss of any hope of developing happiness. That is a side of the drama of marriage which few of us can contemplate without pity that reaches the point of agony. Yet the welfare of society sometimes demands the sacrifice of the individual. This is the law of social life in many other spheres, no less than in this. Has it not always been so? Will it ever be otherwise? Unless, indeed, with the strident advocates of individualism, in an age supposed to be socially minded, we insist upon being "happy" ourselves, whatever the social consequences for the community.

Yet I doubt whether the churches should give first emphasis to legislation, — indeed, I am sure they should not. The remedy for social sin lies in Christian teaching; or if the phrase be not allowed by modern radicals, at least in ethical teaching, of which we still believe we have the highest and best ideal in the social gospel of Jesus Christ. The real cause of the divorce peril lies not in loose legislation, but in the undisciplined, unsocialized, selfish wills of men and women, in their superficial view of the purpose of life, in the consequent failure to realize that the family, to quote Dr. Peabody, "is not designed to make life easier, but to make life better" and that it "rests upon the generous instincts of natural and self-forgetful love". The less the Church has to do with prohibitive regulation, save in the way of emergency help, the better. Its real task is to lift high the ideal and to be patient in waiting for its slow acceptance through the regeneration of personalities. It must discourage hasty marriages and set its face

*The three women who have discussed the divorce problem in these pages seem to think, for the most part, only of the woman's side of the marriage tragedy. Miss West argues that unchastity is natural and that marriage does not necessarily restrain it for men. Her argument that divorce is to be discouraged because the marriage must be preserved for the sake of the children attacks the problem from an interesting point of view; but it does not seem to occur to her to ask what is to be done with the child, or how the family is to be held together, in the case of the unchastity of the mother.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against any sanction of such ill-advised unions by refusing to give its blessing to them. Still more must it discourage hasty divorces and sternly decline to sanction new marriages contrary to the plain teaching of its Master.*

That is what makes the paper by Mr. Björkman especially pertinent to this discussion. The standards of the State can never be as high as the standards of religion. But may not the churches turn over to the State, — *insist* upon so turning over to the civil authority, — all such marriages as the State in its wisdom may allow as the best practically possible social standard for people in general, and give its blessing only to such marriages as are really Christian in spirit and purpose? That may, of course, be an iridescent dream in Christendom's present state of division.

Would it not be better to rest content with smaller numbers and better quality? Is it too daring to ask the churches to be brave enough to demand real purpose of heart as a test of recognized discipleship? There would be some logic in making the plain declaration: If you regard marriage only as a civil contract, let the State make the contract and enforce or annul it. If you still desire a religious sanction to the marriage, you can secure it only when there is reason to believe that you purpose to undertake the union with real spiritual effort to "carry on", despite possible difficulties, in the spirit of its religious significance. The social chaos and moral disaster which follow upon the conception of a purely contractual agreement may mean a readier return to the spiritual ideal. At any rate, the clergy would act as religious officers giving the Church's blessing, not simply as authorized agents of the State.

* The objection may be raised that unless release from the marriage bond be made easier, marital infidelity will increase. The answer is that sin is still sin, whether it have legal sanction or not. The use of alcoholic beverages, *e.g.*, is not a sin, though the law has made it a misdemeanor. Successive sexual cohabitation the Christian does regard as sinful, even though the law may remove it from the category of crime. It does not become innocent because permitted to those who have gone through the formality of divorce; it merely ceases to be punishable under the law. Those who accept the Christian view of marriage regard with equal censure adultery and the legalized substitute for it which divorce permits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS A HIGHBROW?

Forum Definitions — Sixth Series

PASCAL tells us that it is a mistake to define a thing which explains itself. When this remark was called to the attention of Anatole France he answered: "Pascal held that view because his was a mathematical nature. But there are minds who would like to know about the objects of their arguments."

The interest of the reading public in Definitions has convinced the Editors that THE FORUM reaches minds "who would like to know about the objects of their arguments." The Contest will be continued for several months, merging, no doubt, sometime in 1927, with "The New American Language" Contest. Perhaps the word "Highbrow" deserves a permanent place in that purely American Twentieth Century Dictionary. First we must decide whether the term is one of censure or approbation, whether it is a label of an inferior or superior "complex". No definition discussed in these pages has brought so many letters to the Forum office; none has revealed more varied sensations.

We have ruled out the many paragraphs dealing with Phrenology,— their authors apparently shared with Pascal the mathematical mind. Nor have we seriously considered the scores of quips about "caviar to the general"; likewise we have eliminated the oft-repeated definition that "a highbrow is a person educated beyond his intellect". We have regretfully refrained from quoting from the many clever jibes at current magazines, though we've let one or two about THE FORUM creep in. And, after all, it is rather superficial to catalogue a high- or a lowbrow by his bill of fare. Many a genius, we feel quite sure, has ordered corned beef and cabbage; but there, we are indicating that a genius is a highbrow! Furthermore, one contestant declares that "A highbrow is any person with any interest beyond food, drink, and raiment. Helen Wills," he continues, "is the World's most perfectly adjusted highbrow. She makes tennis an art and dares to think of something beyond sports at the same time." Many readers brought out the idea that a highbrow is "consciously superior", Marion McKinney, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, citing this instance: "A highbrow is one whose intellectual or emotional pleasure is in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

direct proportion to the ignorance, real or imagined, of his audience. For example, Christopher Morley says of *Lolly Willowes*, "A remarkable little novel that one hugs to one's tenderest rib and thinks gloatingly how few readers will really 'get' it." From Georgia comes this Darwinian spark: "A Highbrow is a chap who has been evoluted and knows about it." It is further defined as "American nobility"; as "the latest thing in head culture"; "a twentieth century word for 'swelled head'."

Mr. James C. Quigley, of Minneapolis, believes in three in one. Here are his definitions, — *The Highbrow's:* "Mental attitude maintained by clean people who turn away from the sordid and harmful and seek their pleasure and happiness in duty, good-fellowship, and beauty." *The Ordinary Man's:* "A bird of fine feathers that struts a little more than necessary. If he had to scratch like I do for a living it would cure him quick." *The Roughneck's:* "These highbrows make me weep. How do they get that way? They think they're wise guys, but they'd starve to death if they didn't have things handed to them."

Whether the word is a "bouquet" or a "brickbat", we now leave to our readers to decide. Here at least is a carefully selected assortment to select from:

The Winning Definitions

1 A highbrow is one who in any plane of society typifies a culture beyond that of him who hurls the disparaging epithet: to a hill man, one who uses a napkin at dinner; to a lover of jazz, one who frequents grand opera; to one who sees only building material in marble, one who finds beauty in sculpture; to one who sees in cloud and sunshine only so many bushels an acre, one who paints a golden sunset; to one who reads only a daily paper, one who appreciates Robert Browning and The Forum. (*Ned Noven, Kansas City, Mo.*)

2 A title sometimes bestowed on the aristocracy of intellect. In practice it is generally applied disparagingly to the intelligentsia by those whose plebian standards in art are unable to measure or appreciate tastes more refined than those expressed by the majority. (*Michael Joseph, Surrey, England.*)

3 Highbrow, — a person who has a superficial knowledge of anthropology, economics, inherent sin, the fourth dimension, and is familiar with some of the writings of Browning, Bacon, Shakespeare, Thackeray, and Euripides; who knows that Gibbon wrote *The Rise and Fall*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Roman Empire; who professes great admiration for Henry Cabot Lodge, Woodrow Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt, and who frequents grand opera. In brief, a highbrow is one who affects superiority of mentality and conduct. (*M. K. Huntington, Ansonia, Conn.*)

4 Highbrow, — that quality of mind which differentiates the gifted few from the less fortunate many; which is scored by the un-understanding, revered by those that comprehend; which characterizes the leaders of the human race, is found in artists, prophets, dreamers, seers; that gift of God to His elect whereby they guide man to his Destiny. (*Thornton Oakley, Philadelphia, Pa.*)

5 The highbrow is a highly developed specimen of the *genus homo*, species *sapiens*. He is more *sapiens* than *homo*. He remembers Mark Twain's definition of cauliflower as "cabbage with a college education" and considers himself a cauliflower in the human cabbage patch. All that Hamlet did was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought". All that the highbrow does is sicklied over with his own supercilious sense of superiority. Hamlet said, "'Twas caviar to the general," and so says the highbrow as he orders a caviar sandwich and looks with contempt on his fellow mortals eating ham sandwiches. (*George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pa.*)

6 A slang expression applied to a person of positive intellectual capacity or interests by one who, prompted by his self-adulating subconscious mind, sees in culture and intelligence only supercilious affectation. Less frequently the term indicates true appreciation of the intelligence of another. (*R. Worthington, New York.*)

7 The person who reads THE FORUM or "The Atlantic" when a popular weekly is within reach is a highbrow. He lives on intellectual bread and meat, rather than on milk or candy or sedatives or intoxicants. He entertains an idea or thought only after weighing, testing, and measuring it. He does not reject the best in literature merely because the perusal of it necessitates his exercising his mind. He climbs the mountain because he likes the purer air and nobler view, and looks down on his fellows not with an air of superiority, but to point out for them the path. (*Vinton A. Holbrook, Los Angeles, Calif.*)

8 That slippery and unsafe word "highbrow" has been given a contemptuous meaning by many who hate the snobbishness they think it implies. If the word must be used it should convey the meaning of two things: aristocracy of intellect and aristocracy of character. The former would imply ability as a keen, earnest thinker, — a person diligently and unceasingly in search of Truth. The latter, aristocracy of character, would imply a high and uncompromising taste in everything related to the mind, — music, art, sculpture, literature, added to which would be a love of such virtues as justice, tolerance, and sincerity. (*Harriet W. Merriman, West Hartford, Conn.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORUM WORD CONTESTS

TWO Contests are now being conducted in this magazine, and the reader must not confuse the two. The Definition Contest has continued over many months, the new one, "The American Language" was first announced in September, and its first "soundings" will be published in January. The Definition Contest announces single, definite words, about which there is general confusion, that readers may help to clarify their meaning in short paragraphs (one hundred words or less) of definition. The next word for our 1926 lexicographers is

A GOOD SPORT

Stacy Aumonier, in September, told the story of a "Spoil-Sport"; but now we want a definition of the term "A Good Sport". They thrive in many communities besides our colleges, though here is football in THE FORUM for debate. As in "Highbrow", we want an x-ray analysis, not a series of definitions beginning, "A Good Sport is one who . . ." We expect these, of course, and a few will be published as leaven, but we want profound definitions. Remember, limit your letter to one hundred words, and typewrite it; write your name and address plainly, though no manuscript will be returned. Payment of five dollars for each "winning definition" will be made upon publication. Definitions of "A Good Sport" must reach The Definition Editor by midnight of December 1, 1926. If received later they cannot be considered for competition or publication in the February number.

"The American Language Contest" focuses attention on the newly coined words which are entering our American speech in the come-and-go manner so characteristic of this nation. Which of the words that have come are destined not to go, but because of their vitality and usefulness deserve to remain, deserve to be incorporated into our Speech? Or perhaps more new words should be coined for our use? For each suggestion, stated in fewer than one hundred words (typewritten) selected by the judges, THE FORUM will present a book chosen by the winner, to the value of five dollars. The volume indicated must be among those mentioned in our columns. Address The American Language Contest, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGIA GOES MARCHING ON

ROBERT PRESTON BROOKS

THE "Empire State of The South" rises in protest against recent newspaper and magazine articles which in the process of x-ray analysis have illuminated defects and left in shadow the sound tissue. Georgians have no desire to condone the evils of their State; they desire only that "outsiders" understand the difficulties which they face, that their attitude may be one of sympathy and their criticism be tempered with mercy. Cultural progress depends on economics, but Georgia nevertheless marches on.

I HAVE been asked to "take up the cudgels for Georgia" in reply to the article by Mr. Thomas Boyd in the July issue of THE FORUM, and to submit an "analysis of cultural progress in Georgia". I am much more interested in the latter of the two requests, though I feel that fairness demands some preliminary comment on Mr. Boyd's views. First of all I wish to say that I have no desire to detract from the glory that has come to Mr. Julian Harris by reason of his fight against the Klan and other maladies that afflict Georgia. I approve of Mr. Harris and his work. Mr. Boyd has, however, done his hero an injury by claiming too much for him. Mr. Harris has not been without effective aids in his work. His predecessor on the "Enquirer-Sun", Thomas W. Loyless, really started the anti-Klan movement. Ex-Governor Thomas W. Hardwick has for years been in the forefront of the fight. While the "Enquirer-Sun" has, perhaps, been more persistently on the trail of the Klan and the lynchers than the other newspapers, the "Macon Telegraph" and the "Athens Banner" have not been far behind; and for many years before Mr. Harris assumed control of the Columbus daily, other papers such as the "Atlanta Constitution" and the "Macon Telegraph" had been uncompromising in their attitude toward lynching. In many pulpits, in numerous college classrooms, and on the rostrums of Georgia, strong voices have been raised against the current evils, and all of these agencies should share the credit for the decline of the Klan, the failure of the anti-evolution movement, and the decrease in lynching figures. Mr. Harris did not accomplish these things single-handed. The whole country was electrified by the attack on the Klan delivered by Mr. Andrew C. Erwin at the last Democratic National Convention.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is only fair that I should say a word in reply to Mr. Boyd's strictures on Governor Walker. It is true that the Governor is a Klansman, but that is not enough to damn him out of hand. Many sincere though misguided people are members of the hooded order. But no other Governor within my recollection has made so sustained a fight for tax reform, — by far the most important of our state political issues. He has had two special sessions of the Legislature to wrestle with this problem; he has pointed out with great clarity and force the vital defects in our fiscal system, and has offered intelligent and practical remedies. True, he has been unable to achieve anything noteworthy; the cross currents of politics have been too much for him. Furthermore, the Governor has been a staunch champion of education, more particularly of the higher institutions. He has also made many admirable appointments to office, notably in the case of the Board of Trustees of the University.

Mr. Harris's attack on this Board of Trustees was unfair. It was a gratuitous assumption that they at any time thought of filling the Chancellorship by a political appointment. The Board simply refused to be stampeded into making a hasty choice. Instead, they appointed an able committee, headed by Honorable Samuel H. Sibley, Judge of the Federal Court of the Northern District of Georgia, to bring in a nomination. This committee for two years made a nation-wide search for a suitable man. Eventually the Board promoted Charles M. Snelling, for many years Dean of the University, a choice which met the approval of the University community and of the alumni.

My belief is that cultural progress must await economic progress; that a high state of civilization cannot be reached without wide-spread popular education, and that the character of the educational institutions provided by a people depends on their economic status. A poverty-stricken people will inevitably be ignorant and backward. Ignorance accounts for low political ideals, religious intolerance, anti-scientific agitation, Kluxism, lynching; it explains the fact that Georgians are not a reading people; that we are a poor field for the publishers, that we have no nationally known magazines, that our libraries are few and inadequate. These social defects cannot be eradicated by ridicule and denunciation. Education seems the only remedy. But it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

takes money to provide educational machinery, and it goes without saying that until an economic surplus has been built up, funds for this purpose will not be available.

Only within recent years has Georgia found herself financially able to support educational facilities of a relatively high order. For three decades after the Civil War the people of Georgia were engrossed in bringing order out of chaos. During those years Georgians were in no humor for things of the spirit. They became indifferent to higher education, to literature, to keeping politics clean. The best minds turned their thought to business instead of public affairs, which had in better days been their chief interest. Farming was almost the sole economic activity. Capital in the form of houses, work stock, and implements, had been largely destroyed; the productive capacity of the land had been impaired by years of neglect; the labor was demoralized; cash and credit were alike unavailable. The farmers were dependent upon cotton. This one-crop economy, coupled with the absence of adequate credit arrangements, handicapped the state to an almost incredible extent.

During the past two or three decades, however, Georgia has been passing through an agricultural and industrial revolution in every way comparable to that experienced by England and the northern states of the Union in earlier times. While I have insufficient space for a complete account of this development, I feel that some facts are essential. This era of change got under way in Georgia about the year 1900. At that time the bulk of the wealth annually produced was agricultural and cotton contributed by far the larger part of the total. This one staple, indeed, made up seventy-five per cent of the value of all crops, and was worth only thirty millions less than all the manufactured goods. In 1923, however, cotton accounted for only thirty per cent of the total value of the agricultural products, which by that time had grown three-fold. Millions of dollars were being annually poured into the State by such new products as tobacco, peanuts, pecans, melons, and fruit. Great strides had been made in all forms of diversified farming. In other words, we have had an agricultural revolution.

The changes in agriculture tell only part of the story. During this century the amount invested in manufacturing has grown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from $79,000,000 to $448,000,000; the product of our cotton mills alone has increased from $18,500,000 to $192,000,000; the pounds of lint consumed from 145,000,000 to 477,000,000. Mineral products have advanced three-fold in value. These facts indicate an industrial revolution. Georgia is fast becoming a manufacturing state of importance. The value of the manufactured products in 1920 exceeded the value of the farm products and crops in 1900 by one hundred per cent.

Meanwhile, bank deposits have increased from $33,000,000 to $282,000,000; railway mileage has grown rapidly; millions are being annually expended on improving the highways; in the development of hydro-electric power only one Southern state has outstripped Georgia. Cheap power is the prime requisite for industrial development.

Have any dividends in cultural values been realized from this better utilization of the State's economic resources? I believe I am on firm ground when I venture an affirmative answer. With the total wealth of Georgia growing from $936,000,000 in 1900 to $3,896,000,000 in 1920, and with the people enjoying an annual income of more than seven hundred millions, it would be strange indeed if there were not noticeable a revival of interest in those matters which make for social betterment and a higher standard of culture. Private fortunes are accumulating and the general well-being is improving. Georgians now have some leisure, some relief from the grind of bread-winning, without which there can be little cultured existence. Thousands of them are annually visiting other parts of this country and Europe, and they are bringing back what our more eminent clerical reactionary has called the "pernicious leaven of liberalism"; in ever increasing numbers our young people are resorting to Northern educational centres for postgraduate work in the arts and sciences. Returning home, they are modifying traditional attitudes on ethical and religious questions and are contributing much towards industrial and educational progress. Educated young men are taking more interest in politics than formerly. More than fifty alumni of the University were members of the last General Assembly and almost uniformly they were to be found on the side of liberal and progressive legislation. A few wealthy citizens are coming to look upon their fortunes as a public trust and to give more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberally to education. Notable instances are the six and a half millions given Emory University by Asa G. Candler and the endowment of the School of Business Administration at Oglethorpe University by the Lowrys of Atlanta. Several successful campaigns for funds have been conducted by the colleges of the State. In 1921 the University obtained from alumni and friends pledges totaling more than a million dollars. This was the first effort of the kind ever made in Georgia on a large scale. Half of the sum has been collected and devoted to erecting handsome buildings on the University campus.

The State as a political unit is also finding itself able to invest more in education. When compared with other states, Georgia seems to be doing little for public education; when the comparison is with her own past, however, the matter takes on another aspect. Increased property values are producing larger revenues, and nearly all the increment goes into educational channels. In 1900, for instance, the State appropriated for the elementary schools only $1,440,000; by 1926 the figures had grown to $5,000,000; and in addition the local government-units now provide upwards of $13,000,000 annually for educational purposes, whereas in 1900 only $367,000 was obtained from local sources. The enrolment in the elementary schools meanwhile grew from 423,467 to 703,570 in 1924. The University until the beginning of this century never received from the State any regular support. In 1900 for the first time the Legislature placed the institution on the annual appropriations bill. The maintenance provided was $22,500; the enrolment was only 280. For 1926, the University maintenance is $250,000, — miserably inadequate, it is true, but progress must be admitted. The enrolment is now upwards of 1,500 long-term students.

The progress of the University and of other higher educational institutions, in terms of numbers of students enrolled, was for many years retarded by the lack of sufficient secondary schools of high grade. Twenty years ago the University took that matter in hand and began to build up the high schools. A system of standardization and inspection was established, schools which met the standard being permitted to certify their graduates into the Freshman class of the University. In 1904 when this system was inaugurated, there were seven public and four private high

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schools that met the requirements; these schools enrolled 3556 pupils, and the University received by certification forty-three students. At present the accredited schools number 309, with an enrolment in 1926 of 43,512; the graduates numbered this year 9380, and the University now receives annually about 500 Freshmen by certification. Is not this an educational revolution?

Not all those high school graduates who go to college enter the University. Other state-supported institutions and the denominational and private colleges are finding their facilities taxed to the utmost to accommodate the swelling throng of applicants. During this century, for example, the student body at Georgia School of Technology has grown from 463 to 2636; that of Emory University from 279 to 1929. Hundreds, even thousands, of students are being denied admission to Georgia colleges every year because there is no room for them. There is no more distressing problem to-day in the State than that of accommodating the great influx of new students. Through church support the denominational colleges are being provided with buildings and increased teaching force; the private institutions are finding it profitable to increase their investment in equipment; but the state institutions, which should be pointing the way to the others, are wofully lagging behind in the race. Responsibility for this situation rests with the people, who thus far have been unwilling to make the necessary changes in the tax system to produce the required revenue.

Two inexorable conditions work mightily against our cultural progress. One of these is that Georgia has within her borders more Negroes than any other state, — a higher percentage of the total than in any other states excepting South Carolina and Mississippi. We can never as a state wholly overcome this obstacle. Georgia's low rank in all statistical tabulations bearing on the cultural side of life is due largely to the great proportion of Negroes among us. The other retarding condition is the fact that Georgia is predominantly a rural state. The cultural advancement of the world has always been due principally to city influences. Whereas fifty-one per cent of the population of the United States is urban, only twenty-five per cent in Georgia is so classed. Rural conservatism and rural standards must for many years impede our progress. This is said in no disparagement of country

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people. I know their virtues and their strength as well as their unreceptivity to new ideas. Most of my own immediate kin are country people.

Despite these obstacles Georgia is making real progress in the education of the masses. This fact and the remarkable increase in the demand for higher education afford the most convincing proof of cultural advance in my estimation. At the bottom of the ladder the result is seen in the decline of white illiteracy from 12 per cent to 5.5 since 1900, and of Negro illiteracy from 52.3 to 29.1. It should be remembered that in 1870 the Negroes were practically one hundred per cent illiterate. Incidentally, the widespread idea that Georgia ranks last in literacy should be corrected. In total illiteracy five states, four of them southern, are in worse condition; and in white illiteracy eight states, all southern but one, fall below Georgia. At the top of the ladder our better educated people are showing greater interest in purifying state politics, and in the encouragement of art and music, — the annual opera season in Atlanta and the musical festival in Athens are evidences of this. Earnest work is being done by groups of men and women in bettering interracial relations. The women are rapidly organizing for participation in politics, and their influence is on the side of cultural progress. The growth of a more liberal spirit is evidenced by such matters as the creation of training schools for wayward boys and girls; the establishment of juvenile courts; the passage of a child labor law that is regarded by experts as one of the best in the country; the enactment of the compulsory education law with provision for truant officers; the setting up of a state Board of Health, and of a State Board of Public Welfare, with wide powers of supervision over all institutions of an eleemosynary character; the passage of the vital statistics law and the workman's compensation act; and the current activities of the Children's Code Commission.

Other signs of progress are not wanting. Mr. Boyd says that the Ku Klux Klan has Georgia within its grasp. The fact is that the Klan is hardly taken seriously anywhere in Georgia. On September 8 the Democratic primary, — equivalent to election, — occurred. The Klan candidate for Governor received less than seven per cent of the votes cast and carried only seven of the one hundred and sixty-one counties. The Klan specifically

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

centred its fire on Judge Hines of the Supreme Court, who had angered the brotherhood by a speech made during the summer. Not only was Judge Hines renominated, but he received four votes to his opponent's one. Indeed, in all the major contests the Klansmen and those reputed to be Klan sympathizers appear to have been overwhelmingly defeated.

Georgia once enjoyed unenviable primacy as a lynching state; she has now almost eradicated that stigma. During the last days of August we had our first lynching of this year, a white man charged with the murder of a woman being the victim. Last year there was only one lynching. The officers of the counties are taking a very different stand in this matter from that of a few years ago, a reflection, of course, of the changing public opinion.

I may mention, finally, the fact that the Legislature has in two separate sessions emphatically declined to follow the lead of Tennessee and other states in outlawing the teaching of evolution. A permanent victory, we hope and believe, has been won.

We in Georgia would take some comfort from the generous recognition on the part of Northern people that not all of us are political mountebanks, religious zealots, Fundamentalists, heresy hunters, haters of science, baiters of Jews and Catholics, and persecutors of Negroes. These elements of the population are unfortunately numerous everywhere: the problem of eradicating the canker spots in American life is not sectional but national. An occasional sojourner from the North among us finds something to commend, as witness the words of Carl Van Doren after his visit to Georgia last year:

> "I encountered liberality towards new ideas, keenness on the part of the students for learning, and a delightful lack of that standardization of type which is to be found in the North and East and which is so deadly to anything creative or thoughtful. . . . Education in Georgia is forging ahead. The Youth of the state is keen-minded, and the University is one of the most enlightened schools in the country with great possibilities of reaching the top in the world of learning, if it is not hampered by politics and lack of funds."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

WHEN "The Temporal Power of Evangelism", by Washington Pezet, appeared in the October Forum, a good many of us were not wholly surprised. So much of this tendency on the part of modern churches to imitate mediaeval Rome had affronted us in various ways, such a flood of evangelical propaganda had poured over our desks, that we already suspected there was "a nigger in the woodpile". Mr. Pezet's revelations were rather specific and alarming, to be sure; it is well to have our suspicions so clearly confirmed; still, we weren't knocked plumb over. Similarly, when Dr. Wilson comes out in the current Forum with "Methodist Rights in Politics", a good many of us are not at all surprised. We just knew he would.

But when we put these two articles side by side, there is no word violent enough to describe our loss of breath. If Dr. Wilson and his Board are indisputable agents of Almighty God, as they apparently assume themselves to be, Mr. Pezet must be the accredited agent of the devil. For the two points of view are entirely irreconcilable. Indeed, there is no room for the amiable "*both . . . ander*" here. The American citizen who respects himself must make an emphatic "*either . . . or*" decision. He cannot agree in the slightest detail with Mr. Pezet and tolerate for a moment the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Or, if Dr. Wilson's spell works mightily in him, he must lie awake nights devising ways and means to convert Mr. Pezet.

The only way to discredit Mr. Pezet's article, so far as I can see, is to begin with the assumption that he is a godless young man. No use to say he is mistaken. He is occupied with facts. He just doesn't understand the simple truth, revealed by Dr. Wilson, that any government which hasn't got a king to hold it together must be a theocracy if it is to endure. This is not altogether a new revelation. In fact, it was persistently revealed, as I recall my history, for about a century, — when it broke down (1755), just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like the one-horse shay. Of course, it was rather a ruin when Jefferson and those other hopeless doctrinaires attempted to set up a democracy; but it has been restored, as Mr. Pezet himself is at pains to point out. If he refuses to accept it, so much the worse, — no, that is unchristian; rather, pray for his soul.

But suppose one takes the other point of view. I know an unregenerate wretch who says, "I should rather be enslaved to drink and know it is the devil, than be enslaved to an obsession and pretend it is God." If that blasphemous but essentially honest fellow came along, he might take a good many pot-shots at Dr. Wilson's article. He might cite, for example, the statement that the Methodist Board "has never spent a minute in securing government positions for Methodists", and point out that this virtuous disavowal really *covers up* the fact that the Board has spent a good many minutes in preventing the election of legislators not to its mind. The method is perfectly simple, quite legitimate, and most pernicious. You flood a certain district with propaganda till you set up a state of passion (mistaken for a state of mind) in favor of a particular bill. Mr. Legislator presently discovers that his tenure of office depends upon his voting in accordance with that state of passion. All you need is organization, sufficient to bear "the continuous strain of a whole aggressive campaign." Of such organization Dr. Wilson boasts. But my unregenerate friend calls it Jesuitical. He says that he hates Jesuits, and that he hates Methodists, too, when they act like Jesuits. Of course he is unregenerate, but I suppose he has a right to his opinion.

Again, "If the Church does not promote morality, who will?" That's just the point. Why isn't the Church busy preaching and teaching righteousness instead of stampeding constituencies and frightening legislators?

But I don't think much of the pot-shot method of refutation. Dr. Wilson is no doubt, as Mr. Pezet says, a sincere and courteous gentleman, and I would not obscure the issue by what might be mistaken for personal criticisms. It is the general character of Dr. Wilson's defense and of similar defenses which is chiefly significant. They appear to cover the ground, but they don't really meet the issue. Their reasoning is shot through with the assumption that the work of their organizations is unques-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionably God's work. One is reminded of Dean Inge's comment on the prevalent assumption in political thinking that we must be progressing, that "what is 'coming' must be right". "It enables the disputant," says Dean Inge, "to overbear questions of right and wrong by confident prediction, a method which has the double advantage of being peculiarly irritating and incapable of refutation."

The real issue is, just what have religion and morals to do with politics? Of course they ought to have a good deal to do with politics; but to a Pedestrian mind that means that our politicians should be good men, not that our men who think they are good should organize boards under the name of a church and try to influence bad politicians to be good in their particular way. American government becomes a joke when we elect A, B, and C, yet know that the Government will not be as they, our representatives, might of themselves make it, but will be as some religious group dictates. Calling itself *religious*, it is organized carefully for *secular* purposes, exactly as other religious groups which have exercised temporal power have been organized in the past. Perhaps the Methodist Board, rather ingenuous, has not yet grossly abused such power (to me its very existence postulates abuse), but the Anti-Saloon League, as Mr. Wheeler has recently admitted with astonishing cynicism, boasts of the way it "put prohibition over". Yet it takes cover behind a mask of religion.

Now it may be a fine thing to have our Government in the hands of pseudo-religious groups, whether ingenuous or disingenuous. But, if such is the case, we ought to have the privilege of voting for A, B, and C, not as Democrats or Republicans, but as representatives of religious groups. That might bring the real issue out into the open. For example, let's state it baldly but frankly. A certain candidate, let us say, is a Roman Catholic, not incidentally, as his private affair, but politically; committed to vote in favor of the platform (save the mark!) of his Church. How we should howl repudiation, — even in Boston! But why should we repudiate the political tool of a Catholic organization and not repudiate the tool of a Protestant one? The only possible answer is the antiquated one that Rome is the Woman of Babylon, etc., while the Protestant Evangelicals are the Elect of God.

Yet the lust for power, I suppose, is just as devilish in an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evangelist as in anyone else, — unless, of course, the end justifies the means for him and not for others! To a mere Pedestrian mind, though, these militant reformers, instead of promoting the progress of mankind, are in point of fact wrecking the hard-earned gains of centuries, unconsciously asking for another Reformation, so that the private mind can again be free. Dr. Wilson admits almost as much, in spite of his claims. He says that "our preachers have forgotten how to preach the temperance sermon", and that they "have trusted to law and government". Nothing could reveal more strikingly than this "undesigned testimony" where the mind and heart of the Church really are, — on *political*, not on *religious*, affairs. "The hungry sheep look up" and are fed social and economic propaganda; and that requires "National Headquarters" in Washington.

It may seem fantastic, but it is certainly logical, to argue that people who try to force morals through legislation are among the most immoral people on earth. It seems fantastic, moreover, only because we have come to associate immorality solely with improper conduct. But the most insidious and the most powerful form of immorality is the obsession of self-righteousness in an individual, of dogma in a church. It perverts political growth; it benumbs mental growth; it is an absolute barrier to spiritual growth.

Why not fight fire with fire? Why not organize, flood the land with propaganda, "drag God into it," and legislate pseudo-reformers into silence? Well, simply because any who attempted to do that (were it possible!) would be employing the same devilish tactics as they; would prove just as unworthy repositories of temporal power as other self-appointed reformers.

The only way to oppose this sort of thing is to laugh at it, till laughter itself is *verboten;* — then to nullify with a hearty Gargantuan roar.

"Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POETRY

COMEDIENNE

DEATH is more drear in the city,
Deeper its gloom;
Death must be done with so quickly,
Life must resume;

And the dim room where I hold him,
Grudging the ground,
Is a cool cavern of silence
Walled in by sound.

Outside a gay hurdy-gurdy
Gathers its throng,
Roistering "Mama loves Papa", —
He hummed that song!

Outside the vagabond children
Frolic and cry, —
Last week we two talked of children . . .
Ours . . . he and I . . .

His ears are lost to their laughter
Which like a knife
Pierces me, hopelessly pinioned
'Twixt death and life.

Love lies a crated and silent
Bundle of dust, —
Next week I too shall be laughing,
Next week I must!

— *John Hanlon*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SENTENCED

DIM the star; the bars stand blacker,
Sharper to the light.
And a cry, like fire unfettered,
Snaps the links of night.

Hail the echo! Hail the morning!
Pallor strikes the wall.
Now the final voice of daybreak
Heralds out my fall.

O my bone, my blood, my sinew,
For the deeds I do,
Must the splendor straining in you
Shiver into dew?

I must go a restless journey,
Crying for the breath I drew,
For the exaltation surging
In the veins I knew;

Crying for my pride behind me,
Through the dim wastes I shall go;
Through the endless wastes, and never
Feel the wind, and never know

How a bird is gladly singing
In the blowing sunlight, how
All the ecstasy of living
Floods my spirit now.

. . . . . .

All the light is torn and shaken
By the anguish of a bell!
O my life, my bone, my power,
O my body, fare you well!

— *Katharine Perkins*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REALITY

SOME were reality, —
Yes, but the most
Perhaps like an image,
Perhaps like a ghost;
Things that she still must speak
Courteously to,
Knowing that what she touched
She might glide through.

The lifelong women
Who went and came
Seemed slipping shadows
Beside the flame
Of a swift girl passing
One April day,
Who gave her, smiling,
A bunch of red may.

He who for thirty years
Slept at her side
Was less a real thing
After he died
Than the boy who kissed her
Her seventeenth Spring
Because he thought kisses
A light enough thing.

Some was reality,
But not much, —
Her hand went through
If she tried to touch . . .
Like a film of ashes
Year crumbled from year
The one burning moment
She got God clear.

— *Margaret Widdemer*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OREGON OCTOBER

I KNOW October by brave bloom that lingers,
Crowding long beauty into respite brief,
By wisps of fog between the dark fir-fingers,
By sodden grasses, and by fall of leaf.

Yes, and by hills, that, like some circus mummer,
Prank themselves out to hide their slow decay,
Painting their wrinkles with a hue of summer
That mimics sunshine on the rainiest day.

Thus do I know October; by the daring
Of cob-web wheels that flaunt their gems at noon,
And the thick cloud-wrap all the world is wearing,
Like a dark worm that spins a white cocoon.

This spells October: this, the calm abating
Of sap and pulse in an enchantment deep;
This, the calm hush, and this, the peaceful waiting;
The earth lies down, but falls not yet asleep.

– *Frances Holmstrom*

ODD!

GOD made, they say, ten thousand races,
With fins or wings or beaks or faces.
And from them all He chose and blest
A certain species He liked best.

To me it seems a little odd
And just a trifle hard on God,
That those alone He chose as best
Should eagerly destroy the rest!

— *John Russell McCarthy*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISCOVERY

BY

MARIAN STORM

Illustrations by

F. GONZÁLEZ GAMARRA

Continued from page 737

the shadows, — the peace and silence and the good dark?"

"If I knew how long they were going to last!"

"I love the good dark. Dear God, how I wished for it, toward the end, back home! When the physical passions have died and the mind itself grows sleepy, then the shadows are best. I always was sort of an old bat, you know, a prober of the darkness."

"But I don't know! I can't make myself remember. You were somebody famous, I think, and when I watch you and hear you talk that way I see a worn place in the carpet in the living-room, and old Colonel Bownes talking about Shiloh and Kenesaw Mountain, but I can't, I can't . . ."

He burst out laughing, — it was almost a cackle, — and suddenly was grave again. "For all those hard years I longed and suffered and fought for a little fame. It seemed to me that I must wrest it from them! I feared that the bitterness in my heart would poison me, — I think it did. Then when recognition began to come, perhaps it was too late. Anyway, I didn't want it any more. I knew what I needed, — range after range of lonely mountains, and purple valleys full of sleep. Then, I said to myself, the good dark. I have earned my euthanasia, — I will go to meet it. And now I am happy, for beyond all hope I have found euthanasia, the easy death, the death that is like a dream."

I could not speak. I sat staring at him.

"But I am glad to have a companion in the shadows. I find that every thread has not been cut. There are moments when I know the absurdity of loneliness."

"If this solitude, this profound contemplation are everything, then are human contacts vain to you, — are people nothing, and all the warmth . . ."

"Remember that I am speaking here in extreme old age. There are times when the good dark is best, there are men who must seek it." He sat up straight, and the blue veins stood out upon his pallid hands, tense upon the arms of the chair. "All that is worth while in life is the love you have had for a few people near you. But that survives the shadows, — that is the one radiant thing."

He sank back. "If I talk on, — these old words of mine, — you will soon know who I am. No one outside the caves must get news of that, but why should I not tell you, who are deep within?"

"For pity, now, speak to me plainly! Tell me what has happened to me, — where I am, — why the Indians have not helped me leave. I don't care about the gold dishes, — it would take more than treasure to bring me back in here. I'll go mad among these awful shadows. I hate your good dark, — truly, I cannot stand it. It is a frightful situation . . ."

"Smoke. Sit down again." The old man motioned serenely. "You can't expect to tumble into Pluto's palace and get right out. Remember Persephone! I will tell you what you re up against, — frankness was my failing. You are destined for sacrifice, but not till Spring comes again. That's the only time we hold these ceremonies."

"Sacrifice in that pool?"

"The *cenote*, the sacred well. But we'll find some escape, perhaps. Gradually we'll contrive some plan. The Indians consider it a great honor to be chosen as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

victim. You saw the light on that young girl's face."

"I can hardly be expected to have the same point of view."

"Wait, and understand. What you have come upon, by virtue of your extraordinary accident, is a faint survival of the life of other ages. I think you were rather hypnotized by the ceremonial drums, but if you had studied our little gathering calmly you'd have seen that all the dancers and celebrants were just common Indians from the hills around and the village beyond the caves. They are the only ones who know the way to this second gallery of chambers that the river has worn out. While those above us are delivered to the tourist, worshipers who remember their old gods hold their rites in here.

"The treasure that you see was hidden in the *monte*, in the first years of the Conquest. Centuries ago they brought it all to our caves. There are golden chests, full of jewelry, of turquoise and jade, tiny golden replicas of the gods. Oh, it's a great place!" He smiled. "It wouldn't do for the Indians to come here in numbers, — the secret would get out. We hold but a single festival each year, — the one you witnessed, the rite of Spring."

"Why did they let me see it, then?"

"They believe you were miraculously sent by the sacred river, — holy and predestined. The oracle has declared that 'one of pale skin' must seek the augury next year, and you arrived so pat!"

I had to calm myself and find out all I could. I asked him what augury?

"In the depths of the well is the answer to all mysteries. The occult powers which dwell there know when the Indian's Good Year is to be, and will warn him when it draws near. Every Spring one of my flock is chosen by divine indication to go down and see if the great hour is yet at hand. The day that a victim comes back from those waters will usher in the reign of the Indian in the land once more and all shall be as it was under his empire. They hope, always, that the sacrifice will rise to the surface and reveal the marvels seen, but in the years since I have been officiating none has returned. To be quite frank, I believe that the well is bottomless, — that it leads to the underground river."

"And flows out into the sun again! Dear God, the blessed sun!"

"The air that blows to us down the channel is warm and dry, you see."

"Are you without compassion, whoever you were, since you've turned barbarian? Do you feel no pity for the poor creatures thrown into that black water?"

"Why pity? It is a painless, an exalted, a privileged death. Their lives are none too happy, and if they can die in a magnificent illusion, — what better fate to wish them?"

"I decline the privilege. Already I've thought of a way to get out, whether you help me or not."

"Try this superb red banana. I want for nothing in here, you see. Now the situation is this:" — He might have been opening a business conference, — "There are four old women who cook and wait upon me in pairs, — María and Catalina, Carlota and Lola. They come before sunrise and leave at dusk. They bring fruits and vegetables, attend to my laundry, provide everything I really need. They come and go by the one way out of these caverns, and that is guarded perpetually by a sentinel with a long and silencing knife. The centuries have gone by, and the secret has not been betrayed."

"You forget that they may send a rescuing party after me."

"They will not find these caves. If you got out, you yourself would never know how to come back."

I pondered with hidden face. There was a long interval.

"I know what you have been thinking of. You fancy that you can escape by way of the stream, as you came."

"God, no! I wouldn't go back into that horror."

"Well, it would be more sensible, now, if we were to take our rest, and go on with our conference another time. After all, there are three hundred and sixty-four days in which to discuss your plight . . ."

I don't know how long I slept. What's a day, where there are no clocks nor calendars? Catalina had rigged up a blissful couch in the dining-cave, with soft pelts and serapes, and I was still a-shiver from my cold swim. When I woke the patient brown women were crouching near me, making coffee over the tiny stove. They had brought me a pair of Indian sandals to replace my soaked shoes.

The old man wasn't around when I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went out into his study. I poked about, hoping that without being either dishonorable or rude I might find something that would piece together those fragments of remembrance, so that at last I should be able to speak his name, — his famous name, I was sure, — and so end this tumult of questions in my mind. He had many books which told me nothing: paper-covered books in foreign languages which the Indians had probably brought in to him from city shops.

Longingly, I eyed that portfolio. No, it was not the sort of thing one did. Still, in desperate situations . . . I was saved from temptation by the sound of his slow footsteps shuffling over the stones of the entrance passage.

"Give me a hand down, will you? I've been bathing a bit in the sacred well. But you musn't do it. You are profane. And good day."

"Good morning, if it is morning."

"When will you comprehend that here you are free of clocks? I only keep track of the years themselves by that Spring rite of ours. Somebody's been in my books, — I don't mind at all. Let's have coffee." He sat down with a satisfied air. "I never miss my exercise." The keen eyes gleamed over at me with amusement. "My excellent houris know only Spanish and their Indian tongue. We may talk."

"O host, O avatar," I said, "you eluded all my questions last night. But I'm going to keep them up till I find out how you got in here yourself. Be sure of that."

"Gladly. A little sugar? Why, you see, I rather look like an old demigod, — like that lost leader whom they're always expecting to return and lead them back into their ancient empire. I, the Great Futilitarian, minister to such an absurd hope!" I started. Who was it that used to be called the Great Futilitarian, — what famous and pugnacious man, — where had I heard or read the phrase? "But these poor people," he went on calmly, "are not sufficiently educated to do without hope." He gravely trimmed the jeweled lamp.

"Well, this country was full of the reddest kind of war when I reached it. I knew that beforehand, of course. It was partly what I came for. But I had no money and no clothes except my old black suit, so nobody bothered to shoot me. I wandered about pretty much as I pleased, and enjoyed the danger immensely. Finally in the little village off there I heard about these caves, — the ones the tourists visit now. 'That must really be,' I thought, 'the heart of the hills, where a man could rest forever.'"

He paused prosaically to explain to Catalina that bacon must be crisp. "But I couldn't find them. No one but the Indians could, then, so I gave them up and stayed on in the village to see if I could learn to speak the old tongue, — I was a bright pupil, too! One day I got me a little canoe and started to paddle down the Chuchilango. I was always interested in water-life, and the callas and Agrippina lilies were beautiful along the banks. The surroundings were so sweetly dreamy that, I am obliged to confess, I went to sleep. The current must have done the rest, for I woke up in absolute darkness, with the bow of my craft against the wire that fortunately halted you. I've no idea of where the river enters the mountain to this day.

"From that moment the question of my destiny, — what was left of it, — was settled, because it has been foretold that the immortal priest and leader will return to his people 'on the stream of darkness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a little bark.' That's well known. I dare say you've read it. Presently, of course, they will discover that I am not immortal and that another must herald their new day, but meantime I really enjoy the life, and I am very proud of my command of the language. You heard how sonorously I used it!"

Again he surrendered himself to that refreshing chuckle.

"Somehow, it all pleases me," he said. "You know, I have loved the macabre. These caverns are such places as my mind had visited a thousand times."

"The macabre?" How long would my wits hesitate exasperatingly upon the brink of recognition? The iving-room . . . talk and reading . . . winter and lamplight . . . "Tell me who you are!"

"I am the interpreter of darkness. He is at peace at last, satisfied beyond his utmost hopes, here in his 'Land beyond the Blow'. I nurse no wish to leave. The world that I hurried from in 1913 had nothing to offer surpassing this, — utter solitude, rich with legend, unceasing contemplation. In these caverns I have written astounding tales, pages of epigram, a hundred glowing poems, and thrown them all into the sacred well. Don't you know yet who I am?"

"Forgive me, — I think of you and hate."

"Yes, hate is creative energy, as I wrote. But now at the dusk of life one wants peace, not hate, so I stay."

"You came here a refugee from the United States. . . . "

"Ah, pray say, a refugee from life as I'd grown weary of it. I told myself, one day: 'Off in the South are purple valleys, full of sleep,' and then I went, in my old black suit, with my faithful cane, and in time the good dark received its son. I came with a hunger and thirst for the mountains, for rest, for this good dark. My eyes were never for noon. Child, I have found them all."

"And you send back never a sign?"

"All the way, as I set out, they pestered me with questions, — newspapers, the insatiable hosts of the curious. And I told some one thing and some another. Really, I can't remember just what. 'So many things may happen!' I said. None of them, you see, could have understood what drove me, had I told."

I bent toward him. The light floated in the jeweled bowl between us. "Your supreme purpose, to discover the stronghold of solitude, and peace?"

"For a man like me who has lived so long, what can be as blessed? I do not lose, remember, the love which I have cherished for a few. It grows here in the loneliness, and has become divine. When you have passed eighty you understand the heart. Better. I was right, — hate is creative, but it burns out, and love burns on." The keen blue eyes were searching the shadows. "It was all very long ago. Now I do not count even the years.

"After all," he said, as if to himself, holding a yellow mango up for admiration, "after all, I told them I'd no notion how long I should remain."

"You need not return. Only help me."

"After Shiloh and Chickamauga, after those clustered bitter years, I've earned my euthanasia. Have I not suffered almost as much as Christ? Is it not time to rest now?"

"Yet for one minute come back to realities and help me find a way out of these caves!"

He looked up and smiled. "You wish to go, truly? But you will tell them where I am, and the rest would be horror. So you must not go."

"I will promise anything you say. I keep my word."

"Never to tell of this until you know that I am dead? *Know* it, remember!"

"Never, — in the name of your cave gods and of my Own."

"Anyway, you don't know who I am."

"I don't? But listen: In front of our bookcase in the living room there was a worn place in the carpet, and I used to sit right there when I was a child, and read the books on the bottom shelf. They were in a long set, and they lasted me for years. I liked them because the stories were so awful, and everyone kept saying I ought not to read them. There was a picture of you in the first book, but you looked very different then, and it didn't help me much.

"Old Captain Bownes used to talk about you with my father, and I'd hear little bits while I sat there and read. He told of fighting at Shiloh and Chickamauga. He said you had a temper, all right, when you were a boy! *Ashes of the Beacon . . . Can Such Things Be? . . .*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Land beyond the Blow . . . In the Midst of Life . . . I remember now so well! You are Ambrose Bierce."

He sat still, as if he had not heard me, motionless as the stone gods. After a long time he spoke. "Not here in my caverns. Not in the good dark." He rose stiffly and felt for his ebony cane. "Give me a hand up the passage," he said. "I've thought of something."

He made his way into the hall of the idols. There they sat in their unceasing conclave, staring at the onyx surface of the sacred well. "It is better for me, too, if you can go. . . . You burst in here and trouble my good dark . . . remind me. . . . " Suddenly he stopped.

"Somewhere by the altar here," he murmured, "is one of those long obsidian knives that they used to take out hearts with. But that was long ago. The knife fitted into a gold sheath, — ah, here we are! It has a jagged edge. I was thinking that with patience it could sever strands of the wire that bars your way downstream."

"Oh, to swim again in that cold black water, not knowing where?"

"There is this drum," he said, still with that air of deep abstraction, "this fine long hollow log, a buoyant bark for you. I will strip off the serpent skins. The guard does not watch this chamber. They trust in the wire, but I think that you can saw the strands. Now I am going back to my study. I am very tired."

But he fumbled about until he found another of the black glass knives and cut the snakeskin cover. "Perhaps it will float," he said cheerfully, pushing it beneath the altar. "In any case, don't come back here and speak to me of things which I have forgotten!"

Breathless, I was crouching at the edge of the swift water, fingering the wire.

"Bon voyage!" he said, low. I turned and saw that he was still standing near his private passageway. All the humor had rekindled in the piercing blue eyes. He smiled, lifting his ebony staff. "I would only convince you, child, that whatever happens to you is not very important, after all. When we no longer tremble, then comes peace."

I have always hoped that I answered gratefully his serene farewell: "I light no beacon for you here. Sail on out of my shadows."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilhelm Hohenzollern

A Biography by Emil Ludwig

Translation by Ethel Colburn Mayne

FIFTH INSTALMENT—"SYCOPHANTS AND SCANDALS"

TIRPITZ came on the scene.

The Emperor always had a good eye for finding men qualified to carry out his wishes, and in this instance he certainly fished out the most gifted officer in his Navy. Even in the Army, Tirpitz scarcely had his match in energy, sagacity, and courage. Unlike all those hitherto surrounding the Emperor, he disdained to flatter him, knew what he wanted, and was a prey to no corroding vice, — a specialist who combined a genuine passion for his calling with the profoundest knowledge of it. Tirpitz had only one failing, — he told lies. At Court he was called "the Story-Teller".

The Last of the Kaisers
From a Drawing by Johan Bull

He had to lie. The German battle-fleet had to be built if the diplomats were ever to come to an understanding with England. To this end he invented two slogans, "Emergency Fleet" and "Danger Period". Such a fleet would keep England from creating the "emergency"; and Germany had only a few years to get through the "danger period", during which her building would be objectionable to England and therefore dangerous to herself. These slogans were on everyone's lips, and only the skeptics said that England would surely keep pace with Germany and the "period" be everlasting. Tirpitz himself believed not a word of it all. He was a sailor, and what he wanted was a fleet strong enough to challenge England in, say, twenty years' time.

To any one acquainted with the character, history, and position of England, Tirpitz's idea could only appear absurd, since the strongest naval power could not possibly concede an equal fleet to the strongest military power, without endangering her own existence. Without a fleet, Germany could be with England, — with a fleet, she had to be against her. Hence England offered an alliance at a time when, as Tirpitz writes, Germany could not be sure "whether the political step was risked for the sake of sea-power pure and simple, or was to be regarded, in its entirety, as a definite demonstration of friendship." Tirpitz won over the Emperor for the battle-fleet in a couple of conversations, was appointed Secretary of State of the Imperial Navy in the summer of '97, obtained his first demands from Hohenlohe in September, and when Bülow assumed office in November, confronted him with a *fait accompli*. Bülow would have had to be an expert to discern the future of fleet-building in the aspect it then presented.

For from the very first it was necessary for Tirpitz to lie. Only seven ships of the line were asked for, but in this skeleton proposal there lay, well-nigh imperceptibly, provision for thirty-eight, and in the succeeding estimates the new leviathans figured as smaller types. These deceptions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were known at the time to a few initiates, but not to the representatives of the people. Nevertheless, Tirpitz had great difficulty in restraining the Emperor from premature bragging. When in the Autumn of '99 the second Navy Bill struck the first note of *Weltpolitik*, he tried in vain to prevent an Imperial speech at the launching of a ship. The Emperor was incapable of quiet, long-drawn-out achievement. He must always create a sensation, and that at once; and so, instead of unobtrusively building up sea-power like the Japanese, he delivered a resounding oration with the refrain: "Stern necessity demands a mighty German fleet!"

It was in vain that the Emperor was advised to "guard our Fleet as a precious indispensable secret, and let the English hear and see as little as possible of it." Beside these words of Bernstorff's he merely wrote: "Out of the question!" Doing the exact reverse of what had been suggested, he once more revealed his inner motive. "The Fleet alone gives me the necessary prestige in England," he said in 1904, and decided to show himself to Edward in his new glory without delay. When at last, for the first time in many years, the latter came to Germany, the Emperor on his yacht at Kiel was in a tremendous state of excitement. "He personally superintended the smallest details in the decoration of the 'Hohenzollern'. An immense awning was stretched over the promenade-deck, there were marvellous arrangements of flowers, little fountains and waterfalls tinkled and splashed refreshingly in every direction. A dinner for one hundred and eight persons, and a tea-party for two hundred and twenty, were given in honor of the King. The Emperor took all these matters so seriously that he was fully dressed three-quarters of an hour before the festivities were to begin, walking restlessly up and down the deck, and scarcely able to endure the waiting."

But at last he could parade the entire German fleet before King Edward. That was his moment. Now he could impress the detested uncle who had said, five years before, "Let him play with his Fleet." But unfortunately he impressed him too much. For the King soon forgot flowers and tea-party, even the waterfalls, but not the strength and up-to-dateness of the ships he had seen. Perturbed and reflective, he returned to his island. Two months later, the press and the House of Commons began the campaign against German fleet-building, — the Navy Scare, — and this time the statesmen gave the signal. Lord Fisher suggested doing with this German Fleet as of yore with the Danish. The King promised Delcassé English ships against Germany. At the British Admiralty, Lord Lee envisaged a surprise attack and for the first time in fifty years sent a squadron to the Baltic. There was open talk of landing one hundred thousand English in Schleswig. The ball had been set rolling, — henceforth there would be no stopping it.

Nerves Not Madness

The Emperor's nervous temperament had long been a theme for private discussion, and after his abdication was publicly analyzed by psychiatrists. Now that we have reached the middle of his life, and of our delineation, we propose to enlarge upon this subject. In the year 1919, patriotic Germans sought to prove that the Emperor was mentally deranged, in the hope of convincing the enemy that he was innocent of responsibility for the War. That effort was superfluous, for with this eminently unheroic monarch there could never have been any question of set purpose, but only of how far his recklessness had involved him. Hitherto there has been no point in discussing his nervous condition. As a private individual, William the Second would not be declared legally irresponsible in any court of law by a physician who knew his business. It is true that such gifted and complex natures as his are never normal, — they are always on the dividing-line; but while it may please the psychiatrist to set him down as a case of neurosis, the psychologist will seek to avoid this suggestion of disease, and will account for him simply and naturally as the inevitable product of heredity, environment, and lack of control and opposition.

The only important doubts as to his normalcy are those formulated at an earlier date. Waldersee wrote, when the Emperor was thirty-two, "It is said that many people, and especially doctors, are quite openly debating whether, — possibly in connection with the ear-trouble, —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there may not be some very gradual process of mental derangement." When he was thirty-seven: "Since the Scandinavian trip, the old affliction in the ear has set in again, and depresses him badly. His nerves have repeatedly broken down since this re-appeared. . . . If any great political disappointment were now to occur, which is always possible, it would mean a complete collapse." In his forty-fourth year his physician Leuthold reports: "We must have recourse to a stay in one of the spas, under a strict régime." But Eulenburg, warning Bülow, writes as follows: "I want to give you a hint of the gradual alteration in the mental and psychical condition of our dear sovereign. It is difficult to convey the idea, but you will understand the bearing of my letter. . . . I may add that the crisis would certainly not, — as so many fear (or hope), — take the form of mental derangement, but that of nervous prostration."

Now, when so sagacious and intimate a companion fears nothing worse than nervous prostration at the worst moment, one may expect a definite answer to the crucial pathological question in the Emperor's reaction to the greatest crisis of all. Neither at the beginning nor the end of the War was he even for a moment mentally deranged. After all that has befallen him, he is to-day a vigorous man, hale and unaltered on the verge of seventy.

The gifts of high-strung natures are his, beyond all doubt. Two of those who knew and judged him best, and long were near him, though not actually at his Court, maintain to this day that he is exceptionally gifted. He certainly did derive from the English side of his family a measure of intellect and talent which for a century had been rare indeed among the Hohenzollerns; but otherwise the inherited attributes were ill-assorted, for there was not a trace in him of his two genuinely noble grandfathers, while from his parents he took only their weaknesses. Frederick's affectation and vanity, Victoria's ambition and self-will were blended into the uneasy self-consciousness of a slightly deformed man forever in the public eye. All his Caesarean tendencies were born of his anomalous resolve to seem aggressively manly, though it is true that they became more spontaneous as his authority increased.

The vivacity of his unstable temperament supplied his quick brain with those happy thoughts which struck everyone by their raciness and aptness. They have something of the born demagogue's pregnancy: "The trident of Neptune belongs by right in the German fist," — no one would forget that. At the opening of a technical institute: "Mathematics and physical science have shown mankind how to force the door of God's stupendous work-shop." At the inauguration of a Naval College: "Think of your work not only as a means of accumulating knowledge, but also as a literal interpretation of the words Duty and Energy . . . Character means more than anything else." Or they would take the shape of such charming things as this, in a birthday-letter to his grandmother: "How incredible it must seem to you that the tiny creature you so often held in your arms, whom Grandpapa used to swing in his table-napkin, has now reached the age of forty, and is just half as old as you, whose life has been so rich in blessings for us all. . . . I hope that you are not too ill-pleased with your queer, temperamental colleague." With what a gently ironic smile the Queen must have read these words, written in the midst of incessant conflicts!

His Rudeness

One form of his absolutism was the rudeness to friends, guests, and intimates which Zedlitz observed year after year. The Emperor tweaks an old Major's ear, and gives him a staggering slap on the back. On the way to the shooting-butts he greets the War-Minister and the Chief of the Military Cabinet with the words: "You old asses think you know everything better because you're older than I!" Even ladies, — the Princess Fürstenberg at Donaueschingen, the Princess Leiningen at the Strassburg Vice-regal Palace, — were "beckoned up for His Majesty to take in to dinner. The Grand Duke Vladimir got such a thwack on the back with the Marshal's baton that it resounded again. Of course it was supposed to be in fun."

At a Silesian hunt in the autumn of 1904 he held Colonel von B. down in the snow for a long time "and rubbed him with snow to the great amusement of the onlookers, — just as a schoolboy will bully a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weaker one. The whole hunting-party and hundreds of beaters were watching. Count Roger Seherr-Dobran had a still more unpleasant experience. It must be remembered that he was a Prussian Chamberlain, a member of the Upper House, had two sons, both officers in the Hussars of the Body-Guard, was fifty-three years old, and as a great landed proprietor was much looked up to in Silesia. The moment he saw him the Emperor said in a loud tone, 'What, you old swine, have you been asked here, too?' The bystanders, including the ladies, could hear this apostrophe quite distinctly. The Count was naturally most indignant, and said so to his closer acquaintances, — instead of there and then putting the Emperor in his place, before everybody."

Erotica

His nervous temperament was especially revealed in sensual lines. The whole domain of the will was unbalanced, and one wonders what the latent causes were.

The only serious testimony to an inordinate degree of sexuality in the Emperor is Bismarck's; but neither he nor any other informants, outside of ordinary Court scandal-mongers, imply that it extended beyond his conjugal relations, which began at so early a stage of his manhood. Herbert Bismarck, indeed, did say in the first few years of his reign that they "would have to find a mistress for the Emperor, and that might make it easier to govern the country." In the mess of the First Regiment of Guards "it was forbidden to tell smutty stories in the Emperor's presence, but with the Hussars of the Body-Guard this order was relaxed, and the young ruler, always ready for a joke, was as much delighted by this new diversion as a child with a new trumpet. He blew it incessantly, and will probably go on blowing it for the rest of his life, — and yet it means nothing, really, in him."

That these words come from Eulenburg adds greatly to their significance. The Emperor, despite his ever-increasing absolutism, despite his temperament, his love of change, and his indifference toward his consort, never showed any desire to take a mistress; but again and again chose effeminate-natured men as his friends. There can be only one explanation of the undoubted fact that this fault never took any active form of perversity; and once more we find an explanation in the old subjective concern, — he could not bear to be suspected of any weakness. Eulenburg's group, although consisting mostly of fathers of families, was not normal. If the Emperor was not akin to them, why did he surround himself with such types? His craving to seem energetic and virile protected him from any erotic accentuation of his womanish, capricious, loquacious nature, which could be enthusiastic about rings, bracelets, orders, and jewelry of every kind; and subconsciously he struggled against the very same weakness in himself by which Eulenburg had enchanted him in his twenties. In the ribaldry of the messes he could drown the unacknowledged sensibility which might have made him lead a life resembling that of his friends in its refined decadence but would certainly not have added any virility to his decisions. William the Second, forever eluding his weaknesses, forever striving for the bearing of a Prussian officer, fought down all his inherent discords in order to be above all a regular man's man.

His Orations

Other symptoms of his unbalanced nervous condition were his favorite occupations, — journeys and speeches. The perpetual journeys, — symbols of a heart in flight from itself and from tranquillity, — were, at an early date, opposed by his physicians, but in vain; the speeches, too, of which he often delivered four a day, were an outlet for his febrile nervous energy. The moment when at the festive board all arose, gazing at him with eager eyes and literally hanging on his lips; the silence, the sense of general absorption in his every utterance; the thought that the next morning the capitals of the world would be conning the words which now fell from him, — he could no more do without these things than without the constant succession of entries and processions, receptions at city gates and guild halls, gala-dress and maids of honor, the dropping of veils from statues, the gliding of vessels from their slips, the flourish o trumpets, the reviews, hurrahs and flags the flowers, and the grand farewell at the railway-station. In the year '94 there were one hundred and ninety-nine goings and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comings. In seventeen years, five hundred and seventy-seven public speeches were delivered, which means an imperial speech every eleven days.

The Emperor possessed the born actor's power of sinking his own personality into that of the character he wished to represent. He could be a different person to everyone, — as imperial with the Tsar as he was democratic with Cecil Rhodes, American with Roosevelt, French with Saint-Saëns and Massenet. Almost everyone was enchanted with him at first, and James Gordon Bennett, who met him at Kiel and instinctively and instantly detested him, may be said to be a unique case. If he hit the nail on the head when he described journalists as snippet-snappers, he might himself be called a journalist, for, says Zedlitz, "he was very clever and quick at getting a superficial notion of any subject (for instance, a new theory of the origin of the world), and was able to talk about it as if it were his own discovery, or as if he were a professor of astronomy who had spent years and years in an observatory. Even the most eminent experts were taken in, and would marvel at his acquirements, his astonishing capacity for work, and his phenomenal powers of assimilation."

These histrionic tendencies were still more evident in the sermons for which life on board afforded him an opportunity, — though he occasionally took the pulpit on land also, as at Wernigerode in 1906. Among the yacht sermons is one delivered at Helgoland when the first ships had sailed for the Far East. He enlarged thus upon a text from Exodus: "Why have the heathen risen in the distant East? Because their aim is, by force and cunning, by fire and sword, to prevent the penetration in their land of European trade and the European spirit. And once more the Divine Command has gone forth: 'Choose us out men and go out, fight with Amalek!' But we, who must stay at home, constrained by other sacred duties, — to us it is said: 'Hear ye not the behest of God, which bids ye, "Go up upon the mountains! Lift up your hands to Heaven! Mighty are the prayers of the righteous.' . . . Ours shall be not only a great fighting-force, but we will have our praying-force as well, — our great, our holy force of suppliants. . . . And will not our soldiers be strengthened, be inspired, when they think, 'Thousands, nay, millions, bear us up in prayer at home!' The King of Kings cries, 'Volunteers to the fore! Who will be the Empire's intercessor?' Oh, that we might say this morning, 'The King hath called us, and all of us, all of us have come!' Let not one of you be missing! He who can pray is a man indeed!"

This performance, which might arouse professional envy in the heart of every Salvation Army Captain, belongs to the inception of the operetta war, and rings most villainously false. Not for spiritual things did the Germans go to China, but for sordid things, — for gold, not good. It was not God who sent the troops, but a sensation-loving sovereign, and not sacred duties but the protest of the Powers kept the others back. Millions were there indeed, but they were laughing, not praying. But he, in his bombastic ardor, must needs make Heaven in the pattern of himself and his conception of a King, — from God's mouth must issue the Prussian slogan, "Volunteers to the fore!" It was this militarized theocracy which not long afterwards made him, at the Hamburg Banquet, cry in a voice that pealed along the glittering table through the bejeweled, scandalized assembly, "Eyes front! Heads up! Look to the heavens! Bend the knee before the Great Ally who never yet forsook the Germans!"

His Poltroonery

Another marked form of his neuroticism was his poltroonery, — a flagrant contradiction of the Attila pose. It was the hard-shelled Conservative President of the Chamber, the old Junker von Köller, who said to Hohenlohe: "God preserve us from war, while this Emperor is on the throne! He would lose his nerve. He is a coward at heart." The Hohenlohes, father and son, were much struck by this remark from such lips at so early a stage. Later, every one was to know the truth. No one can be blamed for possessing such a temperament, but it is rather disturbing in the Supreme War Lord of the most militarized of nations. A disastrous combination, — a crippled man, less fitted (as his tutor declares) to be an officer than any other in the country, condemned to the military profession unless prepared to follow the tradition of his family by renouncing the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crown, — since in Prussia an incurable civilianism was a more cogent reason for abdication than an incurable cancer, — and thus, through all his lifetime, forced to affect a valorousness of which Nature had deprived him at the hour of his birth! In this lies the tragic element in the life of William the Second, with all its effects upon the nation.

The Procession of Sycophants

Throughout thirty years the flatteries of his subjects, — from every class and every circle, in every place and of every religion, at banquets and burials, on holidays and working-days, — were ceaselessly poured out before this sovereign, and differed only in the degree of their fulsomeness. The sovereign believed them all. "Anyone who can read men's faces, — and I think I can . . . " He made this remark at a banquet at Hanover, at the age of forty, and being such a reader of men's faces, he discerned in all of them a genuine devotion. It was like a levee, — an interminable levee which went on for thirty years, — of Germans defiling before the throne of William the Second, and flattering him by speech or silence so that they might bask in his reflected glory.

First came the nobles of the land, outbidding one another in hunting parties, splendor, and blatant adulation, all for his sovereign pleasure. "When at Rominten Prince Dohna brought word of a good quarry, he would contrive to look as if he had come rushing headlong to tell the news and could hardly breathe with excitement and hurry." Once he besought the favor of being allowed to put the same sort of bells on his cows that the Emperor's wore at Rominten. When Count Ballestrem delivered the Birthday speech as President of the Reichstag, he made no admonitory allusion to the Emperor's fresh encroachments, — rather he egged him on by saying, "Our Emperor understands the spirit of the age, for has he not said, 'I do not intend to be what is called a constitutional ruler, who reigns but does not govern.' I do not think our Emperor would look kindly on anyone who assigned that rôle to him."

The most illustrious were followed by the most immaculate. "When in every sermon," — so the Court-Marshal states, — "delivered or composed by any Court chaplain, and afterwards read by the Emperor, there are never-failing references to the monarch's virtuous way of life, it is only natural that the latter should develop a priggish self-consciousness not far removed from the most objectionable Pharisaism. Only those who are acquainted with the private life at Court can really estimate the horrible servility of these lip-serving chaplains. I have often been absolutely revolted by it." After one of these "detestably Byzantine sermons", at the opening of the Reichstag in 1907, even Admiral von Müller said that there could be only one opinion as to its objectionableness. Immediately afterwards the Emperor remarked, "I haven't heard so fine a sermon in a long time, — it was really excellent."

The Ministers Do Homage

Next in the procession of flatterers came the Imperial Chancellor. As early as '93 Bülow wrote to Eulenburg: "I was deeply moved when I was allowed to kiss his hand and thank him for the graciousness he had shown me." Five years later he designated him in a written memorial as *arbiter mundi*. "Bülow is utterly ruining the Emperor," said Ballin. "With his perpetual adulation he is making him overestimate himself beyond all reason."

The Ministers followed in his footsteps. When they were invited to the sovereign's dinner table, "they would stand in a semi-circle before the Emperor, all assuming a more or less military bearing. The Emperor, after his brief welcome, would say a joking word or two to one or the other, now and then asking some question which would be answered as if on parade . . . It made one think of a Colonel with his non-commissioned officers." When Marshall, as Secretary of State, presented a report on the Bagdad Railway which was being constructed by the Deutsche Bank he called it "Your Most Gracious Majesty's own undertaking". In the year 1904 Waldersee sums him up: "No matter what judgment he passes on persons and political parties, it is all accepted with approving smiles and bent backs. The Ministers are there to obey. What we have is literally a Cabinet Government, subject to the Emperor's autocratic will. In most instances he simply conveys this to the Ministers through Lucanus."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And hence it was not only their reports to him which reeked with the incense of *Allerhöchst and Alleruntertänigst.* They filled their instructions to their subordinates with these honeyed phrases, because such documents were frequently requisitioned for the Emperor's reading, and he might be angry if there were any shortage of superlatives. In their selection of newspaper cuttings, which they all, but especially the Foreign Office, had to lay before the Emperor, they took care that he saw nothing unpleasing. Some half-dozen men were supposed to draw the curtains and let in the light; but they opened them only half way, or a little less, or not at all, and so showed him or withheld from view the events and the public temper of the day, — always on the principle that "His Majesty requires sunshine."

These cuttings, ranging through decades and prepared in the Home Ministry, show two or three well-censored political articles; as many reports of accidents and crimes; Berlin gossip; an account of an exhumation, the forgery of a picture, or some new medical discovery; a description of an Imperial ceremonial, a military tournament, or some other patriotic event. Not the Emperor, but only the Empress was a regular reader of the *Lokalanzeiger*, — the Emperor would not look at the German newspapers, because in his youth he had come across attacks in *Vorwärts* and *Kladderadatsch*. He confined his newspaper-reading to the *Fürsten-Correspondenz*, — which was strictly true to its title.

The Ambassadors Do Homage

Next in the procession came the ambassadors. Frequently copies of the Imperial marginalia would be sent to them, so that by these censorial comments they might take cognizance of the master's state of mind; and telegrams would go forth with advice for the drafting of their reports according to the Imperial humor. Wires flew from Berlin to Rome or Constantinople with the information that a rapturous description of the Emperor's recent visit was looked forward to by His Majesty. During the Petersburg revolution of 1905 the Ambassador there waited a week before sending any information whatsoever, lest the Most High should be alarmed. When a freezing reception in England, such as that of 1899, was got over without any violent unpleasantness, the much-relieved Ambassador reported to Berlin for the Imperial eye: "After the numerous expressions of satisfaction, pleasure, indeed delight, which have been imparted to me, I confidently anticipate the best results; and this includes the Royal Family, one and all. The personal intercourse with our illustrious sovereign had no less marked an effect on Her Majesty's Ministers. Balfour declared that he had never known a more thrilling experience than that of the hour during which he was under the spell of His Majesty's personality. . . . If His Majesty had appeared in London he would have been assured the most spontaneous and enthusiastic welcome. Though Press and public were obliged to maintain some reserve, they have in general managed to convey anything but an impression of coolness."

When in '95 there were ambitions for a harbor in China, and the Emperor asked the Ambassador, von Heyking, which one he had in view, the latter answered, "I was thinking of Amoy." When he was asked by Tirpitz why he mentioned a place he knew nothing about, Heyking replied: "But I couldn't leave His Majesty without a definite answer!" At Washington the Ambassador, Speck von Sternburg, publicly declared that the Emperor "not only had the most remarkable general intelligence in the world, but that he was thoroughly modern and comprehended the spirit of great industries as well as their technique, while his proficiency in the arts and music was of equal excellence."

The Officers Do Homage

After the ambassadors came the officers, Generals and Admirals at their head, and all with the watchword, Obedience. The Emperor devised "an ideal battle-ship, impregnably iron-clad, rapid, and armed with torpedo-tubes, which would take the place of the torpedo-boats . . . The construction of this was attempted. We proceeded in conformity with orders received, and when it was clear that no useful result could possibly be obtained, this production came to be called the 'Homunculus.'" After a gala-dinner to the Staff the Emperor was told that the older Moltke had been, in reality, no great General, — all he had done was to carry out his sov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ereign's orders. "The remark was meant for the Emperor alone. So who can wonder that he should come to think very little of his staff!"

"At the Imperial Manoeuvres, completely contradictory commands to the troops would arrive on an average three times a night. No one dares point out that this upsets the men, that important dispositions of troops are disturbed, that colossal marches result, and that the commissariat has to cope with great difficulties by reason of the requirements thus created. In the actual encounter modern conditions are ignored, the one aim being to make an imposing display; the staff rides through the lines of defense, the artillery follows, and the cavalry attack is as feeble as if it were still armed with flint locks. Everyone sees this, more or less; but no one dares say anything, — certainly not the Chief, Count Schlieffen.

"While no one wants to cut his own throat by venturing on a critical remark, there are on the other hand plenty of high-placed and most aristocratic persons ready to assure His Majesty that it has all been so interesting, instructive, and generally magnificent. . . . Mute, grave, expressionless, Count Schlieffen goes about his business of carrying out the Most High's orders. From this absolute silence and implicit connivance it has gradually come to rank imposture. In the parades and marches the squadrons are deftly and unobtrusively increased by men who have been kept in readiness unseen. The Emperor thus inevitably acquires the conviction that such an immense force of cavalry will be able to carry out the most colossal demands day after day. In reality, only a few horses are able, and that only with the greatest trouble, to get through the day's work. The others are replaced in the manner indicated above."

But the flatteries of the uniforms went far beyond what mere obedience dictated. At Danzig, in the autumn of 1904, General von Mackensen, on being presented to the Emperor at the railway-station, kissed his gloved right hand. Instantly this manly gesture became the fashion, and at the mess of the Hussars of the Body-Guard a lieutenant, honored with an order, kissed the hand of the Most High. An old General, who had been through the wars, commented publicly on a visit of the Emperor's at Aix-la-Chapelle, "I have been present on many historic occasions, but I remember none which excited so great an enthusiasm." An officer challenged an editor who had allowed the Emperor's "Song to Ägir" to be described as the work of a dilettante. When in 1890 the Emperor had given the wrong solution to the Staff's tactical problem, he spoke (by Waldersee's account) "to every officer he met on the promenade in the Tiergarten, trying to gain adherents for his erroneous view. Of course there were some people compassionate enough to agree with him." A military essay on Frederick's defeat at Hochkirch, presented to the Emperor, concluded with the words, "Under Your Majesty's command nothing of this kind would have happened."

The Cities Do Homage

Then came the cities. In every province of the Empire the railway stations and guildhalls, the barracks and public monuments, were always decorated in expectation of their Most Gracious Majesties' arrival. At the Brandenburg Gate, and many other Gates, stood the frock coated Lord Mayors. Obelisks and festoons sprang out of the ground in one place to reappear next day in another. In Alsace it had become so much a matter of routine that the holes alongside the pavements for the Venetian masts were left open once for all. The streaming flags, the broad thick garlands of pine-branches, served a double purpose here, for they concealed from the all-penetrating Hohenzollern eye the flagless houses of the Francophile citizens. The City of Görlitz was not the only one to be deprived of the Imperial Manoeuvres and their benefits to trade, because of a democratic municipality. Hamburg, for a visit of the Emperor, created an island on the river Alster; and when the cities of Cologne and Crefeld wanted to write their names with a K, and were supported by the opinions of two professors, the voice of the Most High rang out on a stentorian C, and the supreme tribunal instantly dismissed the cities' petition on the plea of expense.

The private functionaries were not behindhand. The Emperor's tile factory had to have a subsidy every year, by reason of its cut prices; but the Emperor was shown the lists of orders and was thus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convinced that it did immense business. His Cadinen estate was represented to him as being a model of good husbandry. "It is horrible," observed the Imperial owner, "to see how little the farmers do for their men! Why don't they build houses for them, as I do at Cadinen? Then labor would not trend westward as it does now." And he told the English Ambassador that every schoolboy and girl on his estate had saved eight hundred marks "in the course of this last one year". He was delighted when they told him that he had a cow there which yielded forty litres of milk a day, — for "there one is not afraid of pouring more milk into a cow than can be milked out of her. . . . Strange," concludes Zedlitz, "that the Emperor must everywhere have someone who deceives him!"

His Friends Do Homage

Friends and intimates duly followed. "The bombast, blatancy, and fulsomeness of this composition (of Lauff's) can hardly be described. Quite opposed high-placed persons were at one in their disgust with the thing, and said so among themselves. However, it did happen that certain of them, when His Gracious Majesty expressed satisfaction with it, instantly veered around and endorsed his views, abounding in appreciative admiration. The grossness of this change, together with the shamefaced glances at anyone near by who had heard a diametrically opposed opinion a minute before, certainly had a comical side to it." Eulenburg writes of the Scandinavian trip in 1903, "The contrast between the years and the convulsive merriment of the guests is what I find most painful. These men are without exception persons who have reached high office . . . and they are all utterly worn out. But they retain sufficient energy to put up a show of gaiety, wit, even brilliancy . . . It disgusts me profoundly. I can't stand these Excellencies any longer, — always on bended knees; nor can I stand cracking jokes from nine o'clock in the morning on."

The compilers of "Emperor books" must not be forgotten. *The Emperor and Our Youth: What the Emperor's Speeches Teach Our German Youth* appeared in 1905 with two prefaces. This is from that by a court chaplain: "There are men whose words are their deeds, and among these we all reckon the Emperor . . . His words stand for deeds . . . They reveal a profoundly practical knowledge of life." And this from the editor's preface: "Fervent thanks are due the Almighty for having given us an Emperor impervious to the wiles of flattery or base servility, one to whom the teacher, conscious of his sacred task and earnest in the fulfilment of it, gladly points as an august example . . . The lofty, one might say the religious, sense of duty and responsibility, the tireless zeal and unremitting diligence, the glad recognition of the services of others, the amazing energy displayed in mastering every kind of subject, — all this, combined with the magic spell of an irresistible personality, forms a whole of such gripping authority that no German youth can be unaffected by its ennobling influence."

The Artists Do Homage

When a clever Frenchman, the artist Grand-Carteret, realized all this, he resolved to get his caricatures of the Emperor into Germany and wrote an open letter, in which the Emperor was thus made fun of: "As Napoleon once was for the whole world, so Your Majesty is now, — simply 'the Emperor'. You are Caesar. . . . The gaze of Europe is now directed constantly to the banks of the Spree. You are the idol, the Jove of our age . . . The world rings with your slightest utterance . . . Utter then, O Emperor, the behest which will bestow on the caricatures that emancipation which the world awaits from you!" Being a reader of men's thoughts, the Emperor uttered the behest, and the foreigner's book appeared in Germany, while German truth tellers were expiating their audacity in fortresses and prisons.

Mingled with the fabrications of Hohenzollern items such as the Emperor books were the artists with their portraits, allegories, poems, all of whom referred to His Serene Genius in the matters of tone and coloring, the construction either of a cathedral or a drama, — the record in this group being held by the architect of the church built in memory of the Emperor William I. An architectural sign, the intersection of two arcs, which in the original plan made the cross on the church-spire look as if it were surmounted by a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

star and on that account greatly delighted the Emperor, naturally was missing when the building was carried out in stone. The Emperor observed its absence and was much annoyed, for it was precisely the redundance of cross and star together which had fascinated him. Herr Schwechter, who had designed the Church, was too servile to explain, so were the clergy, and thus for twenty years a "morning star" in iron gleamed above the cross.

The Townsmen Do Homage

Followed the townsmen who had business connections with the Court. "However independent they may actually be, they all turn courtiers in the Emperor's presence; and many of them soon become even worse than those who are most inured to the atmosphere. If there is any question of serious displeasure, they stand up as little for their real convictions as any of the others." Slaby, the eminent physicist, "now, alas! passes all bounds in flattery and lip-service." He pointed out to the Emperor how in the end he had always triumphed over his opponents. "Yes, that is true," answered the Emperor. "My subjects should always do what I tell them; but they always want to think for themselves, and that is what makes all the trouble."

The Historians Do Homage

They were all in the procession of flatterers, — every one of those independent souls who never once told the Emperor the truth that they afterwards wrote down for their own satisfaction: Ihne, Harnack, and Delitzsch, Helfferich and Krupp, Dörpfeld and Bode, Kopp and Faulhaber, Tschudi and Begas, the younger and sometimes even the elder Rathenau; while the celebrated scholar, Deussen, in his discourse before the Emperor in 1891 expressed the conviction that "the Emperor will lead us from Goethe to Homer and Sophocles, and from Kant to Plato." And Lamprecht, Germany's leading historian, and therefore doubly answerable for truth, in 1912 in a peroration on the phenomenon presented by William the Second broke into the following dithyrambs: "His is a personality of primitive potency, of irresistible authority, to whom the whole domain of emotion and experience is perpetually opened anew, as to a creative artist . . . Self-reliance, fixity of purpose, ever directed to the loftiest aims, — these are the distinguishing marks of the Imperial personality."

And around the procession of bent backs and eyes that would not see, figures hovered whose airy forms, with cymbals and drums, crept through keyholes, floated through windows, hindered by no Master of Ceremonies. These were the paper-processionists, — the press of the Emperor and his creatures. In *their* faces too he could read, when the enraptured procession was over, "the sentiments of the people." Smiling, he could turn to the President of the Upper House: "What can you expect? They go wild about me everywhere! Oh, I know very well what is said and thought of me among the people!" And while the newspaper cutting dropped from his fingers, the eyes that for so long gazed unwearied on the glitter and genuflexions could close in dreams and again see them pass: princes and generals, chaplains and professors, ambassadors and ministers, authors and architects, lord mayors and artists, cardinals and Jews, intimates and acquaintances, — all enraptured, all overflowing with gratitude and praise.

One class, — one only, — never figured in that procession. The working man was missing. He was not qualified to come to Court.

The Catastrophic Interview

When the Emperor was paying a few weeks' visit to Colonel Stuart-Wortley he told his host all he had done for England and how he had been misunderstood there; and when he saw the Colonel again during the Alsace manoeuvers in September, 1908, at a time when English feeling against Germany was again being worked up because of the Fleet, he "expressed his personal desire that the utmost publicity should be given in England to the Anglophile views held by himself and his House." From what he further said, the Colonel immediately composed the rough draft of an interview with an unspecified interlocutor, which he proposed to publish in the "Daily Telegraph" as an attempt to pacify the Press and public opinion, submitting it beforehand to the Emperor. The Emperor pronounced the "article to be well written, and a faithful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

report of what he had said;" and sent it through his Ambassador, von Jenisch, to Bülow, that he might "suggest any desirable alterations on the margin of the existing English text." Bülow was to be sure to send it straight back to him, not through the Foreign Office, "keeping it a secret from as many others as is at all possible." This was to be done as quickly as might be. Jenisch, — a diplomat indeed, — avoided reading the article, confined himself to penmanship, and did as he was told.

An Attaché-Case

When Bismarck, over seventy years of age, made protracted stays at Friedrichsruh, the youthful Emperor and the old Foreign Office officials were wont to complain about the delay thus caused to business. Yet here was the beginning of October and no one was in Berlin; and while the Emperor was hunting at Rominten, Bülow bathing at Norderney, Secretary of State Schön climbing mountains at Berchtesgaden, a document in its locked attaché-case was likely to go through strange vicissitudes. True, it consisted merely of a few typed pages, and the Emperor had designated it as confidential; but the contents, — merely a few Imperial sentences, — seemed so commonplace that the Chancellor was not tempted to read them, so off it went to Berlin with the superscription "Confidential" and the instructions, "Revise carefully, any corrections to be written in the margin." In Berlin it was opened by the acting Under-Secretary Stemrich, who opened his eyes at the covering letter, took very good care not to read the typescript, and gave it to a Privy-Councillor, saying, "It seems to me rather rocky, — however, you'd better take a look at it and see what can be done."

Councillor Klehmet was a conscientious person. He read the typescript, and at first felt "very dubious about the advisability of publication"; but quickly took refuge in the thought "that the Foreign Office as such is not entitled to place itself in opposition to the Emperor's express wish, when the Chancellor, on his side, has conveyed no sense of uneasiness. Such being the case, I assumed that the Imperial Chancellor had already decided, or would decide what was to be done." Thus thought Klehmet. He studied the document, corrected two important misstatements of the Emperor's, and suggested, besides, an alteration in phrasing.

Back it went to Herr Stemrich, who stuck to his resolve not to read it, but signed his name; thence back to Norderney, where Ambassador von Müller, the Emperor's right hand, received it and in his turn refrained from reading. Taking a copy of Stemrich's letter, he sent the whole thing back to Bülow. The latter bestowed but a cursory glance on the typescript, signed it, however, as it stood with Klehmet's corrections, describing these officially as "alterations which appear desirable". Back to Berlin went typescript and all. The Secretary of State received it, marked "Urgent"; but being just then summoned to the Chancellor, had "no time to take cognizance of the contents", and handed it over once more to Bülow, who remarked that he had seen it before. So back with it to Jenisch, from him to the Emperor, who handed it to the English Colonel, — and behold it in the London newspaper!

The typescript, then, had been read by Emperor and Councillor only, — by the former with the paternal emotion of an author, by the latter with the detachment of a philologist; while in the meantime it had passed through the hands of five diplomats whose moral duty, as statesmen, it was to read it, — a Chancellor, two Secretaries of State, two Ambassadors, of whom not one had been urged by a sense of responsibility, official zeal, or even mere curiosity, to examine what a fortnight later all Europe was to read as the authentic words of the German Emperor!

The Imperial Interview

"You English are mad as March hares, — you see red everywhere! What on earth has come over you, that you should heap on us suspicions unworthy of a great nation? What more can I do? I have always stood forth as a friend of England . . . Have I ever once broken my word? . . . I regard this misapprehension as a personal insult! . . . You make it uncommonly difficult for a man to remain friendly to England . . . During the Boer War German public opinion and the Press were decidedly hostile to you. But what did we do? Take note of this! When the Boer del-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

egates were seeking friends in Europe and were received with acclamations in France, who was it that called a halt and put an end to their proceedings? I alone refused to receive them. . . .

"Again, when the struggle was at its height, the German Government was invited by the Governments of France and Russia to join with them in calling upon England to put an end to the war. The moment had come, they said, not only to save the Boer Republics, but also to humiliate England to the dust. What was my reply? I said that . . . Germany would always keep aloof from politics that could bring her into complications with a sea-power like England.

"And that is not all. Just at the time of your Black Week, in the December of 1899 when disasters followed one another in rapid succession, I received a letter from Queen Victoria, my revered grandmother, written in sorrow and affliction and bearing manifest traces of the anxieties which were preying upon her mind and health. I at once returned a sympathetic reply. Nay, I did more. I bade one of my officers procure for me as exact an account as he could obtain of the number of combatants in South Africa on both sides, and of the actual position of the opposing forces. With the figures before me, I worked out what I considered to be the best plan of campaign under the circumstances, and submitted it to my General Staff for their criticism. Then I despatched it to England, and that document, likewise, is among the State papers at Windsor Castle awaiting the serenely impartial verdict of history. And, as a matter of curious coincidence, let me add that the plan which I formulated ran very much on the same lines as that which was actually adopted by Lord Roberts, and carried by him into successful operation."

Then he went on to speak of the Fleet, which he was not building against England, but for great contingencies to come "which are impending in the Pacific Ocean, and are not so remote as some believe . . . Japan now has the upper hand. China's awakening is imminent. When that time comes, only great naval powers will have a voice in the decision of events."

This document began by calling upon England to be friends after the principle, "And will you not my brother be, I'll break you head, — so trust in me!" Then a false coloring was put upon the extrication of England from her dilemma, and nothing was said of the Emperor's own "base action", — when to induce her to make peace he suggested that the Tsar should attack in Asia, an idea which he gave up only because he was afraid of the consequences. Next he designated a collection of commonplaces by the resounding title of a "Plan of Campaign", upon which he invited the verdict of history; lied about the approval of his Staff, who had never seen the papers at all; and plainly hinted, as his trump card, that his imposing "Plan" had enlightened the English Staff, and that Lord Roberts had conquered by following William the Second's indications, — in short the German Emperor's ingenuity had saved England in her direst need.

Effect in England

When Metternich, whom no one had consulted, opened the "Telegraph" at this article, he said to the members of his Embassy, "Now we may shut up shop." His despatches regarding its effect translated this speech into the language of diplomacy, and the full measure of his despair was compressed into one sentence: "We shall have to pursue an unequivocally pacific policy for a considerable length of time, if we desire to efface the impression." English Ministers and Generals at first refused to express any opinion whatever about the article and the fury of the press equaled that over the Krueger Telegram, — twelve years of improved relations seemed to have gone by the board. From excited Tokio came similar despatches; in Paris, Rome, and St. Petersburg every pen was against the Emperor. But this had become customary. The effect at home was something new.

Storm in Germany

For the first time the German people revolted. For twenty years they had been silent while the Emperor spoke. Now they spoke, that he might learn to be silent. A torrent of such profound fury broke forth as has not been equaled in directness and sincerity from 1870 to 1914. Truly, the miraculous had come to pass, — the most submissive nation on earth had risen against its sovereign and claimed redress.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At that moment it could have asked and secured his abdication, — demanding, not a Republic, but the Emperor's son, for the movement was not socialistic but affected all classes. It came to this: the subjects revolted against their sovereign, not on account of a lost campaign or a tyrannous ordinance, not even on account of some particular encroachment that was injurious in its consequences. They revolted against his very nature, against the irrepressible loquacity which had now manifested itself in a manner that enabled them to estimate it as his duplicities had hitherto prevented them from doing. For this was as good as a story, — every subject, every peasant could imagine his Emperor drawing up the plan of campaign for his grandmother under the midnight lamp. It was both dangerous and ridiculous, and so the first storm broke upon the Emperor, precisely ten years before the second.

That the political Left should explode was less surprising than that the comic papers were allowed to tear the Emperor to pieces without being torn to pieces themselves by the censors. In "Simplizissimus" the old Emperor was shown pleading for God's mercy towards his grandson: "He is 'by the Grace of God', after all." To which God replied: "Now you want to put the blame on me!" A drawing by Zille showed a boy, "Little Willy," with the Emperor's features, squatting on a writing-table and smearing it and himself with ink, while Mother Germania and Father Bülow cried, "Didn't we tell you not to play at writing letters any more!"

In a third sheet a Court chaplain was lifting his hands to heaven with the biblical exclamation: "Oh that I could put a lock to my mouth and a seal to my tongue!" Again, on New Year's Eve a comic paper showed him receiving a muzzle as a surprise. All this was permitted in German lands; and a lampoon had the refrain:

"Insults to the Emperor-King
Even Councillors' lips can sing."

In November, 1908, the Germans might have been taken for a free and independent nation.

Talk of Abdication

But the idea of abdication was much too revolutionary; it was mooted only by those who were conscious of their strength, — by the Royalists themselves. "Royalist convictions are undoubtedly a precious possession," wrote a Conservative organ, "but the richest of heritages can be dissipated by wanton extravagance . . . The sovereign's rights are counterbalanced by duties, the neglect of which means an undermining of the very foundations of monarchy." In these circles, but in these only, they went further still: "Among the German Ministers, convened for a session of the Federal Council's Committee on Foreign Affairs, there was talk of persuading the Emperor to abdicate." Eleven years earlier similar schemes had been among the emanations of Holstein's brain, and therefore confined to his own narrow circle. Now the aristocracy of Bavaria and Saxony, of Oldenburg and Württemberg gathered in the embrasures of windows, biting their lips and talking of rough justice. They could have saved Germany.

Bülow Resigns

Bülow stood in the midst, and did forthwith what he was bound to do, — tendered his resignation and those of the responsible Secretaries of State. The Emperor was within his formal rights. He had not departed, this time either, from the path assigned him by the written word. He could with a good conscience, have let the Chancellor go; but he kept him, though he need not have kept him, — not out of loyalty, but out of fear. To stand forth, now, without cover, — the prospect was too terrifying! Besides, here was the Chancellor's opportunity. He could clothe Emperor and catastrophe with his approval, and he did it, the next day, in an official explanation which set forth the case for the Emperor in all its tragicomic verity. The Emperor, ill at ease, left Berlin. From the fourth to the sixteenth of November he was away, and having brought down the English bull, was occupied in doing the same for stags with Franz Ferdinand, and foxes with Prince Fürstenberg.

But amid all the entertainment he cast a lingering look behind. "The two days here," he wired to Bülow from Vienna, "have gone off very harmoniously and gaily. . . . The hunt went off splendidly. I brought down sixty-five stags. . . . I remember you in all my prayers, morning and evening. When has He ever failed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help us, though hate and envy may pursue! There is a silver lining to every cloud. God be with you! Your old friend, William I. R." How cleverly he inserts, betwixt God and friendship, a warning to the guardian of his position at home! How blind remains this monarch, arraigned by his people, to any gleam of salutary perception! No, — it is he who feels injured and misunderstood, and in the meantime he enjoys himself and brings down sixty-five head of game.

On November 10 the Reichstag met, with all the appearance of a national court of justice sitting on its sovereign. That day anything might have happened, — solemn promises, constitutional modifications, perhaps even abdication, as already envisaged by the Federal Council. But nothing of the sort came to pass. The Germans, after a fortnight of agitation, were already their submissive selves again. No one ventured on the fatal word, not even the Socialists. The Emperor, whom custom forbade to take part in the debate, was indeed present in the spirit, but the party leaders did no more than lecture him. The sternest reproofs came from the groups of his Paladins, from Heydebrandt and Hatzfeldt. Others laid the blame on the Byzantinism which for twenty years they had fostered. Motions for modification of the Constitution proved futile. The assembly did not even venture on the most deferential form of protest, an address, — much less at a parliamentary system!

Bülow's Speech

After that day the Emperor had nothing more to fear from his people. But Bülow had, from his Emperor. For in truth Bülow was the tragic hero in the Tenth of November drama. He was now to be punished for always pretending to be more of a fool than he was. He should either have championed the Emperor or abandoned him. He was in duty bound either to tell the Reichstag in Bismarckian fashion, "The Emperor acted with the best intentions, and constitutionally, too. He has refused the Chancellor's proffered resignation, and we intend to proceed as before, whether the nation likes it or not," or else to throw in his lot with the Reichstag and the nation, leave the Emperor in the dock, indict him, and pass out of favor the next day. His deep-seated loyalty would not let him take the latter stand; so he decided on the other, and had prepared a speech in the Emperor's favor, in which, as Hammann states, he unequivocally defended him.

But at the last moment the statesman in Bülow, — or perhaps merely the patriot, — prevailed over the courtier. He overestimated the Germans, when he feared to strain the bow so soon unstrung. By choosing this *via media* he lost ground with both the nation and the Emperor. He criticised the Emperor, said his expressions had been too strong, reduced the plan of campaign to a few insignificant remarks, putting the Staff quite out of the question, and finally undertook to promise that the national excitement would "lead the Emperor henceforth to place upon himself, even in his private conversations, such restrictions as are indispensable for consistent policy and the authority of the throne. . . . Were it not so, neither I nor any of my successors in office could accept responsibility for the consequences."

A murmur of dissent from the Left, — but the House was satisfied with this lame statement. No more was said.

On the same Tenth of November the Navy received the following minute: "His Majesty's orders are that the cheering on all ships is to be absolutely simultaneous with the raising of the caps . . . At the command, 'Three cheers for His Majesty!' the flags will be hoisted. At the same moment those on parade will remove the right hand from the rails, and touch the cap. On the first 'hurrah' the flag-signal will fall. The cheer will then be repeated, the cap being held up by stretching the right arm at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and as soon as the cheer has died out, it will be carried by a sharp bend of the arm to the middle of the chest. At the third cheer, the cap will be smartly resumed and the right hand replaced on the rails. These instructions are to be followed on the forthcoming occasion of His Majesty's presence at the swearing-in of recruits."

Everyone who read these orders in the weekly service gazette and knew them to be, if not actually dictated, at any rate approved by the Emperor, instantly felt happier and more at home than during the perusal of the nagging Reichstag speeches.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cheers for the lord of the land, in unison, at an angle of forty-five degrees, — that was the natural way for self-respecting subjects to behave, very different from unfruitful criticism of the Emperor's, — their eternal boy's, — good pleasure.

Zeppelin

He, on that same Tenth when they were all making speeches about him, opened the day by making a speech himself. Zeppelin's flying experiments had hitherto been scorned by the Emperor. The War Office had refused to examine his plans and models, and officers in general were forbidden to take any part in the Count's fantastic proceedings. Only three months earlier the Emperor had called him "the dumbest of all South Germans". On this day he addressed him thus: "Our Fatherland may well be proud of possessing such a son, the greatest German of the twentieth century, who by this invention has opened a new epoch in the development of mankind. It would not be too much to say that this is one of the most pregnant moments in the evolution of humanity."

Bülow's Fall

In July, 1909, Bülow took leave of office on the "Hohenzollern", the spot and the day of the year being identical with those on which he had formerly undertaken the management of affairs. In Berlin the Emperor discussed with him the question of his successor, walking up and down in the well-exposed Palace Garden, and dismissed him with a kiss and an embrace.

"Bülow shall be my Bismarck," the Emperor had once rather boyishly exclaimed. Bülow *had* been his Bismarck, — that is to say, he was as much the superior of his master as Bismarck had been of his, only the scale of greatness was different. Bismarck's passionate energy had graven clefts and folds in his countenance, Bülow's elegance had gone no deeper than dints and wrinkles.

His departure was the greatest of the four catastrophes. The downfall of Holstein and Eulenburg, the crisis brought about by the Emperor, — these altered little the usual course of affairs; but Bülow's elimination "made war inevitable". The best summing-up fell from Zedlitz senior in a letter: "To have kept the coach from overturning for so long, and to have skirted such abysses, was a service to be grateful for."

And, as Kiderlen writes, when the Emperor was showing the King of Württemberg a picture of the Palace Gardens, he pointed to the spot where he had kissed and embraced Bülow and said: "That's where I gave that scoundrel the boot!"

Next and Concluding Instalment

"War and Retribution"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Arthur

Did a gentle old lady ever ask you to take care of her fish while she was away? Don't. It happened to me once.

She selected the handsome young man in the next room for this important trust, but he was full of engagements, was going out of town in fact. I had no engagements, — until I had made one with the fish.

They were pets; one was Johnny and the other Arthur. Johnny was snub-nosed, a business man, and a great worker, something like me. But Arthur floated around with a gauze petticoat over his nasturtium-colored underwear, and the whole thing ended in a long filmy tail cut in a double V. How he ever expected to earn his living in such attire, I don't know.

I like dumb animals that are dumb, but the roistering, rioting, stone-rolling nights these creatures spent!

"Don't overfeed them," the gentle lady had cautioned, "give them only a mouthful!" That sounds easy, — but whose mouthful?

That night the room grew cold and I got up and closed the window. I imagined the water in the bowl freezing hard like the balls at the glass-blower's with the fish inside. I wondered what woke me up; I didn't think it was the cold. I soon found out. Those fish were bowling with the green marbles and white shells in the bottom of the dish. When the sport had utterly exhausted them, they came to the top of the water and gasped for air and drank it in with loud noisy gulps. The water splashed on the sides of the bowl like the sound of the sea.

"My sakes!" cried the landlady next day, "you ought not to fill that bowl so full! If those fish had been the jumping kind, you'd have found 'em stone-dry on the table."

My hair rose. If they had leaped out, I could picture Johnny marching up the outside of the bowl and jumping in again; but Arthur, — dressed up the way he was, — Arthur would be perfectly helpless!

It was cold the next night, too, and instead of raising the window, I opened the door. The landlady saw it. "You don't mean that you left your door open all night? Well, it's a wonder the cat didn't catch those fish! There's nothing she likes better."

It was a bright day. The sun came dazzling into my office. A thought struck me; those fish were in the south window of my room.

Probably by this time they were nicely cooked! My landlady answered the telephone. "Please take the fish out of my window," I said, "and — er — set them in the shade. Please do so at once." Then I was sorry I hadn't added, "If you find them right side up, telephone."

I was callous to goldfish long before the dear old lady returned, but I noticed casually that they were still healthy and active. When she saw them she sighed ecstatically, "Grandma's beauty-boy!" Johnny and I were both there, but it was Arthur she meant.

S. D. MEAKER.

Auburn, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hew to the Line!

And let the chips fall where they may.

The President of the American Federation of Labor discussed recently the possibilities of a general strike in this country.

Editor of THE FORUM:

What is William Green giving us in the September number in his article on "Lessons from the British Strike"? Is he trying to straddle the issue?

What does he mean by the statement: "American Labor recognizes that the interests of management and workers, while not identical, are mutually interdependent and that standards of living can be permanently raised only by increasing the productivity of industry?" Does he make no distinction between ownership and management?

The fact is the interests of management and workers *are* identical, while the interests of ownership and workers are not. Management, being made up of workers, renders service; ownership, — mere ownership, — renders no service to the community and is entitled to no reward. And this Mr. Green should know.

Too, the raising of the standard of living does not depend so much upon increasing the productivity of industry as it does upon the distribution of the product. The more the worker produces now under the capitalist system the sooner he is without a job and the means of subsistence.

I am afraid that American Labor will fail in its effort "to create in industry relationship that will enable men and women to grow while they do the world's work" until it is led by men who know something at least of the elemental principles of economic law.

Until the workers of the world become the only owners of industry the trade or industrial strike, and, under certain conditions inevitable in America as well as in Europe under the present industrial system, the general strike, will be resorted to and justified.

The mistake Mr. Green makes is this: He is trying to please both the owner and the worker at the same time, and this it is impossible to do so long as the owner is one person or group and the worker is another.

A. V. CURTIS.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Personal Reminiscence

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with the greatest interest the biography of William Hohenzollern now being published in THE FORUM. It is in many ways illuminating, and yet at the same time the author is entirely judging his hero, as well as the latter's surroundings, from a certain German point of view. Having had the honor to live in the intimacy of the Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince, and his distinguished Consort, I consider it an imperative duty to try to clear the memory of a very noble woman, cruelly slandered during her lifetime, from accusations as shameless as untrue. I wish to contradict here briefly some of the statements made in the very clever book of Herr Emil Ludwig.

First, it is absolutely incorrect that the Crown Princess disliked her first-born on account of his infirmity. On the contrary, she nursed a feeling of such intense pity for her boy that she could not bear to talk of him, even to intimate friends. In spite of her undeniable impetuosity of character, she was very restrained in the expression of her own sorrows and joys, and it was this very restraint which caused her to be called hard-hearted by the clique that gravitated around the old Kaiser. Many of Herr Ludwig's remarks and stories concerning her are merely gossip invented and repeated by this clique, which a serious historian should never have allowed himself to mention. The memoirs of Count Waldersee, also, which Herr Ludwig quotes with such evident pleasure, cannot be taken seriously by anyone acquainted with the character of this person, who had, moreover, personal reasons for disliking the Crown Prince and Princess.

Herr Ludwig asserts that Victoria never went deeply into any social or even feminist question, and was all for show. No one who remembers the political pamphlets she wrote can help smiling at such ignorance. But the best refutation of this lies in the remark of Prince Bismarck who, although he disliked her, respected her deeply and had the keenest appreciation of her intellect: "She has the brains of a man, and knows how to use them." However, it was not from her that the Crown Prince held his Liberal opinions, but from his mother, the old Empress Augusta.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before concluding I must touch upon the pages concerning the last illness of Frederick III. It was *not* at the instigation of Victoria that the English doctor, Morell Mackenzie, was called to Potsdam. When the question of an operation on the Crown Prince was mooted three foreign specialists were called at the request of the German doctors, — from Austria, England, and France. Both the Crown Prince and his wife wanted the French physician to handle the case, but politics interfered and the old Emperor refused his consent. And as they did not like the Viennese doctor there remained only Dr. Mackenzie, who, by the way, relates the incident in his memoirs.

I shall be very glad if these remarks which I take the liberty of submitting to THE FORUM will help shed a truer light upon the character of an unfortunate and much maligned Princess, to whom personally I have to be grateful for kindnesses she showed me during many years, and which I shall never forget.

CATHERINE, PRINCESS RADZIWILL.

New York.

Culture for the Masses

Comments by "a sixty-year-old laborer", nephew of Lloyd George:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I regard the articles by Messrs. Van Loon and Keppel in the September and October issues of THE FORUM as very good treatments of important subjects: the state of the Liberals, and of working class culture. All is far from well with either.

But I fear that they are in better shape than the Conservatives, and our accepted upper classes generally. I am more concerned about them because, jointly, their number is very large, — their influence upon the mass of us very great. They are assumed, and assume to be, our leading minds in economic wisdom and social culture.

Moreover, they represent broadly the one working and workable form of revolution, away from the social anarchy that has been the only thing humanly the matter with the world, through the infinite ages. The Liberals and the Radicals have taught principles of better world management; the Conservatives, in the development of modern capitalism, have been successively operating the revolution for a hundred years. My complaint is that they do not even yet know what a civilizing job they have undertaken; they are self-centred and unimaginative, and do not see the logic of their course, which is the establishment of industrial, commercial, and social government of, by, and for all the people, that millionaire interests and automatically assured private wealth may be the heritage of all, by and through the industry and the profit of all.

If the Liberals are tired, the Conservatives make them so.

ARTHUR GEORGE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor of THE FORUM:

After reading Mr. Van Loon's article in THE FORUM for September I find myself in much the same quandary the noble Gargantua was in when his beloved wife Badebec died in giving birth to the illustrious son-to-be, Pantagruel. "For," said he, "shall I weep for the death of my wife, or laugh for the birth of a son?" I had to cry when I thought of the uncultured masses, and laugh when I remembered the culture of a majority of the "cultured" class.

I am writing from the submerged mass, so deep in it, in fact, that I can feel the depressing weight of it. Four years covers my schooling. I never saw inside of a night-school or university. I am one of the blue-shirted proletariats that goes out at seven in the morning and returns at five in the evening with face and hands begrimed. The first thing I would wish to know is just what constitutes a real culture.

RAY E. KNESTRISK.

Washington, Pa.

Spiritual Nihilism

The "Confession of Faith" series will be published in book form and will be available early in 1927.

Editor of THE FORUM:

As a student of contemporary religion, I have read nearly all the Confessions of Faith in the order of their appearance in THE FORUM. In them have been all the platitudes most common to the pseudo

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intellectual's pleas for his faith. And in particular the reference is to the high regard, almost devotion, in which the writers hold toleration and its companion virtue, the love of liberty. Hear the exponent of Congregationalism yearn for the Great Open Spaces of the spirit.

From his "Apologia": "I was born with a passionate love of liberty." That he could ever be a religious serf is unthinkable. "I did not take kindly to the idea of ecclesiastical dictation." After which he expresses his antipathy to the tyranny of such divergent agencies as the Presbyterian General Assembly and Cardinals and Bishops. To be just: "Each church, it seems to me, should be allowed to adopt whatever forms of worship are best adapted to build up the spiritual life of the people."

Where is the tocsin of the Church Militant? Where in this mud-puddle is the flare of Life?

In reading one becomes more than simply astonished at the uncertainty of the writers: it is entirely unbelievable. They are positive of nothing. But all statements have their exceptions. One excepted, there is a well developed distrust of authority, — either ecclesiastical or moral. It amounts, briefly, to spiritual nihilism. Moreover, it is the unfortunate case of objects without color being colorless.

This series of articles makes a satisfying document of causes for those who daily bemoan the indifference to established religion in this country. The decay of American Protestantism; the existence of 70,000,000 non-church members; and the prevalent derision of a large part of the ministry, are all effectively and painstakingly set down, and may be attributed to the quality of faith of the clergy.

Instead of reprints in pamphlet form, why not have the Confessions issued in book form?

FRANCIS E. CASH.

Chicago, Ill.

Equalizing Divorce

There are far more "angles" to the Divorce question than those contained in a triangle:

Editor of THE FORUM:

If I understand Miss Rebecca West's paper on divorce and its evils, in the August FORUM, her remedy reduces itself to this, — that "the sort of people who ought to stay married, the decent people who could make good homes for their children," if they happen to fall in love with other persons, should avoid the divorce courts, stay married, and cultivate illicit relations with their respective new mates. That policy, says Miss West, would be more moral and reasonable than the breaking up of excellent homes.

Let us analyze this suggestion. Would Miss West advise frankness as to the illicit relations, or would she accept secrecy? If the former, how about the sentiments of the wives or husbands of those guilty of open adultery? If secrecy is to be the rule, what of the effect of deception and double-dealing on the character of the persons forced to resort to these things? And what of the effect on social morality?

Moreover, illicit sex relations, like murder, will out. Then what? Are such revelations good for children, for society, for the persons exposed and condemned?

Miss West has her own definition of morality, to be sure, as she has of adultery. She asserts that he or she who marries a second time is guilty of adultery. Certainly not in the dictionary sense of the term adultery. Divorced persons cannot commit any offense against the marital relation, for it is dissolved by the decree of divorce. What Miss West means is that divorced persons who marry again are not chaste, but promiscuous. Well, no one is chaste who has *any* sexual relations. Miss West advocates neither chastity nor monogamy. She advocates, or prefers, *marriage plus illicit sex relations*. When and where was this considered morally superior to divorce?

Finally, Miss West forgets that illicit relations are as likely as matrimony to result in children. What about *these* children and *their* homes? Is a man or woman to maintain two homes, one under the law and the other outside of it? If so, why marriage at all? Why not advocate frank promiscuity and as many homes as possible, with happy children and complete social indifference to the whole sex problem? Mr. Wells assured us in one of his books that God was not interested in human sex relations, and that sound morality had little to do with those relations, Miss West seems to take the same view.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but not as explicitly. Her article should stimulate candid and searching discussion.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the September issue of your magazine, I have read with interest "The New Freedom in Divorce", a debate by Doris Stevens and Ruth Hale for and against the proposed Capper legislation which seeks to bring about a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law.

In my capacity as Contributing Editor of "Pictorial Review", which is coöperating with the larger women's organizations in advocating this legislation, I have helped to organize public opinion and to bring the matter before Congress. Therefore I am driven, in justice to the movement, to answer some of Miss Stevens's statements and to correct what appears to be a misapprehension upon the part of Miss Hale.

Miss Stevens has without doubt given the subject consideration, acquainting herself with its legal aspects and statistical facts. She has seen, because of this research, that if we are to have order out of the confusion caused by the conflicting states laws and the refusal of some state courts to abide by the finding of the courts of other states, we must have a national law. She has been able to discriminate between the amendment to the constitution as a necessary enabling act to empower Congress to pass such a law, and the law itself. But I do feel that she has entirely misinterpreted the attitude and purpose of those who are hoping to bring about a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law.

No one, insofar as I know (and all such pronouncements would be known to me), who has had anything to do with the actual work of the present movement, has maintained that a divorce law, by itself, would materially reduce the divorce rate. The main purpose of a Federal Divorce law would be to do away with the present chaos whereby men and women, who have been legally divorced in one state and who have contracted legal second marriages, are later confounded by the rulings of the courts of other states which declare their divorces null and void, their second marriages invalid, and their children by such marriages illegitimate. It would also hope to make an equitable adjustment of a condition, the result of the present conflicting laws, whereby divorce is always available to those who have the money to travel to other states or countries where the laws are liberal, while those who have not must bear the cruelties and indignities of mismating.

It *was* hoped, — and this is no doubt what Miss Stevens had in mind, — that by regulating the marriage laws, by preventing the marriage of the very young and of the diseased and mentally unfit, marriage itself would be protected, the future of the race safe-guarded and, to some extent, the divorce rate decreased. This latter since a large percentage of divorce is, according to statistics, attributable to the marriage of the very young. These, I maintain, are the main purposes of the movement.

As for the law itself, that which is known as the Capper Bill, — it is what might be interpreted as a political gesture. At the time the concerted movement for a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law was started, I was sent to Washington to sound out the leading senators and congressmen. Interviewing over fifty, I found that while the majority expressed a belief in its necessity, many of them feared that the country would be against an amendment unless it were assured that the ensuing law would be a fair and liberal one. By the advice of several of the leaders in Congress the law was introduced simultaneously with the amendment, not with the idea that it would be passed as it stood, but to show the public that the intentions behind the amendment were good, and in the hope that it might be a basis upon which the final law could be built. It is a compromise between the best states laws, one which would protect both parties to the marriage contract, which would look carefully after the interests of the minor children of those seeking divorce, and one which would be as available to the poor as to the rich. But before this law can even be considered the amendment itself will have to be passed by both houses of Congress, signed by the President, and then ratified by the legislatures of thirty-two states.

Space does not permit the complete answering of Miss Hale's side of the debate. But what I particularly take issue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with is her positive mis-statement which confounds the proposed amendment to the Constitution with the law. She says, "It may be objected that the immediately proposed Constitutional Amendment, — the Capper Bill, — is entirely harmless, concerning marriage (though it is certainly not helpful) and that it provides many grounds for divorce, conspicuously more than are now conceded by many of the several states. Well, that is something to think about, true enough, and it is likely that the Capper Bill as it now stands, not needlessly to affright ourselves with what the churches and the women's clubs would do to it before it could be passed, represents about as good a bargain as we could drive at the present time, etc."

Now the proposed Amendment is not the Capper Bill. It is purely and simply an enabling act, permitting Congress to legislate and reads, — "The Congress shall have power to make laws which shall be uniform throughout the United States on marriage and divorce, the legitimation of children, and the care and custody of children affected by the annulment of marriage or by divorce." It has nothing whatsoever to do with any law or laws. And should it pass the ensuing law would not be permanently binding, as, because of the amendment, the law could be changed to fit the times.

Furthermore there need be no fear of what the women's clubs would or might do, as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has as a whole endorsed it and is working for it as it now stands. Women have suffered too deeply from unhappiness in marriage and from the inadequacy of man-made divorce laws to strengthen further the shackles which bind them to slightly differing alternatives. If they have power enough to bring about the enabling act, they will also have the power to bring about a just law.

The women who are working for the Capper Amendment have exactly the same aims which Miss Stevens advocates in her last paragraph. They wish to secure the citizen's status in marriage and divorce throughout our entire territory. They feel that marriage for adults should not be made difficult. They wish to see children properly protected. They think that divorce should be as available to the poor as it is now to the rich, to the many as to the few. And as Miss Stevens says, "Finally they will get no more enlightened law than they demand," — and work for, I might add.

GENEVIEVE PARKHURST.

New York.

Again, "Americanism"

Lest we forget, Mr. Frost!

Editor of THE FORUM:

What could have been more "American" typically than the Congress? Droves, herds, hundreds, hosts of conversions, thousands singing, the whole thing couldn't have happened anywhere else. Only in America do we do things on this grand scale having nothing else but "the most" and "the best" and "the largest" sort of standards! And as for no Americans being at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, only Slovaks and Poles and the Irish, etc., we have not yet decided what is an American unless we take the word of the comparative handful of descendants of early settlers whose snobbery consists of being here first, which is no virtue in itself and an accident as most things are.

J. CUSHMAN.

New York.

The Other Side

"How do readers react to controversy?" is a question often asked the Editor. On some it acts like a bracing ocean voyage; a few it makes violently sea sick.

TELEGRAM

THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue New York N Y Your Article On The Eucharistic Congress is Untruthful Contemptible And Despicible Please Cancel My Order For The Magazine

M F M . . .

Atlantic City.

Linguistic Curses

We thought so too.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Earle K. James, announced as a "Chilean" and "Instructor of Spanish", brings one surprising indictment in his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communication in the August FORUM, — namely, that "Latin America is a land of blasphemy" because (among other things) one will "find the name of God used constantly as an ejaculation of the mildest surprise". One wonders whether Mr. James is not confusing a purely linguistic question with matters of more serious moment. As an "instructor of Spanish" he ought to know that such ejaculations are used without the slightest suspicion of irreverence throughout the Spanish-speaking world. Inquiry will inform him that the same *linguistic practice occurs in* French, Italian, and Portuguese. Surely no one would accuse the Germans of blasphemy because they use "Mein Gott!" as an exclamation of surprise! Or can someone produce a "German" named, say, "Montgomery L. Jones", who will bring such a charge against his own "countrymen"?

HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE.
Department Romance Language
George Washington University
Washington, D. C.

A Hint to Writers

A plea for simplicity in speech.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Many of us common, ordinary mortals are berated by the great and learned writers for our deplorable "mental laziness". Instead of eagerly reaching out for news of the really big events in the world, our low tastes crave the funny sheets, short stories, local gossip, and the like.

Here is one alibi for our failing: Your writers make it too hard for us. Why can't they visualize the kind of people who will read their articles? We can't all be college graduates, you know. Look us over! Thousands of us have very little education except that acquired through the experiences of life. We are shop hands, mill workers, storekeepers, clerks, stenographers, etc., — nothing to brag about at all! Yet, incredible though it may seem, in spite of our "mental laziness" we now and then have an earnest desire to improve our minds and to keep ourselves well informed.

But, — can't you realize that we work long hours, that we ride long hours in crowded street cars, and that our leisure hours are very limited? Therefore, we crave simple language that we can understand without referring to the dictionary every few minutes. We use simple language. We understand it. We like it. Use it and we will read more.

If your writers cannot refrain from displaying their knowledge of foreign languages, they might at least have the grace to give us the translations in foot notes so that when we do exert ourselves to read something worth while, we will learn something. Or don't you want us to?

A. G. LAWRENCE.
Cleveland, O.

Is Civilization Immorality?

Editor of THE FORUM:

For more than a month, since reading your August number, my risibility has been so active I have several times laughed aloud. I write to live, so do not often do this thing I am now doing, but the joke is too good to keep bottled. Those following your Definition Contest may also get a laugh.

Professor James Harvey Robinson, in his *The Mind in the Making* (Pages 215–16), says: "The race has always been getting something for nothing for creative thought is, as we have seen, confined to a very few. . . . One cannot but wonder at this constantly recurring phrase 'getting something for nothing', as if it were the peculiar and perverse ambition of disturbers of society. . . . In short, civilization is little else than getting something for nothing. . . ."

Number 9 of your prize-winning definitions of Immorality reads: "Immorality is the desire or attempt to get something out of life to which one is not entitled, and for which one is unwilling to pay."

Ergo, immorality is the "desire or attempt" to become civilized. Or, if one prefers it so, civilization is immorality.

JOHN J. GEOGHEGAN.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Library
Springfield, Missouri

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD

VAN WYCK BROOKS
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
FRANK C. DAVISON
DON MARQUIS
VIOLA PARADISE
J. ST LOE STRACHEY
E. E. FREE
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON
IRITA VAN DOREN
A. WASHINGTON PEZET
HARVEY M. WATTS

In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

Primitive Custom

The principal merit of CRIME AND CUSTOM IN SAVAGE SOCIETY by Bronislaw Malinowski (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00) lies in the close observation and description of the daily life of a primitive people. He had the good fortune to live with the natives of the Trobriand Islands intimately enough to see them as human beings, not as objects from which information had to be abstracted. With ready sympathy he entered into their emotional life. He has thus been enabled to give us a clear picture of the motives that prompt their actions. It is clear that these motives are not law but they express the manner in which the individual compromises between his desires and traditional custom. Dr. Malinowski finds that the binding force of obligations is founded on a mutual give and take. This point has been elucidated with great learning by Marcel Mauss, who emphasizes an idea that does not appear in Malinowski's presentation, namely, that not only giving imposes the duty of a return gift or services, but that the offer of a gift or service makes its acceptance obligatory. Malinowski points out repeatedly the analogy of the general position with our own. He might have gone a step farther. We are not free to decline a wedding invitation without a serious breach of courtesy; and our custom requires that, as a return for the invitation, a present be sent. So it is with his Melanesian friends.

The analogy between a, comparatively speaking, primitive society and our own appears still more clearly in Africa where law and administrative devices exist, but where, nevertheless, ordinary give and take, regulated by custom, determine many of the actions of every-day life. Whether or not we call this "law" or "custom" is, perhaps, irrelevant. We are certainly dealing with those social forces which control the every-day life of the people. Dr. Malinowski criticizes particularly the assumption that custom is automatically binding among primitive people. I do not know whether he is quite right in his criticism. As I understand the claim generally made, it merely means that traditional behavior is more binding in primitive society than in our modern city society in which a greater freedom of be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

havior is tolerated. He acknowledges this himself, when he says (page 104), "In fact, anything but immediate compliance with a ritual request is unthinkable for a Trobriand Islander." Dr. Malinowski's detailed description of reciprocal obligations and that of crime and its punishment sheds a flood of light upon the mental life of the natives.

While the material and the point of view from which it is presented are of the greatest value, some of the theoretical conclusions do not seem so well founded. We find in many tribes a dual division of society. In regard to this matter the author says (page 25), "The dual principle is neither the result of 'fusion' nor 'splitting' nor of any other sociological cataclysm. It is the integral result of the inner symmetry of all social transactions, of the reciprocity of services, without which no primitive community could exist." However thoroughly we may agree with Dr. Mauss and the author that give and take are essential in the conditions of primitive life, we cannot see, by any stretch of imagination, how these principles can be made to account for a dual division since the obligations cross one another in a great variety of ways.

Dr. Malinowski has a strange impression of what modern anthropology is. He accuses modern anthropologists of a complete disregard of the actualities of life and of a restriction in their endeavors to see only the standardized forms of life which are considered as absolutely rigid and binding. He does not miss his opportunity to have a fling at the evolutionary and the historical methods of anthropological investigation. He accuses particularly the French school of Durkheim, most American and German works, and some English writings of this attitude. It is, of course, true that at the present time there are quite a number of investigators who assume that the mentality of primitive man is different from our own and that a simple process of evolution has led from primitive forms to modern forms. It is also true that others found their theories upon the assumption of an almost complete stability of traits of primitive culture and develop a history of culture that probably has little to do with actual occurrences. Writers like E. Sidney Hartland have written recently, but I should hardly call them representatives of modern anthropology, since they merely continue the old English evolutionary tradition. Lévy-Bruhl and a number of German authors are trying to establish the differences of mentality between primitive and civilized men. Graebner, Schmidt, and others cling to their *Kulturkreise*. Elliot Smith seeks imaginary migrations, and Rivers, suggestible to many theories, tries to combine all these various aspects, with the psycho-analytic, or perhaps, more generally speaking, the psychologic approach to ethnological phenomena. So far as American writers are concerned Dr. Malinowski will find that the general approach of the modern American anthropologists is quite similar to his own. A book like Elsie Clews Parsons's *American Indian Life*, Lowie's studies of the Crow Indians, Radin's *Autobiography of a Winnebago Indian*, and Tozzer's *Social Origins and Social Continuity*, are examples of our modern attitude. It is fairly clear from the general tone of Dr. Malinowski's book that to him the psychological aspect of the study of culture seems of prime importance and I believe I read between the lines the hope that there may be found general laws controling the life of man, by means of which the manifold forms of social life can be brought into order. I do not deny for a moment the importance of a psychological investigation. Undoubtedly the manifestations of social life can never be understood without a clear insight into individual reactions to social conditions. Perhaps also, it may be possible to find a few very general data which recur in various forms of society to such an extent that they may be called "laws" governing ethnic life. The limiting influences of geographical environment and economic condition; the solidarity of the social group, its hostility to the outsider, the relations between parents and children belong to this class. Nevertheless, there remains a fundamental difference between a complex phenomenon that has grown up historically and generalized scientific laws. The complexity of historical events is such that the cultural life of any people and of any tribe can be understood only as an outgrowth of those unique conditions under which it has lived. An attempt to explain the details of the behavior of a people on purely psychological grounds can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never give an adequate understanding of the cultural life as it exists to-day, no matter how intimately we may be acquainted with the reactions of the individual to his social environment. The very complexity of historical development contradicts the fundamental theorem of those who try to explain culture as the result of a unilinear evolution, and the variability of the reactions of the individual to his social environment prove that the degree of stability which is demanded by the adherents of the *Kulturkreise* has never existed. It also contradicts the assumption that supposedly existing "laws" of psychology, no matter how much we may value the study of social behavior, can ever replace the necessity of an historical approach to ethnic phenomena.

FRANZ BOAS.

Two Novels of the South

The vast and well-deserved success of *So Big* provided an expectant and friendly multitude of readers for SHOW BOAT (Doubleday, Page, $2.00) which is not only Miss Ferber's next, but her next best book. It is vain to compare two novels so different in setting and style, the only resemblance being in the initials of the titles; so, after remarking that *Show Boat* is not so fine a work as *So Big*, we are nevertheless justified in regarding it as one of the most important works of fiction produced this year.

Although *Show Boat* begins and ends within the span of life of many living persons, it is really a historical romance. In American history nothing is more ancient than yesterday. The old Mississippi life, which is as recent as bicycles, has been more completely superseded. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. Apart from our gratitude to Miss Ferber for producing a work of art, we are also grateful to her for reproducing an immensely interesting social era, as picturesque as feudalism. This is an impressionistic romance, full of color, — the color of dawns and sunsets on the mighty river, the color of Spring and Autumn foliage along its banks, the color of the colored race, and the varying hues of theatrical glamour.

The book affords additional evidence, — if any were needed, — of the eternal appeal of the theatre. Men, women, and children love stage-plays, and all kinds of shows; they always have loved them, they always will. Nothing can quench this thirst except its satisfaction. The greatest drama in actual life, the biggest of tragedies, produced on the biggest stage, is War; but although people are forced to give up many things in war-time, the theatre goes right on. In the last days of the long struggle between Athens and Sparta, when it had become certain that Athens was doomed, Euripides put on a masterpiece; all through the years from 1914 to 1918, the theatres in Germany, France, and England never closed.

The persons in this novel are living individuals, compounded of faults, virtues, whims, fears, scruples, courage, — everything that goes to make up men and women. The old couple are the best; the little captain and his wife are here to stay. Captain Andy and the formidable Parthenia are finished portraits, and their author may regard them with satisfaction. It is the thing, and so such things should be.

Gaylord Ravenal, the elegant gambler, is by no means so good. He fascinates the reader, as he fascinated his wife; but even making due allowances for the theatrical nature of his profession and of his temperament, he is still more like an actor than a man.

The School of Expression in New York, the study of Molnar and Chekhov, the luncheons at the Hotel Algonquin, seem weak tea after the melodramas of the Show Boat; and it is not surprising that at the end Magnolia prefers to give her allegiance to a lost and hopeless thing, which even in dying has more vitality than the painful efforts of the overeducated.

Miss Ferber has interpreted a period of American history and a phase of American life.

T. S. Stribling's TEEFTALLOW (Doubleday, Page, $2.00) is a study of the Hill People in Tennessee, whom he cleverly calls "The Last Theocracy". This is a naturalistic novel of a community of human animals, sodden with ignorance, drink, and dirt. Some of these animals have a superior cunning, but none of them has intelligence, and none combines goodness and wit. These bipeds bear about the same relation to people in a New England town that dough bears to bread. Some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times indeed it seems as if it might be the other way around, as if these persons might in some prehistoric age have been civilized; and now, dehumanized, they bear the same relation to persons in Pennsylvania that garbage bears to meat. The novel is written with skill, and although it is deliberately objective, it is clear that the author pities his victims.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Machinery of the Mind

More and more men are striving to get at the mechanical process underlying human existence. As intimate knowledge of the anatomic construction, the physiologic function, and the chemical and physical changes taking place in living tissues during activity becomes available, philosophers endeavor to correlate these facts with theologic beliefs and still more with theories as to the origin of man or his evolutionary development. One of the most valuable contributions thus far available in the field is BRAINS OF RATS AND MEN by C. Judson Herrick of the University of Chicago (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, $3.00). Here is presented the story of the evolution of the brain from the simple organ that it is in the fish through the more complicated structure of the animal to the highly intricate mechanism that is the central switchboard for human activity. On the basis of the actual structure of the tissues themselves, Dr. Herrick concludes that mind, as we know it, is a function of the particular configuration of the bodily organs. He realizes that the paths of nervous activity in the human brain if mapped out in detail would make a complex figure beside which, as he says, "The telegraph and telephone lines of the North American continent would be incomparably simpler."

Dr. Herrick also makes clear the manner in which the behavior reactions of various species are controlled by the type of brain. He elucidates the nomenclature with which the amateur psychologists are wont to confuse. For example, if a banana and a stick are placed in plain view of a chimpanzee, tied in such a manner that it can secure the banana only by the use of the stick, it will pick up the stick and pull for the banana. However, if the stick and the banana are placed in different fields of vision, the chimpanzee will fail to use the stick to secure the banana. This, Dr. Herrick explains, is called intelligence as distinguished from reasoning. He points out that this type of behavior probably makes up a large part of the conduct of many men.

One of the most debated questions among psychologists is the exact significance of what has been called the subconscious or unconscious mind. Discarding all of the frippery with which the Freudians are wont to make difficult this phase of the mind's activities, Dr. Herrick recognizes that "Our choicest thoughts, our happiest literary conceits and fantasies, and at times in the course of scientific investigation our most fructifying hypotheses thus come of themselves without consciously directed effort." And here Dr. Herrick throws in one of those wise allusions which is not a sop to the fundamentalists but a matter for their deepest thought. "Inspiration, whether artistic or scientific, is like the Kingdom of God; it cometh not with observation, for, behold, the Kingdom of God is within you."

To Dr. Herrick, there is no real subconscious mind, but only an accumulation of experiences within a cerebral cortex that has stored up these experiences over many years. There they lie like water stored in a reservoir ready to be tapped when emergency or the correct combination, like the time lock of a safe, is tuned. He is direct in his denial of the relationships of these experiences to the Freudian system. "Nor are these reserves the mythological gnomes of the Freudian system, — 'complexes', 'censors', or other fabulous monsters without legitimate parentage or scientifically demonstrable nature." Indeed, the whole matter is made plain in the following sentence: "These trains of thought follow 'of themselves' as they do, not because we have unconscious minds (whatever that might mean) nor because we have within us a beneficent 'brownie' or a malicious demon (say a Freudian 'wish'), but because our nervous systems have been so altered structurally by their previous reactions as to facilitate certain kinds of function when reactivated in any way."

Thus, Dr. Herrick progresses from an intimate discussion of the actual configuration of the brain to a description of how we learn, how we store our knowledge, how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we use our knowledge, and finally to a philosophical discussion of the end toward which we strive. Our judgments and our decisions in relation to the future are the result of forward reference of reflex and instinctive reactions. They themselves are determining factors in shaping a decision or in making up the mind just as truly as are hereditary predispositions, established habits, and temporary physiological conditions of hunger, fatigue, depression, or exuberance of vital tone.

All of this is presented in a most attractive literary style, with little side essays into the philosophy of life, and the poesy and narration that make this one of the most readable volumes in the field of public education in science, — a field already cluttered with a vast amount of hack writing and unestablished doctrines.

The volume by George W. Crile, A Bipolar Theory of Living Processes (Macmillan's, $5.00), presents a conception of life which has been evolved from a score of years in the physical laboratory. Briefly, the author believes that the individual cell, composed of a nucleus and cytoplasm, is essentially an electric cell and that the maintenance of the acid-alkali balance, or the electric potential, is essential to life and furnishes the energy of the living processes. When the electric potential falls to zero, or when disturbance of the acid-alkali balance occurs, the living process is modified or discontinued and death supervenes. A vast amount of technical scientific evidence is cited in support of this view. The evidence includes a presentation of the structural organization of the nervous system and of other highly specialized organs in the human body. The facts regarding anesthesia, sleep, and similar conditions are analyzed in relation to this view. There is a chapter on a bipolar interpretation of cancer and another on the mechanism of memory. Indeed, the high point is reached in the view that the personality of the human being is the sum total of his electric responses and that these electric responses are transmitted in the processes of reproduction to new life which carries on.

In his summary, the author carefully correlates all of the facts considered into a single electric conception of all human activity. He conceives of the origin of life itself as an electric force which, released, developed the atom, the compound, the solution, the colloid, the unicellular organism and finally the intricate collections of millions of cells, which constitutes man himself.

An appendix, which includes about one-half the book, presents details of research by the author and by his colleagues in support of his views.

Here are two books not at all comparable in the point of view from which the problems of thought and of life are attacked, but yet quite complementary in their attempts to reach a mechanistic process. Indeed, Dr. Herrick is compelled to call again and again on the analogy of the telephone switchboard or of the electric power station to explain his views of the operation of the nervous system and particularly of the brain. Yet he never departs from reality into hypothesis or theory, but constantly presents sound experimental evidence and says, "This is all that we know." Dr. Crile also holds constantly to the evidence, but nevertheless reaches far afield in his attempt to get at the foundations of our lives.

These books are not for the casual glance of a summer hammock or for the careless consideration of the pseudo-intellectual: they are for consideration by those who are willing to learn and anxious to think. The book by Herrick is written for the hundred thousand who can read beyond the novel. The volume by Crile is for the smaller audience already familiar with many of the facts in the basic sciences.

Morris Fishbein.

Eugene O'Neill

If I had never seen anything by Eugene O'Neill acted in the theatre but the first act of *Anna Christie;* if I had never read any play of his but *The Hairy Ape* or *Emperor Jones*, I might have had no hesitation about the promise of his work and the quality of his achievement. As it is, having read the twenty-two plays contained in Boni & Liveright's handsome edition of Eugene O'Neill (5 volumes, $10.00) together with the preface written by Mr. St John Ervine, for the English series published in London by Mr. Jonathan Cape, I find myself more and more perplexed.

To begin with there is the astonishing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fecundity of the man. Twenty-two plays in less than ten years, (*Thirst* written in 1914, is not included in either set), twenty-two plays between the ages of twenty-six and thirty-six is a record which no other writer of O'Neill's quality has yet made. And, when one comes to analyze this performance, it becomes even more remarkable than it looks at a first glance. For though *Before Breakfast*, an unimportant and unsuccessful essay in monologue, belongs to 1915, it is with *In the Zone* in 1917 that the full power of O'Neill's talent declares itself. So that, between the composition of that remarkable one-act play and the completion, in 1924, of *Desire Under the Elms* we get a series of twenty-one plays of unusual quality and power crammed into seven years only. Even admitting that the three one-act plays which follow *The Moon of the Caribbees* all deal with the crew of the steam ship Glencairn and so may be considered as one play, and that *When the Cross is Made* is derived from *Gold*, we do not really reduce the total number in any way that needs to be considered. All these plays supplement one another. The harvest of this story in Mr. O'Neill's brain rises to its climax in *The Hairy Ape*. Yank with his reiterated philosophy of the stoke-hold, "I'm at de bottom,—dere ain't nothin' foither. I'm de end,—I'm de start: Sure on'y for me everyting stops," and the crashing disillusion that contact with the upper air brings, is the great imaginative creation, half ape, half symbol, which dominates all the photographic realism of the other plays in this group. *Emperor Jones* is allied to *The Hairy Ape* in that it bears the same relation to the negro theme of *The Dreamy Kid* and to *All God's Chillun's Got Wings* as *The Hairy Ape* does to the lesser plays of the sea.

In my opinion these two groups proclaim the essential O'Neill and contain all that is new and individual in his contribution to the American Theatre. *Desire Under the Elms*, *Diff'rent*, and *Beyond the Horizon*, though fiercer and more dramatic than the work of Susan Glaspell and of George Cram Cooke, handle the same material, in the tragedies of family life and the struggle of man against nature, a gentler, more impersonal enemy than "dat ole davil de sea". Except in *Desire Under the Elms* O'Neill has nothing more to say than other authors using the agricultural background.

With *The Great God Brown* written in 1920, *The First Man* (1921), and *Welded* which belongs to 1923, we find O'Neill essaying the conventional play. And here, to my mind he fails. Brown and his masks is the kind of thing the Germans tried before the war, and is too complicated in method for the theme it conveys. *The First Man* handles a matrimonial situation and satirizes the narrowness of provincial society with great skill in dialogue and some deft character drawing, but the same material has been used before and is now worn rather thin, while the actress, her husband, and her would-be lover, and the street-walker who is a *Good Woman* at heart, are such old stock characters that Mr. O'Neill should not have dragged them out, even for the sake of making quite a good thing of Act II of *Welded*.

At present Eugene O'Neill's great need is for a year's brooding silence. He has a technical mastery of stage-craft that needs no improvement; he has an accumulation of first hand experience and observation wider than that of any contemporary dramatist of his years, and he has an attentive and respectful audience on both sides of the Atlantic. But he has, so far, allowed these rare gifts and graces no time in which to mature, nor has he given himself a breathing space during which he can look into his own heart and write out of that all-revealing experience. So far, he seems to have arrived at being at once the Conrad and the Maupassant of the American Theatre. It is time he allowed himself to become its one and only Eugene O'Neill.

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH.

"Inherited Characteristics" of the Jews

This is just the sort of book that ought to be translated, ARE THE JEWS A RACE by Karl Kautsky—translated from the second German edition (International, $2.50). It deals with the question of whether the Jews display any innate *racial* mentality. Kautsky does not phrase the matter just this way, but his book leads to this question as a climax. He answers, yes, but any other race under a similar environment, both social and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

physical, would show the same mentality. Perhaps he is right.

The book starts with a discussion of what races really are, how they originate, and how the artificially produced races of domestic animals differ from the spontaneously produced races of men. The author is favorable to two much-debated hypotheses, namely that acquired traits are inherited, and that a single species or variety may have a multiple origin. The first point that rivets attention is his insistence that bodily differences between one race and another have ceased to be of much importance. Mental differences are what count. The more diligently a race struggles against its environment, the more likely it is to retain its bodily characteristics, but the attempt at adjustment to new environmental conditions results in correspondingly important mental changes. According to Kautsky these changes arise from the inheritance of the mental activity acquired through the exercise of the faculties. It is at least equally probable that persons and families whose mentality makes it impossible to adjust themselves to new conditions are gradually exterminated, — a process of natural selection. Look at the Jewish tailors for example, with their slight figures and stooping shoulders, and their ability to endure long working hours, bad air, poor light, and the unwholesome life of the sweat shop. As users of pick and shovel such people cannot compete with the big sturdy laborers of other races who come to the cities from the surrounding rural districts.

So far as the physical traits of the Jews are concerned, Kautsky sums up the astonishing facts as to the differences between the Sephardim, or Spanish Jews, with their long heads, slender bodies, classical features, and uniformly brunette complexions, and the Ashkenazim, or Russian Jews with their broad heads, stocky figures, coarse features, and frequent admixture of brown-haired and almost blonde types. Oddly enough he does not mention these two types by name. It is certainly most remarkable to see how strongly the bodily traits of the Jews resemble those of the people among whom they live. Nevertheless the mental traits seem to remain persistently different. Kautsky points this out, but minimizes the differences. Proselytism, which has been far more frequent than is generally supposed, mixed marriages, and the forcible abduction of unprotected Jewish women are among the chief factors by which he explains the physical similarity between the Jews and those around them.

But how about the mental divergence of the Jews from their neighbors, a divergence which Kautsky somewhat unwillingly admits? His answer is that the Jews are above all things urban in character. They are the city people par excellence. Kautsky seems to say that the Jews are urban because of the direct effect of environment, or else because of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. Yet here and there he hints at another theory which seems more probable. That theory is that being forced into city life and into ghettos by all sorts of circumstances, the Jews have survived, or remained faithful to their creed only when their mental and physical traits enabled them to endure such conditions. All through the ages those Jews who depart far from the mental and moral type which is the ideal of Jewry have tended to leave the Jewish fold; they have become Christians, at least in name, and in due time have been lost to their race. On the other hand, during the many periods when the Jews were honored and prosperous, even in countries where at other times they have been persecuted, many proselytes have left Christianity or paganism and accepted Judaism. These proselytes have been persons whose mental attributes harmonize especially well with those of the Jew. Thus physically the Jews have tended to become like the people around them, while mentally they have retained a distinct character, and that character has perforce become more and more urban. Kautsky does not quite reach this conclusion, but it seems to be the logical result of his facts.

Everyone who is interested in racial problems or in Zionism will find much food for thought in *Are the Jews a Race.* The book is strongly opposed to Zionism partly because city people like the Jews cannot prosper in an almost purely agricultural country like Palestine, and partly because Palestine already contains almost as many people as it can support.

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pageant of America

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

I FEEL diffident, almost ashamed, reviewing THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA (Yale University Press. 15 vols. $67.50 the set). For doubtless the one part I am really well informed about is also the one and only part that is very bad. Let us hope so, and try to believe that the rest of the work is as sound and significant, as good and great, as I notice several reviewers have already said it is. Perhaps, after all, these reviewers did not get their opinions by inference from the name of the honored university on the title page, from the breath-taking list of distinguished authorities who are editors and advisers, nor in any way directly from the prospectus which the publishers send out with the review copies.

It was a mere coincidence that I had just been reading a book called *The Historian and Historical Evidence*, by Allen Johnson, until recently Professor of American History at Yale, when I received a prospectus from the Yale University Press carrying a facsimile letter from the same Professor Johnson commending the *Pageant* as history. His book had just been telling me how skeptical I ought to be of histories, and how scrupulously source material must be studied before it can be admitted and safely used. So I turn some of the skepticism he recommended on the books he recommends.

In the facsimile letter, Professor Johnson says: "Not the least valuable part of the series is the introductions which supply the necessary background for the panorama." I was trying to apply his canons of historical criticism, so I turned first to that one of the introductions which I thought would have to be based mainly on source material with which I am familiar, — p. 69 of Volume 1. This introduction begins as follows:

> Strange is the story of how the destiny of Europe was first linked with that of America. In northern Scandinavia in the ninth century lived a rugged people, individualistic, warlike, ruled over by petty chieftains like the thanes of early England. Over them was a king whose power varied with his personal ability. A wild hinterland drove these Vikings seaward from their homes at the head of the deepest, high-walled fjords.

If this be history, it must be derived from occult sources. It does such new and startling things. There are forebodings of that in the very first sentence, and we have real pioneering in the second. For it localizes the Vikings in northern Scandinavia, and mentions none in the south; whereas all the customary authorities say that the Vikings mainly lived in and came from southern Scandinavia.

That the Vikings were "ruled over by petty chieftains, *like the thanes of early England*," is, I venture, an equally novel doctrine. However, we cannot dispute profitably about that, for we do not know if our popularizer is talking about nobles of the grade of *hersir*, *jarl*, or what. Presumably he means *jarl*, for the next grade he mentions is that of king; whereupon it certainly becomes ridiculous to compare the *jarl* (corresponding nearly to "earl") with the "thanes of early England", for it was only subsequent to the Battle of Hastings, 200 years after the time here being discussed (and after England had been conquered by the Norman descendants of the Vikings whom our *Pageant* is describing), that the thanes, as such, were commonly (if at all) included with the lower nobility of England.

And how does our author know that "a wild hinterland drove the Vikings seaward"? That explanation has the merit of simplicity, but we wonder if it has any other.

A little farther down in the introduction, which we are told is the "necessary background of the panorama", we are enlightened by reading that: "From the chronicles of Christian lands which suffered from the scourge of the Northmen has been gleaned most of what is known of these aggressive seafarers." Original teaching, to say the least! The general view of scholars has hitherto been, on the contrary, that most of our knowledge in this field comes from the literature of the Norsemen themselves, — books and other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

documents mostly in Old Norse but some in Latin. The shoe is more nearly on the other foot, — there are sections of the histories of countries harried, conquered, or colonized by the Norsemen that are known to us in considerable part from Norse sources.

It is perhaps technically correct in a section headed "Viking Adventurers" to say, speaking about Leif specifically, that "whatever news Leif brought home is recorded in sagas set down long after the event". And our author does explain, rightly, that these sagas were "deliberate attempts at historical narrative", from which the very careful reader may infer that this applied to them not only at the moment when they were being copied down but also at the more important earlier time, contemporaneous with the event or soon after it, when they were being composed as pieces of historical literature intended to be passed on by retelling, as far as possible without change. But, since the section being introduced is really more about the discoverers of America in particular than the Vikings in general, our author should have mentioned Adam of Bremen who wrote in Latin about 1070, the more so as there is a picture of his manuscript farther on. Especially our author should have mentioned the annals of Iceland which, under the date of the year when the thing happened, enter such current events as that "Eric, Bishop of Greenland, went to Vinland (America)" (1121), and that a ship in the lumber trade had come to Iceland from America (1347).

And it is strange historical writing to say: "That part of the continent of America, — the coast of Labrador, — was explored by the Vikings was demonstrated by the MacMillan Arctic expedition in the summer of 1925, when ruins were found on the mainland on the fifty-sixth parallel of north latitude." For the native beliefs and traditions reported in 1925 were only the same as those in part published in French by Charlevoix in 1744, more fully in German by Cranz in 1770, still more fully by Rink in Danish in 1860, 1866, 1877, again by Rink in English in 1875, and by many others since.

The Labrador ruins reported in 1925 had been reported and discussed about as often as the native beliefs. In 1921, for instance, some of them were examined and reports about others were gathered by the well-known authority on the Norse voyages to America, G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, the author of a book on that subject printed in 1921 by the Oxford Press. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy published an illustrated paper in March, 1922, in the "Geographical Journal" of London, in which he put forward his view that the Tunnit of Labrador were descendants of the Norsemen from Greenland and that the ruins, in that sense, were Norse.

Of course, no one demands infallibility of Yale or of the eminent men who sponsor the *Pageant*. But have not we, the reading public, the right to demand "reasonable care" on the part of those who actually do whatever it is that the great are made to seem to endorse? And is it reasonable care to have a section in a book so grandiloquently sponsored written ridiculously by a man who, if taxed with it, could not well give a better excuse than that he believed these things, knew several others who had similar beliefs, and, for some reason, did not refer the section to anyone whom he had good reason to consider an authority? He could so easily have sent these few pages of manuscript for critical reading before publication to such men, for instance, as Mr. Halldor Hermannsson of the Icelandic Library at Cornell, to the Secretary of the American Scandinavian Foundation in New York, to William Hovgaard, Professor of Naval Design at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (author of *The Voyages of the Norsemen to America*), or to G. M. Gathorne-Hardy (author of *The Norse Discoverers of America*). Such men are glad to render advice for the mere sake of retarding somewhat the active spread of error. There is no doubt that our *Pageant* author, had he thought of doing this, would have found himself in full agreement with the experts as soon as he considered the evidence they cited (for the experts do not disagree on the main points here involved). Thus could he easily have avoided a serious blemish on an otherwise (no doubt) fine piece of work, giving Yale something to be proud of, instead of burdening her with something to explain away. There may be a good excuse; but a failure can never be so excused as to become the equivalent of success.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Outstanding Biography

THE following volumes of biography, autobiography, and letters are recommended by THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD. *All books mentioned in our pages may be purchased through* THE FORUM BOOK SERVICE, GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, NEW YORK.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON by Francis W. Hirst (Macmillan, $6.00). Stimulating biography by the distinguished English economist. Reviewed by Harvey M. Watts in the July FORUM.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN by Phillips Russell (Brentano, $5.00). New proof of our national debt to "The First Civilized American", correcting various erroneous impressions, and issuing for the first time a facsimile of Franklin's famous letter "Advice to a Young Man". To be reviewed next month in THE FORUM.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, "The Prairie Years," by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace, Two vols., $10.00). A prose epic, crammed with facts, realistic in treatment, — a biography that is also a history of the period. Reviewed by Van Wyck Brooks in the April FORUM.

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI by John Addington Symonds (Scribners, $2.50). New edition of an autobiography which increases in popularity from year to year. The Symonds translation is admittedly the finest.

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI by Dmitri Merejkowski (Putnam, $3.50). One of the most fascinating of the new romantic biographies, the work of a subtle and scholarly translator of the classics.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS (Edited by George Earle Buckle. Longmans, Green and Company, Two Vols., $15.00). The third series of illuminating letters covering the period of the Queen's widowhood. The first series depicted the girl Sovereign; the second the Queen's married life. Reviewed by J. St Loe Strachey in the October FORUM.

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE (Arranged by Charles Seymour. Houghton Mifflin, $10.00). A narrative so abundantly documented as to give beyond question an authoritative insight into some of the world's greatest events. Reviewed by William C. Redfield in the May FORUM.

LETTERS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY (Edited by Grace Guiney with preface by Agnes Repplier. Harpers, Two vols., $5.00). "Letter-writing on the part of a busy man or woman is the quintessence of generosity," Miss Repplier states in the preface. This collection of the letters of Louise Imogen Guiney, poet and essayist, reveals a personality of great vigor and charm.

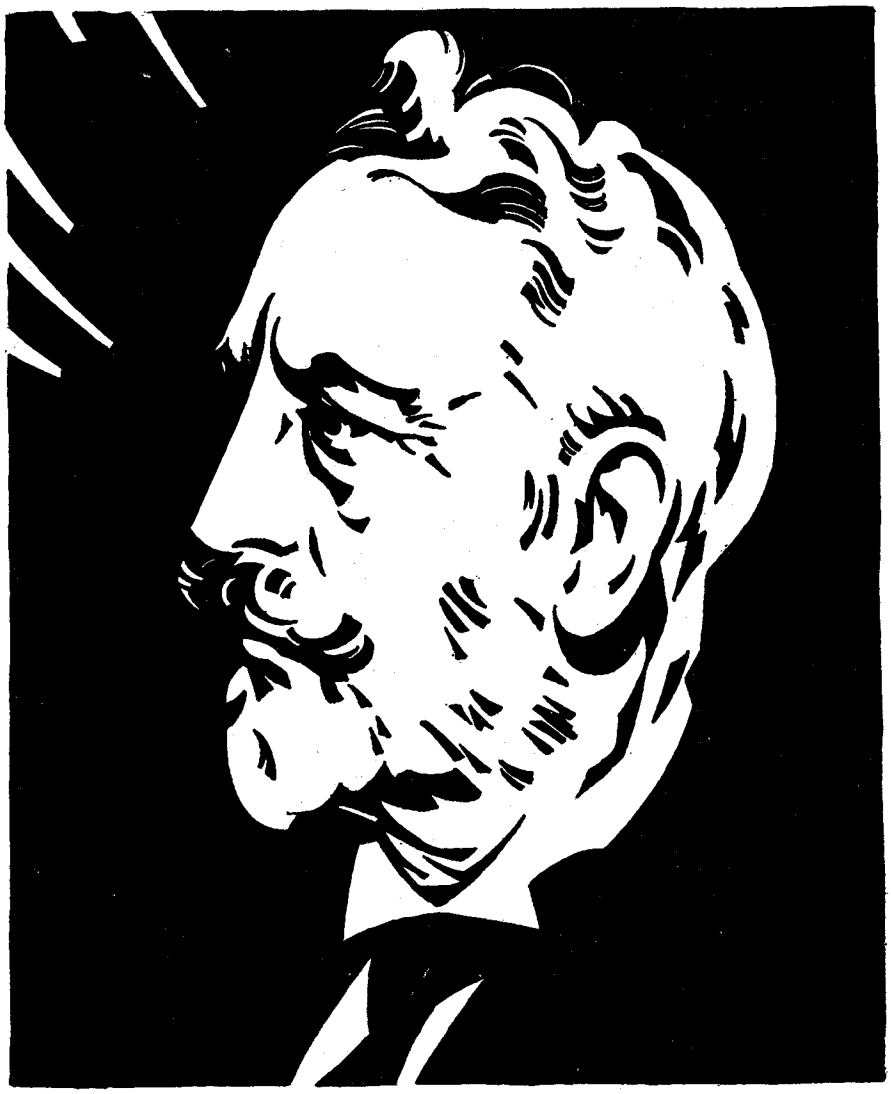
FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION by Philip Guedalla (Putnam, $5.00). A personally-conducted tour through a gallery of brilliantly painted portraits. Reviewed by Claude G. Bowers in the July FORUM.

MEMOIRS OF LEON DAUDET (Edited and translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. Dial Press, $5.00). These memoirs should fill all readers with a calm and holy joy; "at every word a reputation dies." Reviewed by William Lyon Phelps in the May FORUM.

DEAN BRIGGS by Rollo Walter Brown (Harpers, $3.50). A delightful and inspiring study of one of the leading figures in American education, Dean Briggs, of Harvard. Reviewed by Frederick L. Allen in the August FORUM.

MODERN BIOGRAPHIES (Edited by Marietta Hyde. Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). A new kind of anthology: each of the eighteen chapters, taken from one of the standard biographies of recent years, is complete in itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN

A Johan Bull impression of the Mighty Fallen, the last instalment of whose biography appears in this issue

See page 930

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "The Jungle", "The Brass Check", and "The Profits of Religion". The stormy petrel of Pasadena would kick football out of the curriculum

See page 838

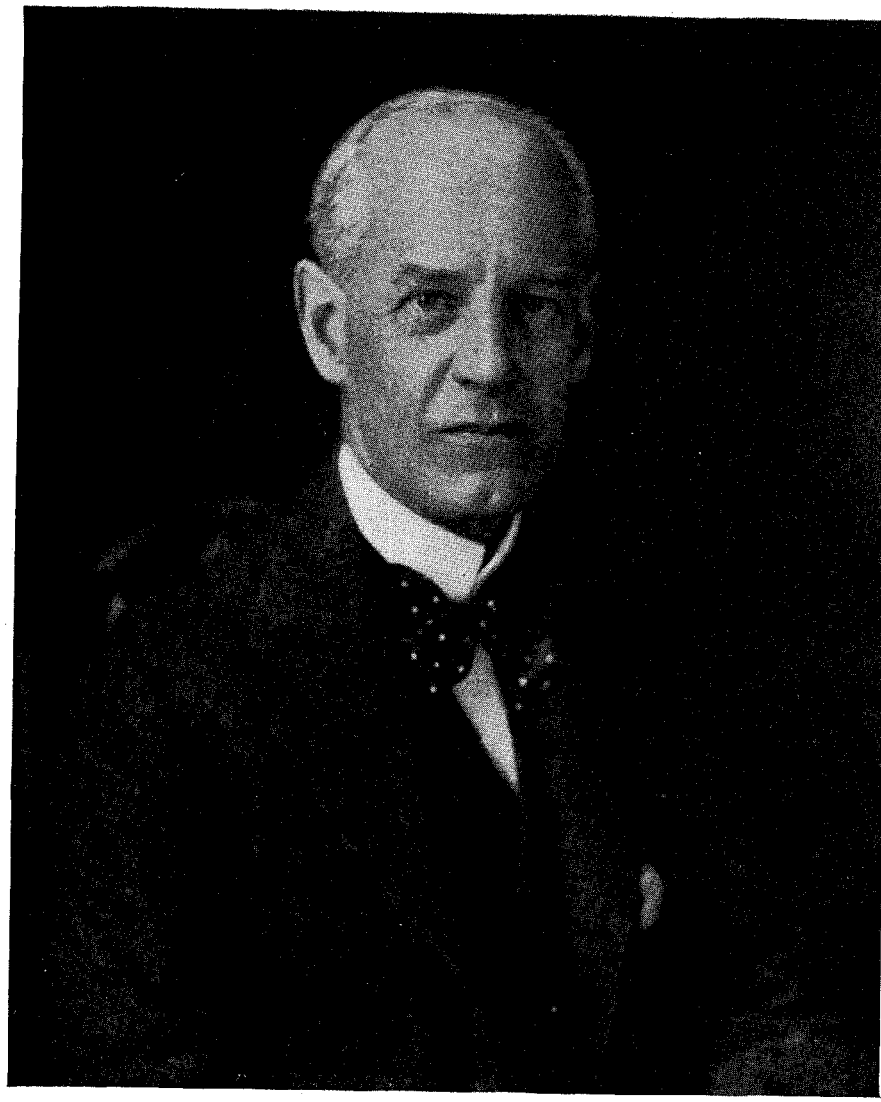
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

President of Vassar College, guide and interpreter of youth, whose gentle allegory of "There Came One Running" may calm the heart of many an anxious parent

See page 870

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Underwood & Underwood

JOHN GALSWORTHY

Who takes us back to that ominous summer of 1914. William Lyon Phelps pronounces "Told by a Schoolmaster" characteristic of Galsworthy at his best

See page 801

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED